FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SLINKS, SUCKERS AND TRILBIES.

IN her naïve story of taking the big muscalonge Mrs. Farrington notes that the St. Lawrence River boatmen call the pickerel "slinkies." This appears to be a form of "slink," meaning a sneak. It is admirably descriptive of the way a pickerel and others of his kin take the bait. They sneak cautiously and hesitatingly up to it and then make a dash. Slink, slinker and slinky are good words applied to fish or to men. There are lots of them.

The term sucker, meaning a beat or fraud or swindler, who shirks his part of the expenses, has sometimes given as its origin the sucker fish, perhaps because the species is so looked down upon. But this figure of speech comes to us from the worthless growth of vegetation known as a sucker. In his "Holy and Profane State," published in 1640, the English divine, Thomas Fuller, uses this word more than once, and always in such a way as to show the deriviation of the expression. Thus commenting upon the maxim, "He that eats cherries with noblemen shall have his eyes spirted out with the stones," he says, "If thou payest nothing, they will count thee a sucker, no branch, a wen, no member of their company." Thus it appears that the human sucker is an ancient if dishonorable member of society; and the term sucker is a good word, whether applied to fruit trees or to men.

They used expressions in every-day speech and in the pulpit in Fuller's time that would shock polite ears in these more fastidious days. Fuller said what he meant and said it bluntly so that everybody might hear it and understand it. Some of the robust forms of speech of that age might well enough be revived in our own. They certainly would be more acceptable than the frivolous and puerile slang affected by some of the public speakers of the day. Bishop Fowler, in a lecture in New Jersey last week on Abraham Lincoln, told his audience how tall Lincoln stood "in his Trilbies." He won a cheap laugh with this, but in the winning showed his own want of appreciation of the diginity of his theme and gave the key-note of it unworthy treatment.

THE CARP AS VERMIN.

A CORRESPONDENT presents this problem and asks for its solution: A pond containing six acres, which is used as a reservoir for drinking water, is infested with carp. The bottom is so uneven that a drag net cannot be employed. The fish were introduced under the hallucination that they would be a desirable addition to the water. They are now recognized as an abominable nuisance. How shall they be exterminated?

In smaller bodies of water, which are not connected with others inhabited by useful species, carp may be destroyed by liming. In a Long Island case which came under our observation, a private pond had been stocked with carp, which thrived and multiplied and effectually despoiled the pond of its usefulness and beauty. They rooted like hogs among the water lillies and other vegetable growth, destroying it and keeping the water continually stirred up and disgustingly dirty. They waxed fat on the ruin they wrought but were themselves good neither for sport nor for the table. Other expedients failing to clear them out, the pond was partially drained and then barrels of lime were thrown into it. Afterward, the water being drawn off, heaps of autumn leaves were spread over the bottom, and subsequently the mold, mud and carp skeletons were dug up and carted away for fertilizing. Then the pond was reflooded; and the owner now rejoices in a piece of water stocked with black bass. He has had his little carp experience and has paid for it.

The fact is that the carp is in many instances proving itself to be a costly and dangerous fish. If the facts were known it would probably be shown that there are scores of cases similar to this Long Island instance, where the introduction of the carp has been a gigantic mistake; and unfortunately it often happens that the waters so infested are of such extent or are so connected with other waters that a remedy may not be applied so simply and effectually as it was here. The best cure for carp is prevention. To keep the first fish out is to forestall the necessity of waging war upon them when they are in.

Fish and Game Protector Chas. A. Shriner has recently directed the attention of the New Jersey Fish Commission to the proposed introduction of tench, a fish of the carp family, into the waters of that State by the National Fish Commission. "We have in this country," he says, "a good variety of indigenous fish, whose distribution and propagation would supply not only sport for the angler but food for all, and it seems to me very injudicious to introduce into our waters to the exclusion of our native fish European fish which nobody here seems to appreciate. I would suggest that something ought to be done toward informing the people of New Jersey of the probable evil effects of the introduction of the tench."

On the other hand Commissioner MacDonald, of the United States Fish Commission we believe recommends the carp and tench as desirable species, and under his direction the Government is distributing these fish throughout the country.

THE PERE MARQUETTE POACHERS.

THE Pere Marquette Fishing Club, of Michigan, has been described in our columns. It owns some seventeen hundred acres of land, on which are several lakes and the stream of Kinne Creek from source to mouth. The club is extensively engaged in trout breeding; and the product of its hatcheries is distributed not only to the club's own waters, but to the public waters of the district. Notwithstanding this, the members have been annnoyed all summer by poachers, who at length became so bold as to defy the club and to declare that they would fish in the club waters as much as they pleased, and when and where they pleased. Proceeding against them, the club caused three arrests and sought a conviction under the criminal law, on the ground that the club was engaged in hatching and propagating fish, and that it was a misdemeanor for any one to take trout from waters used for such purposes, this being provision of the Michigan statutes. The defendants had sconce enough to employ a smart local lawyer, who by his eloquent tribute to the virtues and hardships of the poor down-trodden Mossbacks and by a violent and high-faluting assault on the kid-gloved city sportsmen (for the learned gentlemen always picture the man from town as wearing kids) succeeded in carrying things all his own way; and the jury acquitted without leaving their seats. Three trials resulted in defeat for the club; then a fourth arrest was made and proceedings were instituted for trespass. A conviction was secured, with six cents and costs of $40 imposed as the penalty. All this has stirred up an intense feeling against the Pere Marquette Club, and the members are naturally apprehensive of lawlessness and damage to their property.

Reprisals have been made. The trout breeding pen of the club hatchery was broken into the other day and some 200 of the large breeders taken out. This was at a time when the fish were beginning to get heavy with spawn, and every one of them would have furnished from 500 to 1,000 eggs to stock the stream in Lake county, for, as we have said, the Marquette's trout growing is conducted not for its own benefit alone, but for the advantage of the public waters in the neighborhood. Hundreds of thousands of eggs have been put into streams over which the club has no control and from which the members can reach no direct personal benefit.

As a result of the club's stocking of waters outside of the preserve there is actually open to the public more good fishing than there would have been if the club had never been formed. The people of the neighborhood cannot plead that they are deprived of fishing privileges. Local fishermen and those who profit by the coming of anglers from outside to Baldwin and other fishing centers, all alike owe something to the club, and an enlightened policy would be to co-operate with the Pere Marquette managers for the common good of all. We should think that there must be in the better element of Lake county a recognition of these conditions, and we shall watch with interest the outcome of the present difficulties.

IN PRINT AND IN THE FIELD.

OUR correspondent, "Dick of Connecticut," who criticises the act of a writer who tells of having shot game out of normal range, takes us to task for having printed the original story, or for having given it without what he is pleased to term an editorial reprimand. To which it may be replied that it is not the place of one who happens to be in a position of advantage, such as an editor enjoys, forever to be harping and scolding and criticising and moralizing and laying down the law to his contributors. Nor can he be so finicky as to put into print only such conduct and opinion as might belong to the ideal and sublimated individual who exists in fancy or in fact as "the true sportsman."

If the truth were known it would probably be recognized that the man of the gun and his brother of the rod, whose doings are told in the columns of a sportsmen's journal, live and move in a higher plane of sportsmanship than the great army of gunners and fishermen of real life. We see in print only the better side. Much of that which is contended for most strenuously and with never-failing earnestness in type is thrown to the wind in actual practice. Some folks who talk the loudest about game protection when they are in town, where there are only brick walls and English sparrows about them, forget their high principles and blaze away like fiends bent on promiscuous slaughter when they are out among game birds and chippies. This, after all, is only a natural manifestation of human nature. It is more easy to preach than to practice; to tell how brave one would be than to face the enemy without shaking knees; to talk than to do.

There is, however, no question that principles of sportsmanship are making progress. For instance, this very question of shooting at game so long as it may by any possibility be struck by a chance bullet, although far out of accurate range, is one on which there has been a growing sentiment. Turn back to the hunting stories of only fifteen years ago and read of the men who on the Western prairie would blaze away at bunches of antelope, "pumping lead," as they were pleased to describe it, after the fleeing bands so long as the victims were in sight, and necessarily wounding and maiming creatures which they could not hope to gain possession of, nor about whose purposeless suffering did they appear to have the slightest twinge of conscience.

It is one of the most difficult things in the world for any two men who use the gun to agree upon a definition of the word "sport" or to unite on the exact point of what is legitimate or illegitimate, sportsmanlike or unsportsmanlike, manly or brutal; but the standard is higher to-day than ever before; and will be higher to-morrow than to-day.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE comments of "O. O. S." on those Florida tourists who slaughtered quail that they might outdo the scores made by previous butchers were anticipated some time ago by our own comments on the very occurrences of which he so reasonably complains. The last Legislature provided that no person may lawfully kill more than fifty quail in one day. Such a restriction is not very much of a hardship on the average man nor on the average woman, unless one happens to be as bloodthirsty as were those Philadelphia folks.

We print to-day another complaint from a Boston man who thinks that he has been imposed upon by having been compelled to pay expressage on his dog. Most railroads going to a game country concede to the passengers the privilege of free carriage of his dogs in the baggage car if the animals are properly crated. For more than two dogs a sum is charged, and this is regulated by a fixed tariff. On some roads every dog is charged for at the rate of 25 cents or 50 cents for each division over which it goes, so that a fee is required to be paid every time baggage-men are changed. Even where a tariff on dogs prevails, correspondence with the general passenger agent will sometimes insure special arrangements by which a sportsman going to the shooting grounds may obtain a pass for his dogs to and from destination.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TO LAKE TEMAGAMINGUE.

The near approach of my next outing brings reminiscences of my last and reminders of my debt to Forest and Stream and its readers.

If you will turn back a year and a half, you will find in the canoe columns of the Forest and Stream a very interesting article by "The Chief," entitled "Away up North." It proved to me particularly interesting and led to a lengthy and kindly correspondence with "The Chief" (Mr. H. K. Wicksteed), and later with Mr. C. Rankin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Co. at Mattawa, and with Mr. Wragge of the Grand Trunk Railway at Toronto, all with a view to planning a trip to the region lying north of Lake Nippissing and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Everything being arranged, my wife, who is known to readers of a former article of mine, in your paper, under the pseudonym of "Jim;" our black cocker "Jerry," who also had a conspicuous part in that article, and the writer, left New York one evening by the New York Central for Niagara Falls and thence proceeded to Toronto.

Mr. Wragge was exceedingly kind, as were all officials of the Grand Trunk Railway. Mr. Francis of the engineers' department kindly corrected our map of the region to be visited, to agree with their latest survey.

That evening found us in a sleeper en route for North Bay, where we made connection the next morning with the westward bound Canadian Pacific train. The same train taking us to Sturgeon Falls had brought our two guides, canoes, outfit and provisions from Mattawa, and the hour's run to Sturgeon Falls was pleasantly spent in making acquaintance with the guides and outlining the trip. We stopped at the McGrath House, whose proprietor facilitated matters a great deal, and a busy three hours spent in unpacking and repacking made us ready, and with our canoes and goods in a wagon we started for the Sturgeon River, a short mile away, and left civilization behind us.

We were met at Sturgeon Falls by a third guide, who had been telegraphed for as an afterthought; so we eventually started as a party of five, and the dog. Going about two miles up the river we camped for the night, spending the remainder of the afternoon in sorting and rearranging the luggage. The next morning our real start was made.

The Sturgeon River for the first nine milles, up to Sandy Falls, is a broad, deep, sluggish stream of brownish-colored water and uninteresting scenery. Above the falls, and for five miles further to Smoky Falls, the river is more rapid and quick water was struck several times, sometimes requiring short portages.

We met several large flat-bottomed boats, loaded with hay and grain, with crews of lumbermen on their way to camps in the interior, and were much interested in their methods of hauling the big boats up the rapids.

We camped at the head of Smoky Falls. During the evening four Indians with a canoe came over the carry and continued their journey to the village. They had come since morning from the H. B. C. post on Lake Temagamingue, a distance of sixty miles.

An early start in the morning and four miles brought us to the mouth of the Tomiko River. Here, over a carry, we had our first shooting, getting, with Jerry's help, four partridges, three of them falling by Jim's skill, and soon after a couple of ducks were shot.

Never shall I forget the Tomiko. From Sturgeon River to Tomiko Lake (nine miles) it was fairly good going and rather interesting; above that point and as far as Tilden Lake it was hard work and monotonous. It is a narrow stream of black, still, mist-covered water with low alder-fringed banks back of which could be seen a low marshy country. It is broken by ledges of rocks which crop out just sufficiently to render portages frequent. Not a fish jumped, nor was there other sign of life except great hornets' nests hanging from the alders on either side of the river, and frequently large owls sitting on dead trees that would allow us to approach within a short distance and then with heavy flight betake themselves further up the stream. The weather was damp and warm, and the atmosphere and surroundings recalled descriptions of African and South American rivers, and one would not have been surprised to have seen great snakes hanging from the trees, and crocodiles and hippopotami floating about in the water. Three days were consumed in going the twenty-seven miles of the Tomiko, including its twenty-seven portages, and it was Saturday afternoon when we came out on beautiful Tilden Lake, where we spent Sunday.

Monday morning found us again en route, and from this point on our journey was not hard. Our days were spent about as follows: breakfast was over and camp struck usually about seven o'clock, and we would work along making what progress we could, here and there picking up a partridge or duck; dinner wherever twelve o'clock found us, and continuing along we would make camp about five o'clock. Except on the Tomiko we camped on the shores of a lake every night. By seven o'clock it was dark, but all work would be done and we would sit about the fire, listening to hunting, logging and voyaging stories by McGregor in Scotch-American or by Pillon in his more musical and interesting French-Canadian; or, with our reflector, hunting and camping lantern lighted (an exceedingly good and powerful lantern made by the R. E. Dietz Co. of New York), we would read the few books we had brought, and half-past eight or nine o'clock would find us ready for our tent and the rubber air bed, which we found very convenient where camp was broken so often, and which assured us always a sound night's rest.

Thus we journeyed through a succession of beautiful lakes—Tilden, Pine, Poplar, Marten, Wicksteed, Boyce, Redwater, Rabbit, White Bear and Temagamingue—nearly all connected by fairly navigable streams.

The exceeding low water doubled the number of portages, which, however, were always short, and sometimes made hard bits of travel, especially during the first half of our journey, where there were no trails or only those cut last year by the survey party, and which had become overgrown. This often necessitated our taking the bed of the stream, either over rocks and boulders or across marshy, grassy stretches barely covered with water and mud feet deep.

The region traversed between the mouth of the Tomiko and Rabbit Lake has never been lumbered, and except as mentioned along the Tomiko the forest is primeval, the shores of the lakes and streams being well wooded.

It is a country not visited except in winter by Indian hunters from the H. B. C. posts, and we did not meet a soul till Lake Temagamingue was reached. The country looked full of game, and although we saw but one deer, tracks of moose and deer were very frequent along the shores. Partridges and ducks were very plentiful, and our larder was nearly always stocked.

We caught black bass in every lake visited—they were abundant, took any bait and in most of the lakes were gamy and would run evenly from 2½ to 3lbs. Pickerel and wall-eyed pike (doré) were often caught weighing 4 to 5lbs., and Jim landed one most beautiful golden wall-eyed pike weighing nearly 7lbs. He is still in Boyce Lake, for having plenty of fish on hand we let him go after admiring him to our hearts' content.

Saturday night caught us at the head of the northeast arm of Lake Temagamingue, and we camped over Sunday on a beautiful point from which the view was enchanting—islands of all sizes on every side and stretching down the lake until they limited the view at perhaps a distance of two miles. This lake has been well described by "The Chief," and I will simply indorse him and add that the bass are exceedingly gamy owing no doubt to the water being so clear and cold.

Monday afternoon we made the H. B. C. post on Bear Island, and passed a few hours very agreeably with the factor, Mr. Turner, and his interesting family, afterwards going into camp on an island just below the post.

The next morning we started on our return journey and by easy stages through Cross and Red Cedar lakes, down the Temagami and Sturgeon rivers, reached Sturgeon Falls—the only incident worth recording being an exciting run down six miles of rapids and quick water.

CAMP AT TILDEN LAKE.

Thus was our journey completed and a summing up showed we had visited fifteen lakes, ten rivers, made sixty-seven portages and covered a distance of 197 miles in fourteen days.

With one or two exceptions the lakes and rivers were very enjoyable, some of the lakes being as beautiful as any I have ever seen, notably Boyce, Tilden, Rabbit and Temagamingue.

The rivers are narrow and winding with closely wooded banks, and the falls and rapids which necessitated portages are picturesque and serve to vary the monotony of the voyage.

While portages were numerous they were all short, only one of two miles and the larger number perhaps 100yds. each.

The country is undulating and covered with forests.

We saw no large game, but there is every evidence that it exists there and could be obtained by more energetic and persistent hunters than our party consisted of.

Partridges and ducks were plentiful, and black bass, pickerel and doré could be had at any time in any quantity and were very gamy.

It is a country but little known to sportsmen as yet, but cannot remain so much longer and is well worth a trip.

The Hudson's Bay Company at Mattawa will furnish everything needful for any length of time, charging a moderate rental for canoes and camping outfit, and but little, if any, advance on New York prices for provisions. It has more or less control of a number of woodsmen and hunters, and the selection of guides can be very safely left to the chief factor, Mr. Rankin.

Of our guides, one, Gus Pillon, an Indian, has been described by "The Chief." We cannot agree with him fully in his estimation of Pillon's character, as he showed to us nothing but good temper, courtesy and a desire to please.

We can also speak very highly of John McGregor, a Scotchman. Both of these men were recommended by "The Chief" and Mr. Rankin.

The third man, David St. Eloi, who claimed to be pure French, but looked like a half-breed, I cannot recommend at all. He was disobliging, discourteous, had a bad influence on the other men, and was altogether a most undesirable man.

I shall be very glad to give what information I can to any one proposing to visit that region. F. W. G.

New York.

ON THE UPPER MOLALLA.

When Ira Moody died, several years ago, I felt that nobody else could ever take his place in the Molalla country. He was so thoroughly familiar with that country and its sporting resources, so companionable, so whole-souled and generous-hearted that I had come to regard Moody and the Molalla as inseparable if not quite synonymous. But the spirit of my old friend went away to that unknown and silent shore from whence no traveler returns, while the old Molalla goes right on night and day just as of yore, fretting and murmuring, only that now it seems to whisper: "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever"—a sort of lullaby to the ashes of dear old Ira, mingling in the dark union of insensate dust in that country he loved so well. Peace to those ashes!

But Fay is a big boy now, and I am glad to say that he is proving himself a worthy son of a worthy sire. He is a great big chip off the old block. He is over 6ft. tall, well proportioned, with eyes and hair that would make a Sioux brave turn green with envy; brave, prudent and honest. Fay is all right, and then, too, he is full of the fire and ambition of youth. You know that age knocks a good deal of that out of a fellow. By the way, I wonder if sportsmen grow old like other people. Expect they do, although possibly not quite so fast. I find myself interrogating myself about that matter considerably here of late, particularly since our return from the Upper Molalla country.

Can it be that I am getting old? I feel stiff and sore, and my bones rasp and grind in their sockets as if they needed new packing and a fresh supply of oil. But then it was a long, hard trip over rough mountains and stony trails. There was a time when no four days' trip, no matter how rough, could break me up in any such way. Mead says it all comes from getting fat and lazy. But I am neither to any great extent; and besides, a fellow that is nothing but skin and bones has no right to sit in judgment on fat people. Probably the fact of the matter is that I have arrived at that stage of my existence when I can endure more rest than I could twenty years ago. I know that the trails seem more rugged and the mountains look more formidable than then, and I find less malicious envy in my heart when some other fellow, like Mead for instance, succeeds better than I with the rod or gun, as was the case on this trip to the upper waters of the Molalla.

A letter just at hand from my good friend "O. O. S." puts it plainer than I can. I know the other boys will pardon me, and I hope he will excuse the liberty I take in quoting from that letter, for he describes some symptoms with which many of us are getting quite too familiar. He says: "I find this summer that I am less able by far to endure fatigue than ever before. Whether it is owing to some temporary indisposition or weakness, or whether it is something come to stay, I know not. That will appear later; I opine that it is the latter, however, and that the ability to endure which has always been mine in a remarkable degree is gone forever. It don't hurt, though, as I once should have supposed it would. Age dulls the sensibilities, which is a kind provision of an all-wise providence. I begin to think latterly what a happy experience it would be if I could be set down by the side of some fine trout stream, with adjacent lakes handy for bass or other fish, where I could pitch my tent and without great exertion enjoy timely sport like the old fellows have done (and do) whom I have looked upon with feelings of amusement and with perhaps a tinge of pity, that they could not, with us young and brawnier sportsmen, climb and row and tramp and rejoice in the bounding enjoyment of undiminished manhood. I begin to appreciate their position now, and am content with less and less; if not content, the edge of disappointment and unsatisfied ambition is not so keen. Have you begun to feel any such symptoms?"

I guess I have, Brother Smith; but I'm not going to plead guilty. The boys will have to prove it on me. Here's an alibi right here in this trip to the Upper Molalla, and I'm going to tell you all about it.

You see, Fay had written that if we (that meant me and my running mate, Mr. J. Roberts Mead) would come out, he would take us to a part of the Molalla country that his father had never shown me and perhaps never knew much about himself. Youthful vigor had made a point

that was too seductive to be successfully resisted by us, and so we went.

In fact, we were both very glad to go, and now one of us at least is very glad that we are back in reasonably good condition, ordinary wear and tear excepted. Mead injured one of his legs pretty seriously, which affords me considerable quiet satisfaction. He has less to say about fat people in general and "the old man" in particular.

We each took a pack; Mead said his weighed 50lbs. and mine 30, but I did not see them weighed and am disposed to raise a question of pivilege. However, I will acknowledge that I afterward found that some things had surreptitiously found their way into my pack that were more bulky than weighty. I like a nice little harmless joke as well as anybody, but carrying a great big stuffed duck over a long mountain trail to a trout creek is not such a joke as I can fully comprehend or appreciate. If it had been a nice, fat, edible duck, properly stuffed, or even a sleek mounted specimen for the Molalla children to admire, I might have borne my burden with fortitude if not with pride.

But the idea of carrying a great big, measly, moth-eaten taxidermic miscarriage, stuffed with cotton and old rags that had been booted and batted about Mead's office for years—and carrying it too over the Cascade Mountains one of the hottest of hot July days, with the honest perspiration cutting gullies along down my backbone, with the perpetrator of the outrage at my elbow condoling and sympathizing while maliciously enjoying and knowingly adding to my distress—this was a little too much for human nature to bear complacently. When I reached for my six-shooter Mead declared that Billy Newman did it, but I shall always think that Mead was an accessory before the fact. Billy had gone back to Scantogrease when we returned, which looks bad for him and adds weight to Mead's argument.

By starting early and driving hard we reached the Molalla early in the afternoon, and found Fay awaiting us with a fresh team. In half an hour we were off down across the Molalla River and up over the divide in a direction never before taken by me. Fay thought that we ought to take some "crawlers" or husk-worms from the river, as we could find no kind of bait in the North Fork and there was no use fishing there without bait. That was an old story with us, and so we decided to go without the "crawlers." Naturally we thought that a trout that wouldn't take a fly in a stream where there were no "crawlers" or other "bait" was too poor for use. We drove about eight or nine miles over a fair mountain road, until at last we had to leave the team and take to the brush. In packing in we frequently lost the dim old deer trail, but finally, after a four-mile tramp, arrived at our destination on the banks of the North Fork of the Molalla. We struck the stream further up than I had ever been before, and the surroundings were delightfully entrancing. The Molalla is the prettiest trout stream I ever saw, and this was the prettiest part of the Molalla I had yet seen. It seemed hardly possible that we could have left Portland in the morning to find ourselves at early evening in such a country. Heat and dust had disappeared as if by magic, and the sweet, balsam-laden ozone seemed so deliciously invigorating. With packs and trappings off we laid ourselves down on the mossy rocks and drank deep of the icy waters of the lovely North Fork.

Then we sat there in the cool evening air and surveyed our surroundings. Great precipitous mountains covered with gigantic pines, spruces and firs almost shut out the sky, while the North Fork danced among the boulders at our feet merrily and buried itself in a sleepy pool below; and then, as if awakening from a midday dream, started fretfully off around the bend, soon lost to us except in our imaginations and misty anticipations. We could only guess whether there were trout hidden there; but we were both ready to gamble on it, for such water must of necessity bear fruit. While pretending to enjoy the grand mountains and magnificent scenery my eyes constantly reverted to that sleepy pool, and Mead's quick eye soon detected me. There are some good points about Mead. He is self-sacrificing and generous to a remarkable degree and besides he evidently regarded this as a good chance to square himself on the duck question, the which he can't. "Well, old man," said he, "it is getting late, and while Fay and I unpack and start a fire may be you had better yank a few trout out of that pool down there for supper."

Mead is the best man on earth, I know he is; bless him.

In less time than it takes to tell it I was at the head of that sleepy pool with a string of three flies and my 6oz. rod. There is a sensation peculiar to anglers. It is the thrill of anticipation that comes with the first cast into unknown waters. One's rod seems to stand out like a great big interrogation point and a strange medley of equivocal answers seems to lie buried in the pool, held in abeyance by the mute waters, until the interest and anxiety of the angler is drawn so taut that he fairly quivers all over. On this occasion my suspense was of short duration. I needn't tell you how I cast, or where I cast, or anything about the gold-sprinkled living arrows of the white water. You've all been there. A double rewarded my first cast and my second, and then singles until fifteen lovely mountain trout lay in my basket, plenty for supper and breakfast, and all out of that one pool. I like pool fishing. It's just about as my friend Mead says: anybody can catch trout in riffles, but it isn't everybody that can catch them out of still pools, with the fly. However, in waters like the North Fork anybody can catch trout any place, for they haven't yet learned that "all is not gold that glitters." The boys were just ready to cook the trout when I returned to camp. That made it nice, for trout never taste better than when fresh from the stream. And then, too, bless the man that invented bacon! Is there anything else that can give fried trout such a delicious flavor?

Mead had arranged our packs in pieces of sail cloth, each about two yards square, with eyelets at each end; and these joined together made a very decent tent, open at both ends of course, but a good protection from the heavy mountain dews. With plenty of nice cedar browse for a mattress and two pairs of double blankets for a bed, we were well fixed for the night; and after the usual smoke and chin music we turned in, happy and contented as only anglers on a pretty mountain stream can be, and full to the muzzle of sweet anticipations of the morrow. The old, old story. But neither Mead nor myself went off to sleep, as we pretended to, for there is always a charm and enchantment about a strange forest at night that keeps a fellow awake unless he is very tired. We talked but little, but doubtless we were both thinking about the same thoughts.

A dying camp fire always gives the forest a sort of ghostly, ghastly appearance that sets a fellow to thinking sober thoughts. Never yet have I lain down at night on the banks of the Molalla without pondering on the past, the present and the future of that lovely country. And when the flickering camp fire paints its images back in the forest among the shadows, how easy it is for the imaginative mind to draw mental pictures of the drowsy past. One can almost hear the stealthy tread of the moccasined feet and the smothered voices of the dusky races that once roamed there, but are now gone forever. The night wind that steals softly down the dark cañons and through the great treetops seems to moan a sort of gentle requiem over the ashes of the half-forgotten tribe of the Molallas. And sometimes I find myself wishing that the great mute boulders had tongues, that they might tell us of the joys and the sorrows, the hopes, the loves, the fears that have passed in life's solemn review at their feet. But they are silent. The book is sealed. "Out of eternal silence did they come! into eternal silence have they gone!" We doze off into dreamland, when a sudden surge or eddy in the atmosphere brings all the voices of the night to our yet listening ears from far down the mysterious, dreamy cañon, and again we are wide awake. The roar of the waters sounds like the coming of a mighty wind, awe-inspiring, and the confused and commingling sounds of the night impress one with the notion that all nature has awakened in dread of some dire, impending calamity. But softly and almost imperceptibly the tumult and commotion die away, and again nature and you are asleep.

"Get up, you lazy rascal, if you are going to fish with me," is the next thing I hear, and I roll over and glance out to see broad daylight and Mead with the steaming coffee-pot in his hand. Mead never over-sleeps. I often wish he would. Particularly did I wish so this morning, for I didn't feel very skookum. But after a good bath in the Molalla and a good breakfast placed where it would do the most good, I was ready to give him the best I had in my shop. That was a great day we had with the trout among the pools and rapids of the North Fork. It was one of those days that a fellow embalms and puts away in memory's abode for future reference. Everything was at its best—air, water, trout, fishermen. The boulders were larger and more frequent than on the lower Molalla, and the stream was, of course, wilder, more rapid and more difficult. But all these difficulties and disadvantages were more than offset by livelier rapids, prettier pools and more numerous trout. And the trout were all fine and fat. They didn't need "crawlers" in their business, for there was never greater variety nor more prolific insect life. All the winged insects of the country and some that were not winged seemed to have gathered at the North Fork for a picnic, and the trout seemed to be having the best of the picnic. Twenty dozen, in round numbers, of lovely mountain trout running from 7in. to nearly 1ft. in length rewarded us for that day's work. We fished back to camp in time to properly clean and care for our catch before dark. We had no difficulty in keeping these trout and bringing them home in excellent condition. Carefully cleaning them, we packed them in fresh, damp moss, and placed them at the shaded mouth of a shallow cavern where the air seemed to draw in and out like the breathing of the ice king.

There were many pretty scenes and happy incidents of this day's fishing that I cannot ask space to tell about or attempt to describe. Wherever there was sand enough to show the imprint of feet there were deer and "varmint" tracks. Judging from appearances there was plenty of big game as well as fish in that neck of the woods. Mead can get along faster than I can and often does so. On one occasion he had forged ahead to a considerable distance, clear around a big bend. While intent upon my flies, forgetful of my surroundings and unconscious of the fact that I was alone, there came a succession of resounding shots that nearly startled me over into the pool. Bang, bang, bang!! bang, bang, bang!!!

Hurrying forward as fast as possible, expecting to find something dead—even if nothing more than Mead—I soon heard his voice, which in the noise of the stream and the rattle of my boots on the gravel sounded like a call for help. I strained every muscle and soon rounded the bend out of breath and my heart thumping against my side as if it would burst through. There sat Mead on a log. "Ha, ha, ha; he, he, he," the villain yelled as I came up, "you ought to have seen his nibs run."

"Nibs what? nibs who?" I asked as fast as I could get breath enough.

"Ha, ha, ha; he, he, he! I'll back him against anything in the Cascade Range in a ten mile up-hill heat. Ha, ha, ha," was the answer I got.

"Now look here, Mead," said I, getting serious and a little mad, "out with it or I will throw you in the drink and no more foolishness about it."

"Well," said he, "I found that I had got ahead of you and sat down here on the bank to wait for you, when I heard a crackling in the brush over on the other side of that deep pool. I watched and listened when pretty soon a bear, a little fellow, stuck his snout through the brush and looked around. Then I quietly got out my six-shooter and cut loose. At the first shot he started back up the mountain as if the devil himself was close after him. At the second shot he let out another notch, at the third another, and so on clear up the mountain, and as he went over the crest he had quit running and had commenced to fly. I tell you that fellow is a dandy in a hurdle race. You just ought to have seen him go; ha, ha, ha; he, he, he!"

The prettiest scene of the day was right where we turned back toward camp. At the foot of a long, tumultuous rapid was a lovely cascade. Right out in the center of the cascade, right where the water started in its descent, sat an immense boulder that would weigh many tons. It divided the stream and quite a body of water went each side of it. On the perpendicular face of that boulder, overlooking the falls, a couple of water ousels had built their peculiarly formed nest of moss, clear out of reach of prowling varmints. It was nearly as large as a bushel basket and the old birds seemed to appreciate the fact that their fortress was impregnable, for they were very bold and seemingly fearless. It was a delightful place to raise a family of young ousels, for they had such a good opportunity to study the beauties of nature before they left the home roof. I wish somebody would tell me how the little fellows get out of such places when it comes time to shirk for themselves. I have seen them after they have got out and before they could fly, but have never yet learned how they do it. Perhaps they slide down into the swift water and wade out on the bottom as the old birds can and do. A wonderful bird is the water ousel. I should think he would get lonesome away in these solitudes, but they seem to enjoy their hermit-like life. Wherever you go on these mountain streams you will find him and he always seems glad to see you. His harsh twitter is music and his impudent manners entertainment to the lone fisherman on the romantic stream.

Fay had gone back home and was to come up and help us out next day. We passed a pleasant night and Mead fished next day until about noon with good results, but I lay around camp and took it very easy. Yes, I can endure more rest than Mead can, but he'll get there by and by. As it was, we had all the fish we cared to carry out and were both well satisfied with our trip to the upper waters of the Molalla.

On the way home next day, road agents held up the incoming stage less than ten minutes after it had passed ours going out. Everybody seems to think that Mead' big white cowboy hat is all that prevented a double hold up, and it looks reasonable. But appearances are against him. He isn't half so terrible as he looks, and we would have been dead easy game for the agents if they had only known it.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 23.

WITH A BURRO TRAIN.

IT is not often that a Californian will risk an extended trip into the mountains with an untried "tenderfoot," for much of the pleasure of a sojourn depends not only upon the staying qualities of a companion during the rougher experiences on the route, but also upon whether he adapts himself to the experiences in a companionable way. I was fortunate enough to enjoy my first mountain trip in the company of one comparatively young in years, but old in mountain experience, and it came about by an accidental acquaintance.

Judge H. H. Rose, an ardent hunter and mountain climber, whose skillful use of rifle and 12-gauge has placed his name more than once at the head of the list of southern California experts, always on the lookout for anything new in bird life, one day brought in a beautiful specimen of blue grosbeak which found its way into my collection, and at the same time I made the acquaintance of one of the closest observers in California.

A month later, on June 27, four burros heavily laden with supplies, followed by two hob-nailed individuals, might have been seen winding their way along the old trail which commences at Sierra Madre and ends seven and a half miles distant at the top of Mount Wilson, 6,500ft. high. From this point to the West Fork of the San Gabriel River, four and a half miles below, the mountain lies at an angle sufficiently steep to prevent the loose earth and stones from rattling down, and the trail, a mere path in the shape of a continued letter S, allows you and the train to slide down between rows of stunted manzanita, greasewood and mountain lilac, whose jagged points soon wear great holes in the gunny sacking in which blankets and provisions are packed for protection. From the foot of the trail to the mouth of Cottonwood Cañon (or Cut-off Cañon, as some call it, because this route avoids the older and more indirect trail over the ridge to the west) is a mile, and darkness overtook us before we made camp, fortunately, for there is no knowing what the Judge would have attempted in his ambition to show a tenderfoot what a Californian considers a fair day's work.

The burros were turned loose up cañon to graze, for if allowed to work back they might continue on the back trail and leave us in the lurch. Our camp-fire soon illuminated the arches of the water beeches which canopied the stream.

After supper of bacon, hot coffee and bread and butter, we spread our blankets on as smooth a spot in the trail as we could find, and turned in, with the beeches for a tent. We were too tired to sleep; the Judge's hip troubled him and the stones and sticks troubled me, but just as I managed to go off into a doze was suddenly aroused by a loud "Get out of that!" from the Judge and addressed to a civet cat, an animal which appeared, in the light of the milky way, to be shaped somewhere between a coon and a fox, that was prowling among the packs for meat, and nearly wandered over my feet. This incident drove away all thoughts of sleep, and we spent until daylight relating incidents of previous trips.

The finest fishing in the Sierra Madre Mountains is found along the San Gabriel River and its branches, and none furnishes the sport equal to that of the West Fork. Before dinner I wandered along the stream in search of specimens and came across a pool in which ten handsome trout could be counted. A hook and line tucked away in a vest-pocket for just such an emergency was quickly adjusted to a willow wand cut near by. No grasshopper could be found, but a burro near by furnished a tuft of hair which was loosely tied with a white string to the shank of the hook. This was let down with the current from above, but no bite from the pool after several attempts. Casting it into the riffles below, a trout was instantly landed, and with the anal fin I soon had five of the beauties out of the pool.

Following the little feeder up Cottonwood Cañon two miles, crossing at intervals on the boulders while the burros splashed through, the trail suddenly diverges and strikes right up a huge spur or hogback leading directly to a high range running east and west parallel to the main range. Hour after hour we plod, stopping every dozen steps to regain breath. Finally the ridge is reached and we have a view of the valley of the Little Tehunja and an entirely different watershed from that of the San Gabriel. This stream flows westerly, finally losing itself in the great San Fernando Valley to the west. The trai continues eastward along the range to the beginning of a spur, down the ridge of which we drop in rapid stages, the last half mile diverging into a dry cañon. We had been over four hours exerting violently in an extremely

hot sun, and the water at the mouth of the cañon was hailed with delight by the burros as well as by ourselves. A mile up the Tehunja we went into camp on the sands after fastening the animals along stream with cinch ropes, where they fed quietly all night. Tracks of deer cut up the sands in every direction, and there would be no difficulty in securing a blacktail any morning or evening by watching the side cañons down which they came from their sleeping places in the dense brush on the ridges.

Up the Tehunja two miles further the valley forks, and we turn up the Left Branch but immediately leave the bed of the stream and rise gradually over a series of outlying flanks of real mountain, the trail constantly getting steeper until the last mile it invites a constant scramble in which animals seem lost in the dust and brush. Our packs suffered on this trip more than any other part, because the cinch ropes had trailed in the stream during the night and loosened as they dried during the day—result, we lost one sack of 25lbs. flour en route, which dropped into the thick brush or rolled out of sight down the mountain. The top of the ridge separating the Little and Big Tehunja is heavily timbered with pine of two species, one a huge towering, well proportioned in trunk and limbs, with small cones; the other a smaller tree with long needles and a great cone 10 to 14in. in length and of several pounds weight, four of them filling a large grain sack. The ground is free from underbrush and covered with a green growth of bunch grass and numerous flowers, including the Mariposa lily, which here reaches its perfection of beauty. The northern slope of this ridge drains into the Big Tehunja; in fact, the headwaters begin among the pines at our camp. Deer are very plentiful, and in the valley along the streams a great variety of birds not seen in the lower valleys, that usually nest in Oregon and Washington, were taking advantage of the altitude and raising their broods. Every half mile or less great broods of the mountain partridge scattered before us, and we could hear the old birds, with their beautiful flowing plumes, calling them together after we passed. One brood of eighteen half-grown chicks were loth to leave the trail, and many of them fluttered on to the bushes just beyond and eyed us curiously as we rattled by. We camped again in the sand, which we find more comfortable than anything the mountain growth can supply. Near by a huge pine tree acknowledged a girth of 20ft. by cinch rope measurement, being one-third larger than that old landmark "the big pine" of the San Gabriel.

A mile below camp the cañon suddenly narrows and blocks the way. In consequence the sand has accumulated, making a flat, moist floor, in which grow clumps of willows and bunches of coarse grass. The open spots here were cut up by deer tracks as though a flock of sheep had passed that way. Where the cañon narrows the trail ascends the side of the mountain, circling down again to where a branch enters, which we cross, and continue up to the ridge beyond—nowhere as steep as our previous ones—for two miles, and then descend into the beautiful Chillejo (pronounced Chilláho) Valley, with its open, park-like reaches and grand old trees—a natural succession of deer parks, and much frequented by deer, as the sign in every direction indicated. A huge track of a mountain lion further evidenced the fact that deer meat was plentiful. We continued up the valley two miles to a little log cabin under the spreading branches of a great live oak, where the birds enlivened the air with their song by day and the owls and 'poorwill visited us by night; here we made our permanent camp for ten days. The patient little burros have won the respect of their fellow voyageurs and at once kick up their heels at the prospect of a period of idleness among rich feed and pure water. They wandered all over the valley during our stay, and we met them in our tramps fully five mile from camp, but a few days before we came out they returned to camp and were easily kept there by an occasional potato or onion from our ample stores.

Although in a decided rattlesnake country the clatter of the burro train ahead had warned away all snakes en route, but we were destined to have our first experience in that line shortly after the first meal in camp. Our table was of hewed logs, with a pile of loose rocks on one side and a box on the other for chairs. While resting after dinner a beautiful male of the violet green swallow circled about, and as I wished a skin of this bird I rushed to the table for my collecting gun, and right in front of the stone seat under the table, not 18in. from my feet, lay a lively rattler with seven rattles and a button who had evidently enjoyed the protection of the rocky seat while we had enjoyed the restful upper portion while seated at dinner. Thereafter the Judge, a good story-teller, was often interrupted about the time he reached the climax with the startling question, "Did you look under the table?"

The head of Chillejo Valley with its numerous branches penetrates to the very top of the ridge, forming the watershed toward the desert, and we spent many days exploring the different cañons, often resting at the pass where the hoofs of cattle driven in from the desert side in past years, but now driven out by the Government, have cut deep trails toward the desert.

A great level gray plane stretches off to the north until interrupted by blue mountains in the distance, colored by a scrubby growth of sage and cactus. In the middle, like a dried lake bottom, lies a yellow shining shimmering sea of sand with two great finger-like arms pointing to the west. Here there is absolutely no vegetation and the air fairly boils with the heat. On days when the regular breathing of the desert is interrupted and the rush of sea air over the mountain passes is diverted, the hot air rushes in like a blast from the furnace, and even at our elevation of over 7,000ft. the birds sit with open mouths and drooping wings until the usual breathing of the desert is resumed.

A couple of days were spent with lunch and water bottle exploring to the north of Mount Waterman and about the base of Mount Winston, where the unfortunate L. C. Winston was lost last fall. A small monument beside the trail of loose stones calls attention to the point of divergence, while on the mountain slope above a pine stripped of its branches, with a bright tin can on top, marks almost the spot where his body was found nine months to a day afterward.

On this side trip we saw fresh tracks of mountain lions.

The journey out was without particular interest. Having reduced our supplies it gave us an extra burro to carry us across the deeper fords lower down and an occasional lift after a weary walk.

Instead of returning over Mount Wilson from the mouth of Cottonwood Cañon, we continued east down the west fork of the San Gabriel River and enjoyed magnificent fishing all the way, although it was much curtailed by our catching only enough for camp use.

We stopped at the beautifully located cabin of the Pasadena Bait Club two days, eighteen miles above Azusa, where I had to call upon the superior marksmanship of the Judge to secure me a specimen of the white-throated cloud swift which nested in the 500ft. cliff opposite the cabin.

Here the burros, dissatisfied with the scant picking of the cañon, raided the camp in a body. They upset a can containing a dozen eggs carefully packed in oatmeal and held for some special banquet, and ate the mixture. They licked the board table under the tree until it looked cleaner than we had found it. Knocked the cover off a kettle of boiled potatoes and ate them all, leaving the kettle in the same condition as the table—licked clean. Upset a pint bottle of vinegar, kindly leaving us a teaspoonful. Rolled a bottle of chow chow on to the rocks, ate up two dish rags and chewed up over half a dish towel. Chewed on a box of 100 parlor matches until the matches went off and then left them partly burned on the ground. This last act was probably one of Muggin's, our fool burro, judging from the way he twitches his mouth this morning. I call him our fool burro because the Lord takes care of fools and infants, and he seems to be doing fool tricks all the while and safely escapes. If he happened to pass a hornets' nest over the trail just as likely as not he would take a nip at it, and trusting in the Lord would slide into the brush ahead, leaving the other three burros and two men to run the gauntlet. But to return to the raid. They picked up a paper in which a lot of snelled hooks had been wrapped and chewed it until the points protruded from the sodden mass, then wandered over to my table, consisting of a box nailed to a tree where ornithological specimens were prepared, poked the arsenic and other eatables about, but refrained from gorging themselves; but they did eat up a pile of fish intestines and bird bodies which we had saved intending to put strychnine therein for the benefit of a wildcat that had visited the camp the previous night in a noisy manner.

At the new club house, seven miles from the mouth of the cañon, we found nine members performing the ceremony of opening the house, and besides giving us ragged, unshaved tramps a hearty welcome, they gave us a parting song, which rang in our ears long after the camp-fire had grown dim.

Our last camp was six miles from the mouth of the cañon, and the walk out and the tramp along the highways of eight miles more to the burro corral at the foot of the trail in the hot sun of July 17 was not spiced with anything but a dogged determination to everlastingly stick to it until we reached there.

If a tenderfoot of the right sort happens this way I would like to try that first day's tramp over again with him.

FRANK S. DAGGETT.

PASADENA, Cal.

YELLOW-JACKETS, BLUE-BERRIES AND A BUCK.

OKANOGAN, July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Capt. Kendall's admirable article on the characteristics of the flag-tailed deer, he speaks of the inclination of the different members of the deer family to hide. I will mention a few cases that have come under my observation.

In September a few years ago, some Indians came by my place on their way to the huckleberry patch, and wanted me to go along. Not being busy enough to refuse to take a trip up into the mountains, I went. Of course I understood they wanted me more for what grub I would take than for my company. I had been to the patch the year before; the bushes were plenty, but berries were few, but the Indians claimed that now there was a good crop.

We started about 2 P. M., and intended to go up my creek some eight miles, then next morning take a demijohn of water and make a dry camp on the huckleberry ridge. I asked the Indians if there was any water down on the north side of the mountain where that big deer trail went. They said no; they had been all over the mountain; had killed deer and gathered huckleberries ever since they had been children, and always come and camped one night, then went back to the creek. I laughed at them.

Now, an Indian is a good deal like some of us, they don't like to be doubted or made sport of, so to end the argument they said if I was so smart I had better go and find water, at which they all laughed at my expense.

As we had picketed our horses that night we got an early start. The men started ahead in order to hunt, and told me to come with the women and children. When all were ready I struck out ahead, while the others kept close up. As I went up the ridge I began to put up grouse, which I kept shooting until I thought we had enough. But not so with the Indians. They never get enough grouse. Everything was going nicely; the women were talking and laughing as well as the children. The sun had got up to where it was making it warm for us as well as for our horses. I crossed a little flat and my horse began to kick and stamp. I did not have to be told that he had stepped into a yellow-jacket's nest. He went out on the run. A woman came next. I hollered to her; but it was too late. Her horse came tearing through the brush after mine. She was laughing and hollering. It was fun for her. A little girl was riding a big brown horse. He had all their camp and cooking outfit on. When he struck the nest there was a snort, a cloud of dust; and he went out of there bucking. Of course the little girl, being the last thing on, was the first thing off. Then came things in a hurry—pots, kettles, pans, lard buckets and everything but the saddle. He threw the little girl near the nest. She was screaming. The women and the rest of the children were screaming with laughter. I jumped from my horse, ran in and picked up the girl, carried her out and put her down. She had been stung a number of times, but was not hurt any by her fall. The horse was caught as soon as they had got through with their fun. A few of the kettles had fallen near the nest. The women wanted me to get them. I told them, no. I had got the girl and they would have to get the things. One woman ran in and grabbed the kettles, but the jackets were on the war path and charged. She got stung once, which caused all hands to laugh as well as the little girl.

Everything in readiness we again started on and reached the ridge without further mishap. We found the bushes loaded down with fine large berries and it would surprise most any white person to see how quick the Indian children got away from their horses and went to gathering and eating berries. I tied my horse and being huckleberry hungry was soon as busily engaged as the rest; with this difference, that I soon filled my bread basket. Then I told the women that I would go down on the side of the mountain and find the water. I followed down the big trail about a half-mile to where it forked. I took up to the right and soon came to a swale about 50yds. wide and 200yds. long. On the farther edge was a nice running spring. I scooped out a place for my horse to drink. Then I went back and told the Indians, who were much surprised. The men had come in without any game save a few grouse they had killed with rocks; and as all hands had got pretty well filled with berries for a starter, we went down to where we would camp near the spring.

I rode up, tied my horse, threw off my saddle and went to the edge of the brush in the swale to peel a piece of bark to make a spout to catch water in a bucket. On looking in the grass and weeds I saw a very large pair of buck horns with the velvet still on. On close examination I could see the head and the outlines of the body. I moved right back to where I had unsaddled, picked up my rifle and walked back to where I could see the deer's head; and it was like finding the different animals on a puzzle card. But by standing still I soon saw the deer's eye. I raised my rifle and shot it about 2in. above the eye. One of the Indians wanted to know what I had shot at. I told him I did not know, but to go into the brush and see. He went in, and when he saw the deer he called one of the men to help him drag it out. Well, that deer thought it was bid.

LEW WILMOT.

JOHN PHOENIX'S OWL STORY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The man who has not read Lieut. Derby's "Phœnixiana" has an enviable pleasure in store. Those of my fellow readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are familiar with his sketches may have observed an instance, shown in Dr. Van Dyke's article, "Old-Fashioned Fishing," in the August *Century*, of the re-incarnation of an old, old camp story in a new dress.

Derby was one of the earliest American humorists. How many engineers have laughed over his "Official Report of a Military Survey and Reconnoissance of the Route from San Francisco to the Mission of Dolores," published with other sketches by Appleton & Company in 1856. The volume is before me. Let me recall the preface, so characteristic of the author.

"This book is merely a collection of sundry sketches recently published in the newspapers and magazines of California. They were received with approval separately, and it is hoped they may meet with it on their appearance in a collected form. When first published the author supposed he had seen and heard the last of them, but circumstances entirely beyond his control have led to their republication.

"The author does not flatter himself that he has made any very great addition to the literature of the age by this performance, but if his book turns out to be a very bad one he will be consoled by the reflection that it is by no means the first, and probably will not be the last, of that kind that has been given to the public. Meanwhile, this is, by the blessing of Divine Providence and through the exertions of the immortal Washington, a free country, and no man can be compelled to read anything against his inclinations. With unbounded respect for everybody, the author remains,

JOHN PHŒNIX."

"SAN FRANCISCO, July 15, 1855."

The FOREST AND STREAM has shown that for many ages and in many lands the story has been current in varied forms of the man in the hollow tree who emerged therefrom by holding on to the tail of a bear. Among Derby's sketches is one giving either the genesis of Dr. Van Dyke's owl story or possibly the version current in 1855 of an older legend.

Here is the story in its two tellings:

From the Century Magazine, August, 1895.

"The rain patters persistently on the canvas; the front flaps are closed and tied together; the lingering fire shines through them, and sends vague shadows wavering up and down; the Governor is rolled up in his gray blankets, sound asleep. It is a very long night for the boy.

"What is that rustling noise outside the tent? Probably some small creature, a squirrel or a rabbit. Rabbit stew would be good for breakfast. But it sounds louder now, almost loud enough to be a fox—there are no wolves left in the Adirondacks, or at least only a very few. That is certainly quite a heavy footstep prowling around the provision box. Could it be a panther—they step very softly for their size—or a bear perhaps? Sam Dunning told about catching one in a trap just below here. (Ah, my boy, you will soon learn that there is no spot in all the forests created by a bountiful providence so poor as to be without its bear story.) Where was the rifle put? There it is at the foot of the tent pole. Wonder if it is loaded.

"'*Waugh-ho! Waugh-ho-o-o-o!*'

"The boy springs from his blankets like a cat, and peeps out between the tent flaps. There sits Enos in the shelter of a leaning tree by the fire, with his head thrown back and a bottle poised at his mouth. His lonely eye is cocked up at a great horned owl on the branch above him. Again the sudden voice breaks out:

"'*Whoo! whoo! whoo cooks for you all?*'

"Enos puts the bottle down with a grunt, and creeps off to his tent.

"'De debbil in dat owl,' he mutters. 'How he know I cook for dis camp? How he know 'bout dat bottle? Ugh!'"

From Phœnixiana, 1856.

"Many years since, during the height of the Florida war, a company of the 2d Infantry made their camp for the night, after a rainy day's march, by the bank of a muddy stream that sluggishly meandered through a dense and unwholesome everglade. Dennis Mulligan, the red-haired Irish servant of the commanding officer, having seen his master's tent comfortably pitched, lit a small fire beneath a huge palmetto, and having cut several slices of fat pork from the daily ration, proceeded to fry that edible for the nightly repast.

"In the deep gloom of the evening silence reigned unbroken but by the crackling of Dennis's small fire and the frizzling of the pork as it crisped and curled in the mighty mess-pan, when suddenly, with a tremendous 'whoosh!' the leaves of the palmetto were disturbed, and

a great barred owl, 5ft. from tip to tip, settled in the foliage. Dennis was superstitious—most Irishmen are—and, startled by the disturbance, he suspended for an instant his culinary operations, and, frying-pan in hand, gazed slowly and fearfully about him. Persuading himself that the noise was but the effect of imagination, he again addressed himself to his task, when the owl set up his fearful hoot, which sounded to the horrified ears of Dennis like *'Mo-cooks-for-you all!'* Again he suspended operations, again gazed fearfully forth into the night, again persuaded himself that his imagination was at fault, and was about to return to his task, when accidentally glancing upward he beheld the awful countenance and glaring eyes of the owl turned downward upon him, and from that cavernous throat in hollow tones again issued the question, *'Who! who cooks for you all!'* 'God bless your honor,' said poor Dennis, while the mess-pan shook in his quivering grasp and the unheeded pork poured forth a molten stream, which, falling upon the flames, caused a burst of illumination that added to the terrors of the scene, 'God bless your honor, I cooks for Captain Eaton, but I don't know, sir, who cooks for the rest of the gintlemen.' A burst of fiendish laughter followed from those who had witnessed the incident unseen, and 'Dennis's Devil' became a favorite yarn in the 2d Infantry from that time forth."

H. S. D.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

HERE we are slowing up at Clayton, a pretty little village on the American side of the St. Lawrence River, about twenty miles from Lake Ontario. We alight from the train and take a "bus" to the Hubbard House, a most comfortable and homelike hostelry, the headquarters of many gentlemen who, like ourselves, have resolved "to go a-fishing."

It is early evening, and even before supper we must secure a guide for the morning. We were fortunate in happening upon one of the best, who assured us that he would have all things ready in the morning at 7 o'clock sharp.

So, resting our faith in our new found companion of a week to be, we turned our attention to a most satisfactory supper at one of the many tables, surrounded by bevies of ladies and gentlemen chatting over the day's catches of bass and perch and pickerel.

The evening is passed listening to fish stories, wonderful, yet possible, told by guests and guides on the great piazza. At 10 we turn in, full of finny expectations, and all night long visions of fisherman's luck dance through our heads.

Up at 6, we break our fast and take our tackle and step to the front of the hotel, where waits our punctual guide, Ed Paige, with a great basket of what turned out later in the day to be a fine lunch. Him we follow to his boat house, a two minutes' walk, and there he launches an elegant clipper skiff 20ft. long, and furnished with all the conveniences which twenty years of experience have shown to be desirable. We step carefully in and take our seats in the high-backed chairs. The tackle, our lunch, the "lunch" for the fish, and all things else are quickly and snugly arranged aboard. The guide steps in and deftly sets the mast, the sail unfurls its white wings, and in a moment more we are speeding up the river before a spanking breeze, under a bright sky, over sparkling waters, in a glorious air, amidst enchanting scenery, toward our gamy victims waiting for us in Morgan's Bay, nine miles away.

After a glorious spin of over an hour the guide luffs up just under a rocky promontory, trips the mast, furls the sail and lays them carefully in the boat.

We string our rods. I have a 9oz. split-bamboo, 11ft. long, my son a slightly heavier rod of same length, made of greenheart and lancewood.

We drop overboard our lively minnows, and the guide slowly rows. In a minute what seemed to me a runaway locomotive struck my bait and made off down the river for Clayton. I let the thing go, simply keeping a taut line. The fish took 150ft. and then felt the strain of the rod enough to stop and investigate. For an instant he was still; then he made a mighty rush for the Canada shore, as if to butt his head with terrific force against the rocky promontory; but he saw his danger and stopped before dashing out his brains, and made up the river, somewhat slower, and a little uncertain what to do. All the time I was giving the fish the butt of the rod, keeping a taut line. Many a rush he made, everyone shorter and weaker, until I got him near the boat, and was startled to see such a monster pickerel. I coaxed him closer, but suddenly he darted under the boat deep in the water, and for an instant took most of my rod under the surface. The guide turned the boat and relieved the rod, while I coaxed the pickerel slowly to the top; he made two or three more rushes and sulks, but at last, when he was tired and dazed, the gaff of the guide lifted the beauty into the boat. Oh!

He was a channel pickerel 3ft. long and weighed 9lbs.

And so on Aug. 9, at 9 o'clock in the morning, nine miles from Clayton, on a 9oz. rod, in a nine minutes' fight, I brought to boat a 9lbs. pickerel which measured four times 9in. from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. Great was our rejoicing.

The morning progresses; my son is catching bass and perch rapidly, and highly elated chaffs me for falling behind, until in self-defense I shoot at him the Latin fable of the prolific wolf who upbraided a lioness for bringing forth only one whelp at a time. "My son," said I, "the lioness replied: 'one, but a lion,'" and with a proud air I pointed to my pickerel; my proud heir saw the point and immediately subsided.

Until high noon the flap of our fish box occasionally shut over a handsome captive. Then, while the fish of the river are supposed to be taking their post-prandial nap, we seek the shore. The nose of the boat grates lightly on the pebbles. The guide steps out, pulls the prow well up on a stick laid transverse the keel and we carefully get out. Reclining on a moss-grown bank in the solid shade of heavily foliaged trees we watch the guide unpack the boat and prepare for dinner. Out came the great basket containing lunch and dishes, the bag with all the cooking utensils, the folding table and camp stools. We had landed at one of the many kitchens of the guides, and here is a fireplace made of two long rectangular stones placed parallel to and within 10in. of each other, ever ready to be heated up for the cheer of the first comer. In a moment dry, dead wood is gathered; the hatchet reduces it to proper lengths and sizes, and soon a fire is blazing, which burns to a mass of coals by the time the guide is ready. With great interest we watch the process of cooking, new and novel to one of us.

In half an hour from landing, the guide announces: "Gentlemen, dinner is ready," and gratefully we sit down to a meal fit for a king.

What is it? Clam chowder, baked bass, broiled chicken, a bit of fried pork, stewed and fried potatoes, boiled corn, omelette, rolls, chow-chow and coffee, with berry pie, a glass of iced milk, bananas and oranges for dessert. Good? I think so. Superb, splendid; never can mortal enjoy his dinner more than we did those Elysian lunches of a week on the St. Lawrence.

After dinner we withdrew to our mossy bank, and the guide, adding a piece of carefully broiled beefsteak, proceeded in a systematic and professional way to wholly wipe out the "surplus," together with the accumulated reserve fund of the beefsteak. This done, which was accomplished with zest and capacity, attributed to Senator Evart's hired man, the guide gathered up the impedimenta, repacked them snugly in the boat and called us from our dreamy laziness and restful stretching on the bank. We re-embark and are rowed to the water which the guide says, at this time of day for big bass, is the very best.

This is Morgan's Bay. Over what the guide calls a "scoop," making the sounding deeper, and giving to this well-known depression in the bottom, abounding in rocks, a high-sounding name, suggestive of "scooping in the bass," we stop and bait and watch the wriggling, shining minnows on our hooks, curious combination of faith and works—our faith and their works—as they go zigzag toward the bottom. In a minute I have a strike and the rheumatism is taken out of my rod by a fine bass of 1¼lbs.

"I told you we would find them here," said the guide as he lifted this gamy one with his landing net.

"Heigho," said my son, who had been watching me capture the bass, "I guess I've caught on to a rock." The guide sits down to back up the boat when "No, steady," the boy says, in a voice unsteady with the tremulo of excitement, "I've got the boss bass, I think," and as his rod takes on a mighty bend he straightens himself in his chair, his lips compress, his color heightens, his eyes flash, and the contest begins. "Keep cool, my boy," I say, in a low, quiet tone, and instantly saw the break of his will power act upon him, and at the same time I saw the break of the willful bass, as he came rushing 2ft. out of the water and shook his jaws in a mighty effort to throw out the hook; but the boy with the greenheart rod is no green hand, and the line staying taut as a fiddle string, the bass fell back, still a prisoner, baffled in his first rush for freedom.

He immediately sets out down the river, apparently for Montreal, but the rod gets its back up at this proposed trip, and puts in a demurrer, and after a long and lively argument the demurrer is sustained. The bass being at liberty to amend tries again, this time for the shore, but he soon finds that his baggage is not checked for Canada, and with the fierceness and rage of a wounded and baffled Apache makes another break into the air; but the glorious spring of the rod is always on him, and he falls back, having to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Now he darts up the river for Lake Ontario, ten miles away. The guide all the time has kept turning the boat so that the boy faces the bass; the reel sings again; then the tip shakes hands with the butt, and the rush is slowly stayed; some line is taken in before the next and last mighty effort; he makes another fruitless break and darts for the channel with the energy of despair, but it is short-lived; he is tired, and the rod does not register its best bend to stop him. He is slowly coaxed toward the boat; tries hard to go to the bottom, but is restrained; the net is already deep in the water, and slowly the tired fighter is guided to it; with a dexterous motion the guide passes it under him, and quickly lifts his majesty into the boat. The boy, relaxing his tension, gives first a great sigh of relief, and then, in delight, exclaims, "Beat that if you can, pa," and the guide, reading the scales, announces, "Three pounds and a half."

After three days of the wearing and tearing excitement of fishing, we were glad to take a rest, and were advised that no recreation from the work of fishing could be pleasanter than making the tour of the islands. Accordingly, we went down to the wharf at 9 o'clock in the morning and boarded the new Island Wanderer as she touched at Clayton in a bi-daily trip of "swinging round the circle." Securing comfortable camp chairs well forward on her upper deck, we settled ourselves for the leisurely and full enjoyment of a trip which we had been told was most delightful.

Swinging out from Clayton, we pass Governor Alvord's island close on our right and Prospect Park on our left, and make westerly for the channel between Grindstone at starboard and Wolfe, the largest of the 1,800 islands, being fifteen miles long and five miles broad, at port. In the channel we cross into Canadian waters, heading straight for Howe Island, lying between Wolfe and the Canadian shore.

The line between the United States and Canada does not follow the center of the river nor the ship channel, but winds and turns in a queer and tortuous manner.

Here the river is nine miles wide, but we soon turn due north and point for Gananoque, which is directly across from Clayton, and which is now hidden from us by a group of charming islands, which we pass through in a labyrinthine course, and touch at the ancient town. While at this dock and leaving it, we were fortunate enough to see an exciting race by a fleet of small sailboats.

We pursue our way down the river on the Canadian side, and are soon in an archipelago which it seems impossible to traverse without certain and immediate wreck. We turn quickly to the right, now to the left, and continuously wind our way through the changing channel, avoiding a rocky shore to starboard so narrowly that we start from our chairs to steel ourselves from the shock; then we seem sure to run on a jutting point to port, or to grind out the life of the boat on a half-sunken great rock, or to run her prow squarely on to an island and split her in two; but the hand at the helm guides our craft with unerring skill and keeps a few feet of air between her sides and the rocks, and, it is said, 100ft. of water between her keel and the bottom of the river.

So we go on, passing island after island of many forms and sizes; some are simply rocks, covered with cedars and lichens; others have been fashioned by the hand of man into earthly paradises. Beautiful cottages with broad verandas, lovely castles with tempting turrets and cosy corners, velvety lawns with plots of plants and profusion of flowers, are as numerous here as leaves that strew the Vale of Valombrosa. At every curve in our course and every minute of our trip new scenes of loveliness enchant us. It is a kaleidoscope of wondrous variety and beauty.

Now we approach the far-famed Alexandria Bay, at the head of which lies a large triangular island, indented with a bay on the north. It is called Wells or Wellesly Island, and resembles a huge arrow head pointing down the river. On it are three great hotels; on the left barb, Grand View Park, and on the point, Westminster Park Hotel.

These great caravansaries with adjacent cottages make this island very attractive and exceedingly popular with tourists. We touch at Grand View and then steamed for six miles along the arrow head to Westminster Park. We are greeted on the way by scores of skiffs fishing in the little bays which serrate the island; a warm wave of the handkerchief, a hearty salute of the hand, showed us that the enjoyment of successful fishing mellows the heart and raises the social temperature. As we saw, here and there, a gentleman or lady all absorbed in "playing" a fighting fish, we distracted ourselves with the still unanswered question: "which would you rather, take in from this deck the beauties of the river with your eyes, or from one of yon boats with your rod?"

At Westminster Park we reach the most southerly point of our tour across the islands, and leaving it press easterly between islands across Alexandria Bay to the hotel of the same name, on the mainland. This is one of the largest and handsomest of the hotels, and is crowded with guests from all parts of the country year after year.

The environment of the great hotels is most delightful; green lawns sloping to the water's edge, threaded by winding paths and curving drives and shaded by oak, maple, hickory, hemlock or pine, cover a large part of the grounds; groups of groves, bevies of bowers invite restful reclinings; and all the surroundings are full of suggestions of dreamland peacefulness and universal enjoyment.

We continue our course up the river now, between and around charming islands as before, touch at the docks of three other great hotels, and then the whistle sounds for Clayton, the place of beginning.

Most reluctantly do we close our circuit of fifty miles, and as I descend from the deck and walk to the shore, this parody runs through my head:

"The Thousand Islands are a place
Of such enchanting mien,
That to be truly worshipped,
Need but to be seen."

After a week of delights in the vicinity of Clayton, we "reel in" and prepare for a trip down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. Of a morning, at 7 o'clock, we board the "Corsican," a large, high-decked steamer from Toronto, as she touches at Clayton; and bidding a reluctant adieu to scenes of many days' pleasure, we steam down through Alexandria Bay and soon have left behind "The Lake of the Thousand Islands." Thirty miles below we make a stop at Brockville, so named in honor of General Brock, who fell on Queenstown Heights in the War of 1812. It is a very pretty and thriving town. Our next stop is at Prescott, one of the finest towns on the St. Lawrence. Fort Wellington crowns one of its hills and by its quaintness and un-American appearance attracts our attention.

The city of Ogdensburgh is opposite Prescott, not far below; the Gallop Rapids prepare the traveler for the swifter and more turbulent Rapids of the Long Sault. These are a continuous rapid of nine miles, divided by islands in the middle. Steam is shut nearly off and we gallop along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The surging waters present the appearance of breaking surf, and rolling and plunging and riding down hill by water produces a very novel sensation; in some of the passengers pleasure, and in others *mal de mer*.

Pleasantly situated at the foot of the Long Sault is Cornwall. The boundary line between the United States and Canada passes near this village and is marked by a flagstaff on one of the Islands. Below this the St. Lawrence is wholly within Her Majesty's Dominions. Near Cornwall begins the expansion of the river which is called St. Francis, and extends for forty miles to Coteau du Lac, where begins a very swift rapid two miles in length. The steamboat next enters Cedar Rapids, in which the peculiar motion of the boat settling down as she glides from one ledge to another makes the passage very exciting. Enormous boulders seem to guard the entrance of Split Rock Rapids; a timid person will hold his breath until this ledge is passed.

The steamer appears to be running straight upon it, but just in time, as by magic, she glides aside into open water. Quickly we pass through Cascade Rapids, full of white caps, cresting and foaming on its dark waters; here again the steamer pitches as if in a chopping sea. After passing the cascades, the river widens into Lake St. Louis, where the dark waters of the Ottawa by one of its mouths joins the St. Lawrence. Now from the deck we have a magnificent view of Montreal Mountain, thirty miles away. Nine miles from Montreal is Lachine on the north side, and Caughnamaga, the village of the praying Indians, on the south. Just below these towns we pass the manificent bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Soon the steamer glides down the river with increasing swiftness, denoting that a rapid is ahead; in a few minutes we rush into the first pitch of the Lachine Rapids, the most formidable of them all; and in silence imposed by awe of the situation, and the grandeur of the scene around, we run the rapids double flanked by frightful rocks, and draw a long breath of relief as we shoot into smooth and level water just above Victoria Bridge, the longest, largest and most costly bridge in the world, and passing under which we slowly steam to the landing at Montreal.

Montreal, a city of about 150,000 inhabitants, is built on low and level land about two miles wide, between the river and a considerable and very beautiful elevation called "Mount Royal."

The city is on an island of the same name, about thirty miles long and ten broad, and is at the head of ocean navigation and 620 miles from the sea.

Steamers and other boats which ascend the St. Lawrence River from Montreal pass around the various rapids through canals which have been constructed at great expense and which are now being deepened and widened. The harbor of the city is large and secure, and the quays,

built of limestone, are massive and unsurpassed in the extent and beauty of their unbroken line and stretch of continuous masonry for several miles. No unsightly warehouses disfigure the river front, but a broad terrace, faced with gray limestone, the parapet of which is surmounted with an iron railing, divides the river from the city throughout its whole extent.

Using the splendid carriage service of the city we make the regular tour of the town, seeing all of the public buildings and churches and convents and squares, and driving through the Mountain Park by an easy, winding, magnificent road, we suddenly reached the brow of Mount Royal, where before us this beautiful city lay; we spent much time in admiring the splendid view and in looking with a glass particularly at the bridge and river and Lachine Canal, and at the domes and spires of the grand and stately churches.

We came down from the mountain by carriage; we might have made both ascent and descent by cable car, which must be an interesting and exciting experience, but we did not do it because one of our party had a taste of such aerial riding at Niagara Falls, and cared for no more of it in this world. Had it been winter, some of us might have ventured upon the great toboggan slide on the mountain, and have flashed down while we held our breaths.

We visited many of the churches, which are noted for their beautiful architecture and for their interior ornamentation by frescoes, painting and statuary. St. Peter's Cathedral, whose dome is said to be an exact copy of the mighty dome of St. Peter's at Rome, is the largest of the churches, but by no means the most ornate or beautiful. All of the Jesuit and Roman Catholic churches are open at all times and strangers are welcome to visit them.

The hotels are large and elegant. The railroad depots are massive. The public buildings of the city are all exceedingly fine. Many of the dwellings with their beautiful surroundings are suggestive of the luxuriousness of millionaires; and altogether our experience in Montreal has given us the memory of a city beautiful for situation, handsome to look upon, healthful to live in, and full of joyous prosperity.

G. L. DANFORTH.

MIDDLEBURGH, N. Y.

Natural History.

THE OSTRICH IN AMERICA.

MR. E. S. JOHNSON, manager of the American Ostrich Co., of Fall Brook Farm, San Diego County, California, supplies the following data in regard to the ostrich and ostrich culture in his State. The illustrations appended are probably the best ever made of the young and the adult specimens of the bird, and may be of interest to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Johnson's little circular shows that the ostrich is singular in some of its habits, as well as in its appearance. It is curious to note that its period of incubation is two days shorter in California than in Africa—42 days in Africa and 40 in California. Verily, California beats the world! Mr. Johnson's statement goes on to say, among other things:

"In their wild state the hen at the approach of her maturity wanders away from her own troop in search of a male from some other troop, thus instinctively avoiding inter-breeding. She invariably makes the selection, and when made it is 'until death do us part.' The hen matures at about four, the cock at five years of age. After mating they prepare for housekeeping by scooping a nest in sand or loose soil, pushing with their breast bone and kicking out behind with their toes. The nest when completed is four feet in diameter and slanting to a depth of ten inches in the center, saucer shaped. Madam deposits one egg every alternate day until from eight to fifteen are collected. These are faithfully turned every day in order that the germ, which is held in place by a delicate spiral cord and always near the upside of the egg, may not become inactive and thus cause an imperfect embryo. The birds take regular turns at setting on the nest—the hen occupying it from 8 A. M. until 4 P. M., while the gallant male takes the sixteen-hour watch from 4 P. M. until 8 A. M. They are punctual about changing.

Mr. Johnson tells an amusing incident of how one wayward spouse, who tried to shirk going on the nest promptly, was brought to her senses by her lord and master: "In the same year and place above mentioned, and about two weeks prior to the hatching of the 'Doctor's' brood, Mrs. 'Doctor' became lax in her duties and failed to relieve her lord and master at the usual hour—8 A. M. For several mornings she did not take her place in the nest on time, delaying a little longer each successive morning, while the 'Doctor' fretted and shifted uneasily about, longing to straighten his cramped legs and to get his breakfast after the weary sixteen hours of warning and watching. When at last the sixteen hours had lengthened into seventeen he became enraged, and springing from the nest pursued his sweetheart several times around the paddock, interspersing good hard kicks, well laid on, with the running. Madam soon decided that a nest of beautiful eggs was her heart's desire, and to sit on them a glorious duty—a duty that she faithfully performed thereafter until the eggs were hatched."

"At six months of age the chick is first plucked. The

"CORBETT"—MALE OSTRICH.

plumes at this age are not of much commercial value, and are called *spadonas*. From this age on the bird is plucked every ten months, the feathers attaining perfection at the maturity of the bird. Twenty-six plumes in each wing are protected by floss feathers underneath and by three rows of feathers above, overlapping each other. Those in the row first above the plumes are called long black or long drab, according to the sex of the bird; next above, mediums, and top row, shorts. Besides the wing feathers the tails are also taken. Body feathers are not taken, but are picked up during the moulting season and used for cloak trimmings, collarettes, etc. An average feather bird yields 1¼lbs. of feathers at a plucking, those of the male being of a heavier quality and of more value than those of the hen. The difference is quickly seen in the barbs of the plumes of the male and hen, each separate barb being a complete feather in itself.

"In order to take the plumes when they are at their best—this time is just before they are ripe, and before they begin to look worn or frayed at their tips—the quills should be cut with a pair of sharp clippers (small pruning shears), about two inches from the socket. The stubs are left two or three months to ripen and can then be easily pulled without injury to the socket in the wing. In pulling stubs, care must be taken to pull them out straight, for if pulled with a twist the new growing feather will come with a twist and its value much impaired.

"In the operation of plucking, a long stocking-shaped hood is drawn over the head and down the neck, thus blinding the bird, while a small opening is left in the toe of the hood through which the beak projects to admit of breathing. When blinded the bird becomes passive and can be moved into a stall to prevent his moving forward, while the operators prevent him from backing.

"The kicking qualities of an ostrich are great, but he exercises the prerogative only when in the breeding season. They do not back up to one for that purpose, as has been often stated, but are thoroughly progressive in whatever direction they start. The kick is delivered either standing or running and has a distinct up and down stroke. The former is a pusher, the latter is a ripper, and woe to the party that waits for it. When in the immediate vicinity of an infuriated ostrich, a high board fence is comforting; lacking this one should be provided for protection with a 'scaffie'—a pole ten feet long with a forked end. One has an electrical moment in which to determine that nerve is more to be desired than an option on real estate, and the desire to keep that bird's neck in the fork and his feet ten feet away occupies one's mind to the exclusion of other interesting problems. If successful in resisting repeated charges in this manner, the adversary will lose confidence in his powers and edge away. One may then congratulate one's self with modifications, never forgetting to watch the bird diligently while in his presence. In plucking a breeding bird, it sometimes becomes necessary to pick a fight with him before he can be caught. He comes to the fence, delivers a kick or two, to the detriment of the fence and his toes, and his persecutor deftly catches a firm hold of his neck, just below the orifice of the ear, springs over the fence, bearing the bird's head to the ground, thus barring him from the upright position necessary in delivering a kick. A hood is then quickly drawn over the head with the other hand and pulled tight by a puckering string—the beak sticking far enough through to admit of breathing. When blinded in this manner, the most quarrelsome ostrich becomes docile, and can be pushed and plucked with entire safety."

OSTRICH CHICKS—ONE TO TEN DAYS OLD.

BREEDING BIRDS.

ABOUT BEARS.

THE last Maine winter was a favorable season for bears. They were able to travel about at their pleasure all the first part of the winter. The snow was not deep until after hibernating time and the weather was not extremely cold except one or two short freezes. Contrary to the common idea, bears are not governed so much by the cold weather or deep snows about denning up as by the abundance or scarcity of berries and other food. When berries are plentiful bears do not go to den even when we have early deep snows.

I once followed a bear track in a foot or more of snow, I think in the year 1847, from near my camp in township No. 4, Range 1, in Oxford county, Me., near Mooselucmeguntic Lake, and being young and full of hunting gimp, I loaded myself down with a week's provisions and gun, ax, bear trap, bait, etc., etc., and started on the trail. I was a tenderfoot hunter then. I learned better later on. The bear was a very large one and he led me over mountains and through swamps and among the thickest, roughest tangle, over rocks, logs and tree tops, and to annoy me more when utterly exhausted and I sat down to rest the bear did the same, and when I started he would start. For the next three days I did not get sight of him, although I was often within gunshot of him. In the thick swamp the traveling was very tiresome and discouraging, and the nights cold and disagreeable camping, yet the bear made him a bed of balsams every night within the hearing of the sound of my ax while chopping night wood.

The fourth day I got enough of it, and made my way straight toward home, where I safely arrived—a wiser hunter than when I started out, my ardor for following bears to their dens being very much cooled off. I believe it to be a fact that a bear will never den up while pursued, but will at once go in when the pursuit is stopped.

Mr. Sargent, who lived near Umbagog lake, captured a bear alive and denned him in a hollow log in his wood pile. The next spring, in the last of March, he happened to think of his bear when he was chopping up his wood pile; and cut open the bear log, and found the bear frozen solid. The reason was that the log was not covered with snow. The den of the bear is almost always under the ground, under the roots of a turned-up tree, or in the openings of a hedge or some other dismal hole or cavern. For one-half the year the bear is isolated from the outside world, wrapped in hibernating slumber akin to death—it may be in the base of a mountain, in the depths of the wilderness, within the confines of a dreary cavern alone. What can we imagine more desolate and forbidding? But when the balmy air of spring blows its breath, the bear awakes to new life. He loses but little flesh during the long cold winter; and if he goes into den fat, he comes

out fat; he has scarcely breathed during the long exile. He does not leave his den all at once, but takes a walk for observation for a day and returns at night; and so on, perhaps for several days, until he gets somewhat accustomed to the outside world.

Mr. Artemus Ward, an old hunter in Millsfield, N. H., was out on a hunt a few years ago, late in the fall, and struck a large bear track in the snow. He at once gave chase and followed him for several days, and not seeing any prospect of the bear's stopping or of getting sight of him, and getting out of provisions and footsore withal, he left the trail and made his way to the settlements. Meeting Llewellen Peree, of the town of Mexico, Me., a day or two after, he told him of his adventure, and Peree thereupon offered to go and follow up the trail, and if successful to give Ward one-fourth of the proceeds. Ward agreed to it, and went with him to where he left the trail, and Peree started at once.

Peree followed on for two days, camping at night in the open air. At noon the second day the trail led over some big fallen tree-tops and piles of brush, and while climbing over these his footing gave way and Peree dropped down several feet into a deep, dark hole, and found himself facing a ferocious bear of the largest size, which at once arose on his hindfeet, and with a loud growl champed his teeth and made toward Peree, whose hair straightened up, throwing off his hat. The bear was nearly upon him when he drew a bead on it with his repeating rifle and pulled. The bullet struck the bear between the eyes, which looked like two balls of fire in that cavern, and the bear fell dead at his feet. One more jump of that bear would have fixed poor Peree. J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, Me.

Some Animals do not Challenge.

IN treating of the "deer's challenge" in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 10, Mr. A. McLain contends that deer do challenge, and, furthermore, that all animals challenge when preparing directly for battle. He maintains that, this trait being common to all animals, it is inferentially a trait of deer. He asks Mr. Walton if he ever saw any two animals come together for a fight without some kind of a challenge. I presume that he does not intend to limit a reply to any one person, therefore I venture some truthful remarks. There are domestic animals which fight without challenging. The greyhound runs and fights mute. They will fight each other or antelope or bears without a note of defiance or warning. Many breeds of dogs will fight a strange dog at sight without uttering the slightest sound. I have in mind a dog which was called a bull dog by his owner, though he was not one, but a strong active dog of the "business" type so commonly owned at one time by the rougher element of humanity. This dog would silently charge on any large dog at sight, and by a trick of colliding his shoulder amidship of his victim and knocking him down and over and over he gained such an advantage at the outset that victory was insured. With little dogs he was peaceful and even kind. Nearly all dogs of sharp temper and tried courage begin battle silently. The ill-tempered and cowardly sound a warning more to test the courage of their opponents than to challenge to battle. Rams and goats engage strangers of their kind in battle without any challenging notes. A species of animals may be very pugnacious and yet there may be cowardly individuals of that species. Such would rather trust to a challenge stampeding the enemy and thus avoiding a battle than to engaging in the battle itself. DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

Small Birds and Insects.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading in your last issue Mr. "Von W.'s" article on "Small Birds," I would like to answer in the affirmative. I have found this year some species of *Lepidoptera* and *Coleoptera* in greater abundance than in former years, and have found also larvæ of some flies I never could find before.

Those who will gather cocoons as Mr. Cheeny describes in No. 4 (Jan. 26) of your very interesting paper will have no trouble in finding some on alder, apple, plum, cherry or elderberry bushes. But, safe to say, many will be disappointed when the time for metamorphosis arrives and ichneumon flies will make their appearance instead of the moth. These flies are plentiful, and will be more so next year unless the winter is favorable for our birds.

I have quite frequently noticed robins here, but the best place I know for all kinds of birds is certainly Five-Mile Beach, on the New Jersey coast. I haven't seen a canebrake yet, and never went through switch cane; but the way mosquitoes and catbriars are taking hold of a fellow there reminds him that his life belongs to the country and New Jersey is taking it piecemeal. The swampy conditions in some parts and the wonderfully twisted growth of branching trees are no doubt a great protection to the birds, which furnish the most interesting part of life on the island. H. HORNIG.

An Incident of the Spring.

OKANOGAN, Wash.—Did you ever take a drink with a snake or even see a snake drink?

I had been out grouse hunting one warm day and had got seven. As I was expecting quite a crowd next day I wanted a few more. Frank, the dog, had got quite hot. I kept around the mountain to where a spring came up from the rock and ran but a short distance. I had the year before scraped out a place large enough to water a horse or let the dog wallow in. So when I neared the place I made the dog come back, as I wanted the first chance at the water. I rode up, got off from the horse, lay down and drank until I wanted to get my breath. When I raised myself up I saw a snake drinking on the opposite side of the pool, which was not more than 18in. across. I rose up a little more and watched the snake until it got through. It did not seem to notice me until it finished; then it ran out its forked tongue and crawled back into the grass. It was striped and about an inch in diameter. I had had all the water I wanted, and after I had given the horse a drink Frank took possession of the pool. As soon as he was through we went on. I flushed a very large flock of grouse and soon had fourteen and stopped shooting. The folks came and were much pleased to find I had plenty of game, and that of the finest.

LEW WILMOT.

Game Bag and Gun.

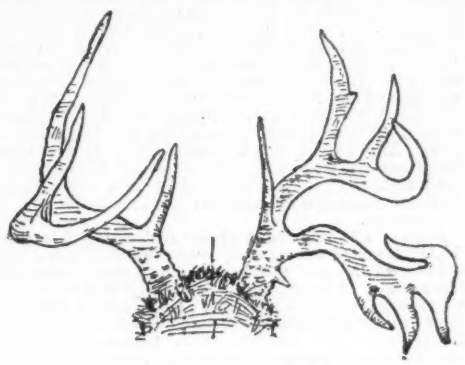
MINNESOTA GAME AND FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being permanently located in a section of country which promises to rival Maine for moose and other large game, I take this opportunity to acquaint brother sportsmen with my surroundings. A glance at the map of Minnesota will show the reader the remoteness of Aitkin county and the country contributary to it. Being on the headwaters of the Mississippi, a boat built on the scow plan, to draw no more than two feet of water, will take one from Aitkin through a country as wild and picturesque as could be desired. Minnesota is credited with 10,000 lakes, and the greater portion of these lie in Crow Wing, Aitkin, Cass and Itasca counties, and vary from one-half a mile of shore to over 200. But these big lakes, Mille Lacs, Leech and Winnebagoshish, are poor fishing grounds. The smaller lakes, having better bays and inlets, are visited yearly by hordes of anglers.

The country to the northwest of Aitkin is practically virgin ground for big game; but, alas! the game law of Minnesota is so rigid no moose can be shot legally until Jan. 1, 1898. But every winter sees numbers of this noble game fall to the report of the rifle, and it is no uncommon thing to see its meat on sale at markets of bordering towns. All you have to do is to ask for "mountain sheep," pay the price and take it away.

Several Indian reservations to our north are vast domains of forest and water. Leech Lake Reservation, some seventy miles northwest, comprises 94,440 acres, or 147.50 square miles of territory alive with game, berries and fish. Plenty of bear. One half-blood Chippewa living at Kimberly told me, a few days ago, that he could take some bear hunter to a den only two days' time from Aitkin and guarantee him bear. He showed me three magnificent skins, trophies of a little hunt last Christmas. Moose are



A MINNESOTA CURIO.

frequent visitors almost to our village limits, four being seen four miles from town only last week. A half-hour's drive in the country will reward you with the sight of innumerable deer, while quail, grouse and duck are continually scampering away from the roadside.

A few days ago I met old Me-sog-na-day, head chief of the Sandy Lake Chippewas. He came into town with a sack of herbs, and in his hand carried a staff upon the tip of which was wound a piece of buckskin, and attached thereto were two feathers. One of these feathers told his rank, the other his band. When asked the prospect for the berry crop he waved his hand in a manner signifying fire, and we knew there was no hope to the housewife for jams from that neighborhood. When wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*) was mentioned his face brightened and his hand motion interpreted that there was a plenty. In fact this is an unusual year for rice, and while it now sells in the market for 10 cents per pound it will be so plentiful this fall that large quantities will be marketed and thus will bring the Indians quite a revenue.

The lakes about here have their peculiarities: a mile west is a lake a mile long by one-half wide from which only pickerel can be taken, a little further on is one from which only dogfish are taken, while on the opposite side of the railroad track is Bass Lake, where black bass are only to be had. Four miles west nestles one of the prettiest bodies of water in the State. Red Cedar Lake has seventy-five miles of shore, is 65 to 70ft. deep, is dotted with several beautiful islands. The resort is becoming quite lively now with campers. The lake abounds with black, rock and silver bass, croppy, perch, whitefish and pickerel. Occasionally wall-eyed pike, but they are scarce. The further end of the lake, in what is known as McGee's Cove, is alive with duck, and I have heard an occasional gun in that direction. Its report signifies that some camper or settler is enjoying young duck.

The early part of July I visited Clitheral, Otter Tail county. This section is within easy reach of the Twin Cities, and abundance of fine duck shooting is to be had in neighboring lakes and sloughs.

Now for a few curios. There are four rare specimens here in Aitkin. One is the white fawn of which I have spoken; another is in the possession of Mr. Marr, and is a triple deer antler (drawing accompanying this), *i. e.*, there are two main beams, and branching from one of these is a third beam as large as the others. The antlers are flat and resemble in some features the antlers of moose. Another curiosity is a pair of antlers, likewise of flat design, which contain twenty-eight points. I think this is a great curiosity, and if desired I will have them photographed for reproduction in FOREST AND STREAM. My fourth curiosity is my friend, George Lott, the Izaak Walton of the upper Mississippi country, and his aggregation, Dash, a very intelligent spaniel, and Span, equally as knowing a setter, and his split-bamboo cane and expert reel. I fished with Lott last week in Pickerel Lake, but his $35 rod and reel was a "hoodoo," while with my common 15-cent cane pole outfit I landed every fish caught that day, several large pickerel being among the catch. Now, Lott is celebrated as a wonderful angler, a beautiful fly-fisherman, but he can't hold a candle with an ordinary cane pole fisherman. But I give him credit of hooking the largest fish, which made a meal of 10ft. of his silk braided line and hook. I didn't stop to examine whether his fish had roots or bark on it, but give him the benefit of the doubt. Some day we are going to troll the Mississippi and endeavor to land the 5ft. muskallonge which has frequently been seen in this vicinity, and if we succeed in landing the prize the photographic camera will be used to perpetuate the feat.

If any FOREST AND STREAM readers are in doubt where to go to get all-round duck, geese, grouse, deer or bear shooting this fall, I will try and put them in a way where they cannot help but be satisfied. Lott and I will go with them.

Our Bass Lake Gun Club is getting bluerock shooting down fine now. F. J. S.

WHERE WILD PIGEONS FLOCKED.

"D. A.'s" SHOOTING at two pigeons and gathering eight, as told some time ago in our paper, reminds me of a puzzling shot at pigeons.

When a mere lad, just learning to shoot, one day my elder brother and I were out in the woods and discovered a large flock of pigeons in a low beech tree on the edge of the woods, just at the foot of a short, abrupt hill. Slowly and cautiously we crept to within a short gunshot, probably not more than 40yds.; carefully resting our guns across a convenient stump we took deliberate aim at the thickest of them and poured the deadly (?) contents of three barrels into them, my brother having a double gun and firing both barrels. Can you imagine the glow of triumph with which we contemplated the harvest we would make, and how the old father who still loves the gun would smile and say we had done well?

How many did we kill? Some time you have had a similar experience—or if not, you will have. Picture our sorrow and disgust when we found not one dead bird and only one cripple, which I secured with another shot. Perhaps some of the experts in the science of gunnery can explain how not less than 1,000 pellets of lead could go through that tree-top loaded with birds without accidentally killing some of them. I should judge there must have been more than 100 birds in the tree.

Though more than twenty-five years have come and gone, that hunting episode "haunts me still."

The earliest recollections of my hunting days are connected with wild pigeons, and for long years they were my favorite game. Many days I have sat on the big rock back of the old home and watched immense flocks passing over to their roosting place, and have tried to kill them with the boy's universal weapon—the bow and arrow.

My love for them came to me honestly, for my first shot at live game was at a single pigeon, and it was successful. With my father, brother and uncle I went to a nesting on Tug Hill, and well do I remember how the sky would be darkened by the myriads of birds that would rise from the trees at every discharge of a gun, only to settle back again as the noise died away. The rapid shooting soon exhausted the ammunition, but we had enough.

In later years I learned the difference between butchery and sport; and many happy days I have stood near an old dead tree on the edge of a buckwheat stubble and picked off single birds from the top of the tree. As I progressed in knowledge, I learned to take them as they flew in, but the years were few in which they stayed with us; and when in 1876 I left the old home in Northern New York to make a new one in Minnesota, pigeons in New York had nearly become simply a remembered delight.

In April, 1877, I went to Minnesota to live. At my first dinner at my boarding place I became an intent listener to a conversation between two gentlemen who had just returned from a shooting trip. They were describing the exact counterpart of scenes I had witnessed ten years before at the nesting on Tug Hill, in old York State. To say that I was delighted would not cover a fair idea of the joy with which I listened to their story. Again I had found God's country and the dear pigeons were not all dead; they had simply done what many wise men had done—"gone West." Here again I could enjoy the old sport and be happy. Alas! I did not know that what I had found was simply the last of them, and that this year was the end of the pigeons in Minnesota, so far as the old time abundance went; but my ignorance was bliss. At this time I knew nothing of the acres of ducks, the myriads of snipe, or the ten-fold pleasures of shooting chickens over a dog.

My first spring and fall outing days were devoted to pigeons, and with fair success. My last pigeon shooting was in September of 1878.

My friend R. and I started from home early one morning properly equipped for two or three days' outing. We headed for the Rice Lake marshes, a wild strip of country some fifteen miles north of Minneapolis. The country is in the main low and level, dotted all over with marshes, lakes and oak openings. We drove leisurely, hunting on the way, and stopping at noon to prepare a hunter's dinner from the game killed during the morning; at night we made our camp by the side of a beautiful pond surrounded by scrub oaks. After an early breakfast we packed our outfit in the wagon, and taking an old hay road were on our way across a marsh headed toward a promising piece of woods. A slow drizzly rain had set in and the prospects were for an off day.

The country in which we were is all alike for miles and miles, and a stranger in it is more liable than not to very soon want to know "where he is at." Such was my fate. Leaving our horse tied to a tree by the roadside, R. took the right hand side and I the left, agreeing to meet at the wagon in an hour's time. Very soon I found pigeons and killed two; I followed the flock and came upon more, again killing. I kept this up with varying luck until I had bagged eleven and began to think of returning to the wagon. "That's easy, I'll simply turn around and bearing a little to the right I'll soon be there." I did so, and ten minutes' walk brought me to the edge of a marsh, the boundaries of which I was unable to see in any direction. I canvassed the situation and decided that I was lost. I hadn't the remotest idea of where the wagon was or how to find it. Seating myself on an old log, I lit a cigar and tried to study a way out of it; useless. I couldn't do it, so I started walking a while in one way and then in another, zigzagging back and forth, but it was all useless. Get away from that marsh I could not. "Well," I exclaimed at last, "these confounded pigeons

lost me and now they can find me," and with that I began hunting pigeons as if I had no thought or care. I was successful, and after nearly two hours of hunting had added seven more birds to my load; just then spying a flock in a distant tree I carefully made my way toward them, and as I was preparing for the shot there almost underneath them I beheld the lost outfit. My exclamation of joy at the sight lost me the shot, but I had "just enough."

Some time after my arrival R. came up, having been gone nearly four hours. "Nice fellow you are," said I; "thought you were coming back in an hour." No reply. Can it be possible that the jolly, good-natured R. is angry with me for my non-arrival? Has he been here before and been waiting all this time for me? I questioned him as to his luck, but found him decidedly non-committal. Finally I said to him, "See here, R., no use in your being huffy; the facts are, I have been lost and could not get back here any sooner than I did." Ah! then once more did the smiles appear upon his genial countenance, and loud and long did the woods give back the echo of his mirth. When he could control himself, he explained that he, too, had been lost, and was overjoyed to find that I had been in the same predicament. Thirty minutes after leaving the road he had turned back toward it, but could not find it. After walking for nearly two hours he discovered that he was walking alongside of the road. It seemed that just above where he had left it the road took an abrupt turn to the left, and when he came back he had struck above this turn. He had not the consolation that I had, for he had seen only one small flock of pigeons, and they got away. It was my turn to laugh then, and I did justice to the occasion.

Our trip ended that night, and was my last experience with pigeons with one exception. The following year R. and I were driving one Sunday around Lake Harriet, now a part of the park system of Minneapolis, when I discovered a small bunch of pigeons in a tree near the road. I had a .32 Colt's revolver, and with it I killed a bird from the last flock of wild pigeons I have seen. EVERETT.

TRANSPORTATION COMPANY WAYS.

BOSTON, Aug. 8.—The indignation of sportsmen, visiting Maine and the East, is growing more pronounced every day concerning the treatment they receive from the Maine Central Railroad. This indignation is fast coming to light, in fact, and sportsmen, who are almost invariably business men, and men who influence travel and traffic, are avoiding that road and urging their friends to do so. Their influence may be small, and the officers of the Maine Central may feel like ignoring it, and trusting that, owing to the desirability of that road as a way for sportsmen to reach their hunting and fishing resorts, they will gradually begin to overlook the attempt to force their fish and game and dogs, as well as other paraphernalia, into the hands of the American Express Co., for that company to charge exorbitant prices for forwarding. But such is a mistaken idea. Sportsmen are submitting only as they are obliged to submit, in some cases quietly, and in others finding considerable fault, and are doing all they can to hurt the express company. Sportsmen do not forget that there is scarcely another railway or steamboat company in the country but what forwards the baggage, the fish and game, the dogs, the tents and camping goods of sportsmen in their baggage cars, free of expense, or at a moderate excess baggage, when above 200lbs. in weight—forwards these articles free, the same as did the Maine Central Railway till the celebrated order of last November was issued to its baggage masters.

A most striking case has just come to my notice. A Boston merchant who has been in business here for nearly thirty years, a sportsman by nature and instinct, a gentleman in every way, who always pays dollar for dollar and expects others to do the same, is just back from his spring fishing trip. His name is not given here, because it is not necessary to the illustration of the principle involved, but it can be furnished if either the Maine Central Railway or the American Express desires it. He has a cocker spaniel of which he is very fond. Besides intending to take him on his fall hunting trip he thought that he would take him on his spring fishing trip. He wanted the dog for company and to give him some knowledge of the woods. Fearing the new arrangements of the Maine Central he had a little cage made for the dog, and resolved to ask the railroads to check it along with his other baggage, which consisted of a bag and a very small trunk, the whole not weighing more than one-quarter of the weight of a single Saratoga, such as the Maine Central's Bar Harbor travel takes three or four of to a single passenger—and the road is glad to get the travel at that.

On starting, the Boston & Maine very politely checked the gentleman's baggage, little dog's cage and all—not only checked the cage, but asked for the dog, which was then at his master's heels, saying that good care should be taken of him. In this way the dog and cage went through to the gentleman's rail destination; since the cage bore the check of the Boston & Maine, the Maine Central did not see fit to trouble it, though passing over the line of the latter road from Portland up. But it was on the way out that the snag was struck. The gentleman first embarked on the Canadian Pacific. The baggage-master cheerfully and politely checked the little dog's cage down as far as Greenville, the junction of its line, with a road controlled by the Maine Central, I believe. The baggage-master here, also agent of the American Express Co., declined to check the dog's cage. He declared that his road was not going to check sportsmen's dogs any more. When remonstrated with by the gentleman he insultingly replied that he did not care for sportsmen any way; they were a class of travel that did not pay. Often they had to pawn their guns or fish-rods in order to get money enough to get home with. This was news to the gentleman. He reluctantly put his dog and cage into the hands of the express company. At Pittsfield, where the next change was made, on to the Maine Central proper, the baggage-master refused to check the dog and cage. He said that it was against the rules. When asked to show his rules, he turned his back and walked away. The dog and cage were again given over to the American Express Co. The express company got $2.50 out of the gentleman for transportation of his dog on the way out, when it was started free by the Boston & Maine on the way in, and went in free. He is aware that not another road in the country scarcely, except the Maine Central, would have insisted on his turning his dog over to the American Express Co. He very naturally feels that he has been unjustly treated, and for that reason he will hereafter go to his fishing and hunting resort via the Concord & Montreal and Canadian Pacific railways, avoiding the Maine Central altogether. He is also sending merchandise, in which he deals, by some other way than by the American Express. Now he recommends his customers to buy in larger quantities and have him ship by freight, and he keeps his freight off the Maine Central whenever it is possible to do so. SPECIAL.

NITRO POWDER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nitro seems to be the powder of the day, whether at the traps or in the field, and should any one stick to the old-fashioned black powder at a tournament, he is spoken of as a black powder fiend. About all the guns now advertised are spoken of as bored especially for nitros, and guaranteed when using the same. Are such guns tested with nitro in the same manner as formerly with black powder? Is there anything in the proof marks (of guns which bear such marks) to show they stood anything more than the ordinary black powder test?

I think I was the first to use a nitro powder to any extent at a large tournament. At the first Ligowsky clay-pigeon tournament, held in Chicago in the spring of 1884, I won the Ligowsky diamond badge against a field of seventy shooters. At the same place Ben Teipel and I killed fifteen live pigeons straight, shooting off a tie. Abe Kleinman spoke to me at the time, saying, "I never saw that powder do anything before." Since then I have used in trap-shooting a good many thousands of cartridges loaded with nitro powder.

The sportsman or trap-shooter of to-day can have his choice of a number of different brands of nitros, each of which is claimed to be the best, but is it as safe and reliable as black powder? I mean, of course, when properly loaded. Do any of the manufacturers claim it is? I know I cannot find a gun dealer who has practical knowledge of shooting who will tell me that it is. I have seen it act queerly at times; saw a gun blown to splinters not 50yds. from my house here. The gun in question was well made and apparently sound and safe. Some twenty-five shots of the same powder had just been fired in it and its owner wanted to try a shot at a target to see what the penetration was. The charge was 2drs. (I measured it myself) and 1¼oz. shot. Fortunately the shooter shot from a rest and held both hands back of trigger guard. We picked up twenty-eight pieces of gun and did not find all of it then. Afterward I tried to make the same powder burst something and could not. Loaded an old flintlock musket with nearly half a pound with about a foot of wadding and touched it off with a match, and it did not do any damage.

Last fall I hunted ruffed grouse and woodcock a good deal with a man who used a popular brand of nitro; and occasionally his gun would sound like a cannon and kick like a mule. A young man in this neighborhood is getting ready for the fall shooting. He bought a new gun of one of our best makers. The first cartridge he shot in trying the gun was loaded with nitro (he did not load it himself) and it kicked almost out of his hands.

There is no question about there being many things in favor of nitro against black powder—light report, quickness, absence of smoke and dirt—but is it as safe as ordinary black powder? C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

SHOOTING AT LONG RANGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"A Moose Paradise," published in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 10, has merit far above the ordinary descriptive article of camp life and the pursuit of large game.

There is one part of it, however, which sadly mars the whole, since it records an act which was flagrantly unsportsmanlike, one which was wantonly and unfeelingly cruel. The writer of it, "Tiam," says: "I saw on the edge of the woods 200yds. away a second moose eyeing me with as much astonishment as I saw it. We both concluded to act at the same moment, the moose bounding away into the woods with a fearful crashing and I shooting after him. As before, I followed up and was gratified to find blood on both sides of his track. I now found Frank running after me, attracted by the shooting, and we followed the moose over bogs and barrens and sticks and stones and windfalls and every barrier conceivable, till I was utterly exhausted, but never got a sight of him, although we found he had lain down several times. Finally we concluded to leave him, as we would have to hurry anyway in order to get the one shot in the morning out of the woods without spoiling; in fact, we did almost lose the head. On reaching the spot where the moose was standing when I first saw him we found two distinct clumps of hair, showing that the ball went through some portion of him."

To make my point clearer, it is necessary to mention that "Tiam" relates that this odious act occurred after breakfast, and that before breakfast he had killed a moose, off which he and his companions cut some steak, the quality of which he testifies to as follows: "How juicy that steak did taste, and how we enjoyed it!"

Now "Tiam" was not hungry when he mutilated his second moose, for he had eaten his fill of palatable steak, and there was abundance left. He confesses that they had great difficulty in saving the meat of the first moose, as some of it almost spoiled before they could convey it to the settlement.

He confesses that he shot the second moose 200yds. away when it was fleeing in cover—a distance at which he could have no certainty of killing it even if it stood immovably quiet.

Considering the last act of this somewhat irregular case, is it humane or sportsmanlike to shoot at a moose 200yds. away when the animal is fleeing through cover? In European countries such an act would be considered such a flagrant violation of the commonest laws of sportsmanship that the offense would be denounced as odious to the sight of all true sportsmen. There could be no possibility of a reasonably certain shot at 200yds. which would kill, but there were many possibilities of a cruel wound, which would result in a painful and lingering death to the noble animal, and also a waste of a large quantity of valuable meat. The latter apparently was the result in this instance. A magnificent animal was fatally wounded and left to die a slow and painful death from an act which came from a spirit of mere wantonness. "Tiam" utters no word of regret. The party had plenty to eat. They already had so much moose meat that it was saved with difficulty. The party had just had a good meal, so that none of the fiercer instincts of hunger were in action. The moose shot at was out of the range established by humane reasoning or the conventions of sportsmanship. Why was it done?

I would like to read the opinions of large game hunters on this matter, for information as to whether such careless and wanton destruction is after the manner of true and approved sport, or whether it was simply butchery.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 9.—On last Monday a box marked "poultry" was opened by Warden Blow at the store of George T. Randall, commission merchant, 219 South Water street, and within were found a prairie chicken hen, eleven chicks and five turtle doves. All these were condemned and sold under the statute, and Randall was additionally fined $5 for each bird, $75 in all.

This is as it should be. When Warden Blow abandons his open-field theories and gets down to practical work with the game buyers, he will be doing some good and will be finding a wide field of activity. But what is not so good is the news that Warden Blow comes to members of the Illinois Association with the story that he has spent considerable money on the Merritt cold-storage case at Kewanee; that he can now get nothing out of it until it goes to the Supreme Court, and that unless the Association can raise him a little money to reimburse him on the Kewanee case, he will feel very much like settling the case with Merritt. I do not think the Illinois association should allow itself to be bluffed into raising money, but I do think and say that if that Kewanee case is settled now it will leave a taint on the sportsmanship of Illinois. Why did not and does not Warden Blow proceed against game-dealer Merritt precisely as he did against game-dealer Randall? Is not the one as liable to fine as the other? Are there favorites in this arresting business? And why talk of settlements and compromises in one case and not in another? The law is plain for Warden Blow. The closer he keeps to it the better it will be for him. The public will look with very small toleration on any settlement of the Merritt case. The Illinois Association can do nothing so good as to take hold of this case and fight it through, and it can win it if it does. If for reasons personal or otherwise it is not ready and anxious to fight this case, let it say so frankly, and frankly get out of the road. But it has now the chance of a lifetime to win a big fight, and one which will be of incalculable value to the sportsmen of America. It is almost certain funds enough can be raised to push this case; but money, if raised, should be expended by the Association's lawyers to cover actual expenses incurred or to be incurred.

From Indiana.

Mr. O. H. Hampton, of Indiana, one of the valued FOREST AND STREAM contributors, calls in with his son to say good morning once in a while, and to-day was one of the times.

From Abroad.

Mr. M. Harry Marlin, secretary of the Marlin Fire Arms Co., is in Chicago this week. Mr. Marlin says he has been in Europe for the past six months selling Marlin rifles to crowned heads. He dined with the Prince of Wales at Wiesbaden, and says the Prince drank only water, because that is the best kind of water there is anywhere, and nothing is too good for him.

Around Again.

Mr. Silvester, Western representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., who has been dangerously ill, is now around again. He had a wrestle with what I believe they call his vermifuge appendix, a portion of the human form divine which seems to have been just thrown in for *lagniappe*, as we say in New Orleans, as a sort of bargain counter remnant. In fashionable circles this is always removed, I am told, because bargains are not believed in there; but Mr. Silvester let it live to fight another day and says he is all right now.

Another Gun Man.

Charlie Willard, of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., writes that he will leave Hartford soon for his Western circuit, and will be as far West as Chicago by the end of August. Mr. Willard's health also has been very poor for some time until within the past few weeks, but he says he is mended up and in good health again.

Spring Lake Bass.

From Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., I learn that the fishing at Spring Lake this year is better than was ever known. Two men went there from Pekin; one landed seven bass that weighed 27lbs., and the other sixteen that tipped the scales at 57lbs. These were all caught in one day.

A Portable Boat.

Every once in a while Chicago brings out some new idea in sporting goods. One of the late ones is the Kankakee portable boat, the invention of Charlie Heimbaugh, known for years as sportsman, club-keeper and warden along the Kankakee near Momence. Mr. Heimbaugh is a practical river man and has devised a practical boat under the conditions entailed in the demands of boat-condensing. The Chicago Metal Boat Co. make the boat and advertise it in the FOREST AND STREAM business columns. The boat is very compact and readily transported. A 14ft. boat when packed in its case makes a package 57×36×16in., which is readily carried in a buggy or light wagon and can be checked as baggage when traveling by rail. It retains its model, strength and durability, and is very simple in construction; can be put together in two minutes or less; all that is required is to place sections together and turn up eight thumb screws. The joints are made each with one tongued and one grooved brass casting, reaching from rail to rail clear across mid-section of the boat. The grooved casting is milled out to receive a soft rubber gasket 3-16 by ¼in. The milled slot holds gasket in place, and the pressure of the tongued casting on the rubber makes a perfect and absolutely watertight joint. The joints are held together each by four brass clamps, two at bottom of boat and one on each rail at top of joint. The boat is stiff and tight as

any clinker. If liked, tin air vessels can be stowed as seats in bow and stern, and then the boat is safer than the ordinary wooden boat, which it equals in every way. The sections rest nicely, not having bulkheads to interfere. All in all, it is a very useful thing for a sportsman's collection of supplies. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

An Indiana Dog's Point.

JACKSON COUNTY, Ind., Aug. 8.—We have excellent prospects for good quail shooting this fall. The section men on the railroad through here have just mown off the right of way. Their section is about six miles and they told me that they found nineteen quail nests, most of them setting and one or two hatched out, and one nest spoiled. We heard of a hen quail being caught by a neighbor's cat.

We have had rains lately which have saved the nests that are to hatch yet, for it has caused the grass to come up again, so that the track will not be burnt off until later in the fall. The engines fire it sometimes, but that will not be so liable to happen now. The men left small patches of weeds around the nests, and they report seeing the birds there all O. K. the next day. Every season the birds nest along the track. It is river bottom land all through here, and on most all corn is raised. This leads them to take to the track. Quite a good many are left from last season. I saw three coveys as late as March.

A little incident which occurred at the close of the quail season last fall may be a common occurrence, but it was new to me. Brother and I were out after quail, and it was what we call a good day, for it had rained the night before, and was misting a little that morning, but cleared before noon. We have a young common bred (part Irish, part Gordon) setter dog. Last season (his second year) we had found one covey in a hedge row right near the White River, and had stopped a few of them. If I am to say it myself, it's not every one who can stop the Indiana quail; they are goers from the very start. As we were hunting up very much scattered birds which had followed the fence both up and down, the dog came to a point. I walked up and flushed the bird and dropped it out on a piece of stubble about 30yds. off. Not being any more there, we sent the dog to retrieve, which he did, and had started back to us, when suddenly he came to a point again, right with the bird in his mouth. He finally moved up a few steps and we knew then the covey (as it turned out to be) were running. It was a great picture to us, but it lasted only about two minutes, for the dog at last half turned his head and glanced at us, as much as to say, "This is more than I can manage." So he dropped the dead bird from his mouth and again moved up, and finally became rigid, and when we walked up the finest covey rose. We stopped three of them before they returned across the river, which they did at the first flight. They must have just come across, as they were not there previously. We think that was a great sight. JOSEPH TAYLOR.

Washington State Sportsmen's Association.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the evening of Saturday, July 27, about fifty sportsmen, representing gun clubs located at Whatcom, Tacoma, Port Townsend, Auburn, Aberdeen and Seattle, gathered at the Hotel Northern, this city, and organized the Washington State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

The meeting was marked for its enthusiasm and evident anxiousness on the part of those present to get to work immediately and do something toward the protection of fish and game, which are rapidly being exterminated here owing to the non-observance of the game laws.

The following officers were elected: President, Josiah Collins, Jr., Seattle; First Vice-President, E. E. Ellis, Tacoma; Second Vice-President, T. B. Ware, Spokane; Secretary and Treasurer, C. F. Graff, Seattle. The following Board of Directors was chosen: H. A. Griffin, North Yakima; E. A. Kimball, Tacoma; W. J. Pratt, Whatcom; L. B. Faulkner, Olympia; C. F. Treat, Seattle; F. H. Mason, Spokane; Wellington Clark, Walla Walla; W. A. Hardy, Seattle; W. E. McKee, Seattle; B. Jensen, Sprague; Charles Draper, Port Townsend; A. Williams, Ellensburgh.

The initial tournament of the Association will be held here some time in October under the auspices of the Seattle Rod and Gun Club.

A few days ago we succeeded in convicting a market-shooter, Eugene Dupont by name, and two French restaurants, the Maison Tortoni and French Arlington, of violating the game laws, the former for killing and the latter for having in their possession and selling. Dupont was fined $20 and costs, while the restaurants were let off with $10 and costs each.

These prosecutions and convictions have had the effect of stopping to a great extent the unlawful killing of deer, ducks and grouse, which has been going on here more or less all summer.

Much credit is due President Collins for his earnest work in the interest of game protection, not only on this occasion, but in the past, he having spent both valuable time and money in his efforts to uphold the rights of sports men. C. F. GRAFF, Sec'y W. S. S. A.

Don't Pull it Muzzle Foremost.

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 9.—At Trumansburg, this county, Thomas Kinsella was drawing in hay, and, having seen a woodchuck in the field, asked the hired man to bring him the gun when they were again in the vicinity of the house. The gun was brought and passed up, muzzle first, to Kinsella, who was on the wagon. Kinsella drew it toward him in this position, when the gun was discharged, the load striking him in the region of the armpit. The unfortunate man lived only a short time.

Last year, a short distance from the scene of the above accident, a young man seized the barrels of his gun near the muzzle, jammed the stock thereof into a burrow in an attempt to dislodge a rabbit; the gun was discharged, killing the indiscreet hunter instantly.

In connection with the above, Mr. Frank Feely of this city, tells me of a series of surprisingly lucky accidents in which he figured prominently. He was hunting snipe, caught his foot in a gnarled root, fell down with the gun under him, and while in that position both barrels were discharged. By a miracle, as it seemed, he came out without a scratch. Later on, in the sitting-room at home, he was proudly exhibiting the gun, unloaded as he supposed, to a visitor. The muzzle was, fortunately, pointed toward the floor when the unknown remaining load belched forth, tearing a hole in the floor big enough to let a Kansas jack-rabbit through, and breaking open in the cellar directly beneath a supply of canned fruit that would easily have fed ex-Congressman Tim Campbell's annual picnic.

Still later, in his office one day he was examining a revolver supposed to be unloaded, when an acquaintance entered and, in a spirit of play, grasped the pistol. During the friendly struggle that ensued, the didn't-know-it-was-loaded chamber let go its contents, the bullet sailing harmlessly up through the ceiling and into the space of an unoccupied garret.

Seemingly, as a fitting *finale* to all this, Mr. Feely took a loaded revolver, that had become so rusted that it would no longer revolve, to a neighboring tin-shop, fastened the weapon in a vise so that the muzzle pointed directly at a 6in. expanse of steel which the vise afforded, and began operations. A tinsmith presently came to his assistance, and by the use of a punch and hammer sought to loosen the solidly rusted parts. Suddenly there was a series of explosions, every chamber of the revolver discharging, the bullets striking the steel expanse of the vise and hurling fine particles of lead into the face of Mr. Feely and his assistant. No serious injury was inflicted, however. Mr. Feely dropped the revolver in an abandoned well, traded his gun for fishing tackle, renounced his faith in firearms, and for years has been known to the world and to the sons of men as an enthusiastic and devoted member of the tribe of Walton. M. CHILL.

Game Slaughter in Florida.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend has sent me an advertisement of the Tampa Bay hotels, on the back of which is a list (printed) of the amount of game shot near Tampa by guests, probably of the hotels. The following is the list: quail 1,352, snipe 1,252, doves 97, besides numerous hares, ducks and squirrels. All this in fifty-two days. But the point to which I desire to call attention is this: In thirty-three of these days a Mr. and Mrs. Bergner, of Philadelphia, slew of the above number 849 quail and 845 snipe. Shades of game butchers! All to see if they could not break the record, for it is noted one day that they broke the record, killing 283 snipe and 32 plover, another day slaying 184 snipe. Another 110 and as high as 127 quail a day. For shame! For shame! The sooner the solons of Florida limit the amount of game to be killed in one day the sooner they will begin to conserve the attractions of their State and prevent tourists from making shameful exhibitions of themselves. O. O. S.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Judge's Story.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The discussion about buck fever has brought to mind the stories told by old deer hunters when I was a boy. I had a way of asking old soldiers and hunters questions until I got them either to telling stories or arguing; then I stood around and listened to the fun.

Judge W. H. Randall says, "I never had buck fever. The first deer I ever saw I killed."

"And you never had buck fever?"

"Well, I will tell you and you can judge for yourself. I was on a visit to a relative in York State, and he said to me, 'Go up on top of the hill back of the house and you will find a clearing in which I have some turnips planted; you might find a deer there.' I took the old muzzleloader and started, found the clearing all right, and stood for several moments looking over it from behind an old hemlock log. Well, sir, I had given up seeing any deer, when there, right in the middle of that patch, stood a doe and a fawn. I don't know how they got there, for there was not even a weed to obstruct my view of the patch. I rested the rifle across the log, took careful aim just behind the foreshoulder and fired. At the crack of my rifle the doe dropped.

"Now, I might have been a little rattled at that, for I don't know how I got over the log and to that doe—flew, I guess. Anyway I got there and bled her, and after I had admired her a while I began to hunt for the bullet hole. I hunted and hunted for that bullet and could only find a crease across its back just in front of its tail, that had scraped the backbone. Now, I did not aim for there and it was the only mark on the deer, so it must have paralyzed her for a moment; and if I had not got there in the short order I did she would have got away. I suppose the gun must have been a little rusty, for it was an excellent shooting gun."

"Where did you find your gun?" Pat, an old deer hunter, asked.

"Oh, about half-way between the log and the deer, and my hat between it and the log."

And old Pat grinned.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Grown in Texas.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the snakeology of Mr. Hough and have read every word you have published about the snake with the horn on his tail, the ones with legs, the one that was able to climb up the side of a tree and all others.

I send you a clipping from the *People's Advocate*, of Austin, Texas, setting forth a new species of snake. From its peculiar characteristics, I think it a direct descendant of the first snake mentioned in history.

Now that you have taken steps to complete the study of the pine nut bear, the fantail deer and other little-known animals and reptiles, I would suggest that this new snake be included. Quite a large reward could be offered for a specimen with the knowledge that if found the money would not be spent in vain.

The new snake tops all of Mr. Hough's old back-number chaps.

Here follows the yarn: "Coming from Bastrop by dirt road and reaching a point some two miles above Hornsby, my attention was attracted by a snake on the side of the road. I stopped the buggy to admire its dazzling beauty. It was about 2½ft. long, with cylindrical body (unlike the rattler), and its belly a bright yellow. Running full length of its body were stripes of brown, green and red alternating. Its eyes were very dark green, with that staring expression usual with all snakes, as none of them are provided with movable lids.

"It made no attempt to escape, but remained motionless. I pinched off a crumb of bread from my lunch and threw to it, which it readily devoured; I repeated this several times with same results. I got out, and with my arm outstretched offered it a crumb from my fingers; it soon moved within reach and took the bread as humbly and politely as a scared stray dog would have done. I got in the buggy and moved off in a slow trot, when, after driving about 30yds., I was again astonished to see the snake on the side of the road endeavoring to keep up, and was a little in advance, with head raised and frequently looking back as it ran. I stopped, and to my utter astonishment it crawled to the front wheel, wound itself about the spokes, got in and coiled on the seat.

"I did not feel uneasy, as I am told that, as a rule, non-poisonous snakes run rapidly with their bodies straight as this one did; while poisonous reptiles move slowly and in a wiggling or serpentine shape.

"I drove on feeling proud of my new made friend, and attempted to place my hand on its neck; but the cold flesh caused the chills to run all over me. I had no gloves, but wrapped a handkerchief around my fingers and rubbed it down from its head, when it would brace its back against the pressure like a kitten.

"Soon after starting, and while the rubbing was going on, I noticed it stretching its neck over my lap in the direction of the lunch. I put my hand inside the paper bag to pinch off a crum, when suddenly it drew back and cavorted about on the seat, switching its tail against the cushion in great glee, not unlike a fice upon the return of his long absent master. Of course these capers were in anticipation of the lunch it expected to get.

"I was feeling extra proud of my prize, fully intending to place it in a zoölogical garden, but alas! as I was driving along by Radam's garden, a dog ran out barking, when the object of my admiration quickly sprang from the seat to the ground and disappeared through the pickets into the overgrown shrubbery inside.

"It was my intention to call it back, but then I didn't know what kind of a call to use."

Sea and River Fishing.

VERMONT LEAGUE.

THE midsummer meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League took the form of an excursion to the Isle La Motte yesterday, reports the Burlington *Free Press*, and was in every respect a most enjoyable success. Many of the most distinguished men of the State are members of the League, and the invitations which were sent out included a number of others who, while they are not enthusiasts with the rod or gun, are nevertheless heartily in sympathy with the objects of the organization, which aims to make Vermont a paradise for the sportsman and therefore attractive to those from other parts of the country who live to commune with nature.

Hon. N. W. Fisk, the president of the club, and a prince among entertainers, was kept busy for some time receiving the greetings of his many friends. Dinner was served in two large connecting tents, which had been erected on the lawn near Mr. Fisk's residence. Three long tables extended through the tents at right angles to another table, at which were seated C. M. Wilds, of Middlebury, the toastmaster, with the following gentlemen at his right: Gov. Woodbury, ex-Senator Edmunds, Congressman Powers, Lieut.-Gov. Mansur and ex-Gov. Barstow. At his left were Senator Proctor, Congressman Grout, ex-Gov. Stewart, Frank Webb and Gen. J. G. McCullough. Others at the heads of the side tables were: President Buckham, Mayor Van Patten, ex-Gov. Page, Col. F. D. Proctor, Gen. J. J. Estey, Hon. G. G. Benedict, D. W. Robinson, Capt. H. E. Tutherly, Col. H. W. Allen, Col. H. W. Hall, Col. R. J. Coffey, Gen. T. S. Peck, Judge R. S. Taft, Hon. Olin Merrill and Hon. D. H. Lewis.

With such a galaxy of men accustomed to after-dinner speaking, something good was expected in the post-prandial exercises. The speeches were all of a very informal character, largely humorous, and the several speakers told stories at one another's expense and then got back at each other with some keen thrusts. Being in a lighter vein, they were speeches which lose much of their pointedness when put into cold, hard type.

Rapping for order, Toastmaster Wilds said: This banquet has been conducted entirely on fishing lines. The search for a presiding officer has been of this character. From an unsuccessful search for a large fish the officials have come down to one of the small fry. This place is historic you will find from those who follow me. It is accessible from all points of the globe. I commend to the Governor this lesson. Feed any who are disposed to make trouble. This island is capable of supporting all members of this League. The officers are to be congratulated on the success of this gathering. No other place could have been selected where so many eminent men would congregate as has been the case here to-day. In this distinguished galaxy of stars it is a difficult matter to find one that shines brighter than another, but it is fitting to call up the Governor first.

Gov. Woodbury said in part: I shall not attempt to tell fish stories, although I ought to be able to do so. My ancestor, John Woodbury, of Salem, was the first man to be elected to office in this country and no one by that name was ever since known to refuse an office. There are no candidates for office at this table because it is sometimes said aristocrats only sit at the head table and no aristocrats can ever hold office in Vermont. The office seekers are at all other tables. We have reason to congratulate ourselves on this gathering. We are happy and are furthering the interests of this League, which is doing much in the way of attracting summer visitors to Vermont. I hope the interest of the League will continue until we have a State that will attract people from all parts of the world.

Ex-Senator Edmunds was called up as a distinguished lawyer, an eminent statesman and an immortal fisherman. The Senator said in part: I wish we could stay here a week and catch fish. I am afraid that my friend's, the chairman's, failure to catch fish is because he has

devoted himself more to that other branch of the business to which he has referred. Fishing brings us into intimate relationship with our mother nature and therefore it is good to spend some time in that pursuit. I am glad that this League was formed and it has been a pleasure to me to be a member.

Senator Proctor was called up to tell the greatest fish story on record. The Senator got even with Chairman Wilds and said that the seemingly large fish which were suspended around the tent were but minnows as compared with those he had been in the habit of catching in Vermont brooks all his life. He thought that the work of this League was of an educational nature. It would make the law understood in all parts of the State, thus adding greatly to our prosperity.

Congressman Grout was called up as a man who had no embarrassment in telling the truth. Gen. Grout said he wanted to come because it had been promised that there would be no speaking, because he wanted to see how the members of the League would act when surrounded by plenty of water, and finally because he wanted to sit at the feet of these distinguished statesmen and fishermen and learn how to fish.

Congressman Powers said that the 6in. law drove him out of the fishing business. He did not come over here to tell any fish stories, but to see the good people of Grand Isle county, whom he praised very highly, saying that they remained at home and spent their time in acquiring useful information. These tables show the hospitality of this town and are an indication of what the ladies can do. Judge Powers said that he would like to stay in the country four weeks and get acquainted with the people.

Ex-Gov. Stewart was the next speaker. He told a humorous story and referred to his experiences in fishing among these islands. He found it an inspiration to come into these waters, drink in the pure air and get acquainted with the good people of these islands.

Gen. J. G. McCullough was the next speaker. He said he was a law-abiding member of the League, and since it had been announced that there was to be no speaking he could not break the rule. He told a salmon story which he obtained from Gov. Stewart, concluding with a humorous account of how the latter was rescued from drowning by being caught by his hair. Gov. Stewart thereupon stood up and showed his bald head, at the same time admitting the truth of Gen. McCullough's remarkable story. The latter then called attention to the fact that he alone of all the speakers had had his veracity vouched for.

Mr. Wilds then called up President Buckham to speak for the other side, the non-liars. President Buckham said he did not remember ever having been in such a distinguished gathering of congressmen, governors, ex-governors and future governors. He felt like a small fish among the great whales, and according to the laws of the State he thought he should be put back. One thing has been passed by on this occasion, that is the preservation of the song birds of our State. They form one of the charms of our State. President Buckham believed that one reason why birds do not sing as many days in this country as they do in England is that their songs are not appreciated. When we respond to a bird's song by whistling the bird seems to know that his song is appreciated. One of the things which we can do to increase the attractiveness of our State is to preserve and encourage our song birds.

MRS. FARRINGTON'S MUSCALONGE.

We are indebted to Mr. Wm. R. Farrington, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for the admirable photograph, which is here reproduced, of the notable muscalonge captured by Mrs. Farrington in the St. Lawrence River last September. In response to our request for particulars of the exploit, Mrs. Farrington sends us the following notes, from which it will appear that the fish should be credited to her as a trophy of skillful handling and presence of mind under conditions which would have flustered many a man playing his first big fish. She writes:

On Sept. 7, as beautiful a day as one could wish to spend on the St. Lawrence River, my husband and I were trolling in two boats, his guide being Leander Denny, and mine Ed Denny.

At 4 P. M. Mr. Farrington had killed nine pickerel, five of which weighed 40lbs., while I grew weary taking in my lines to remove grass and the smallest pickerel, often called "slinkies" by the guides.

At half past 4 we were about three miles from Clayton, working slowly over the ground which had just been covered by Mr. F. in his boat. Suddenly the bell attached to the trolling rod gave a very gentle alarm, and I said: "There is another of those little pickerel." But as I lifted the rod free it sprung back, so that I could hardly hold it. Ed with difficulty got the rod in the boat and handed me the line, saying: "Now look sharp, you've got a big fish."

I had out 200ft. of line and cautiously took in about 90ft., thinking the fish did not feel so very large. Just then he leaped out of the water, shook the spoon, took a header into the water, and was out of sight. Then came a shout of "Muscalonge!" from Mr. F.'s boat, and I realized that the monster would be mine if I handled him according to previous instructions.

He seemed quite willing to follow up my coaxing for a moment, then quite as determined to take everything his way. And so we played a most exciting game of give and take for twenty minutes. Then he came to the surface and was quite near the boat. I said, "Ed, did you ever see such a beautiful big fish?" Ed's voice sounded far off and tremulous as he said, "Now, don't get excited, Mrs. Farrington." But I did not intend to lose my head nor my fish either.

I finally succeeded in getting him close to the boat, and as Ed raised his club to strike, the muscalonge gave a plunge right under the boat, and we both thought he was off. But no! I felt of my line and he was there, but too tired to resist the strain of the line. As he came to the surface Ed killed him with a blow and lifted him into the boat.

About fifteen minutes later Mr. Farrington killed a muscalonge which weighed 15lbs. We sailed into Clayton with two white flags floating, causing great excitement, owing to the fact that my fish was the largest muscalonge ever killed by a woman.

Mrs. William R. Farrington.

Clayton, Thousand Islands, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Mr. W. R. Farrington, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a guest of the Hubbard House, while fishing here yesterday landed a 33½lb. muskallonge, the handsomest as well as the largest brought in this season and measuring 4ft. 1in. in length. Leander Denny was the guide. Mr. and Mrs. Farrington are among the most enthusiastic anglers visiting Clayton, and have had great success this last week with the black bass. Mr. Farrington also landed, on the 3d inst., a very fine specimen of a pickerel, viz., a 16-pounder.

That black bass fishing was never better on this part of the St. Lawrence River than this season is the verdict of a large number of anglers here, the sport afforded so far this year being excellent, and is doubtless due to a great extent to the splendid work accomplished by the Angler's Association in the suppression of netting and the enforcement of a strictly close season. J. G. F.

SEA, LAKE AND RIVER FISHING.

Boston, Aug. 10.—Baker's Island, off Salem Harbor, is an interesting place for those who like salt air and the sea in all its natural beauty. There is pretty good cunner fishing from its rocky shores, and Mr. E. S. Thayer, of Salem, who has fished nearly everywhere along the mainland coast, is very certain that good tautog fishing can be had, having demonstrated that fact on a visit to the island a few days ago, when he captured five tautog, the largest weighing 5lbs. He is going again, and the next time hopes to find some striped bass fishing also, as he feels sure they are in these waters.

There is no one who is summering along the south shore this season having a better time at the fishing than Dr. Maurice H. Richardson and A. G. Weeks, Jr., of Boston. Dr. Richardson is at it early and late, and has taken many bluefish and a number of small striped bass and squeteague. His son, a lad of 16 years, captured a 70lbs. shark the other day, an achievement over which he was naturally very proud. Good bass ponds are found a few miles inland, and Mr. Weeks visits them quite often. When ready to go the boat is placed on a wagon, and a drive of ten miles brings him to Sniptuit Pond. Four bass weighing 12lbs. and several of less weight was the result of a day's visit to that place recently, and nearly every trip is equally as fruitful. Nearly everybody who has fished at Buzzard's Bay has had good luck, and the season of '95 will be recorded as one of the best for years.

A party of five Western men made a day's record to be proud of a week ago while fishing off Great Point across Caydis Light, Nantucket. Seven sharks, the largest measuring 17ft., and ninety-one bluefish was the sum total of their prowess. The fun was fast and furious while shark fishing, with just enough danger to make it exciting. A strong breeze obliging them to sail under three reefs most of the time added largely to their pleasure, and they all want to know how much more fun could be crowded into one day than they had on that trip.

F. H. Talcott, of Boston, has fished in many waters, but he made the strangest capture of his life while trying for bass in Lake Pearl, Wrentham, Mass., a few days ago. It was a 25lb. turtle that accepted his tempting bait, and Mr. Talcott wants to know if any one has ever measured or weighed the amount of vitality in one of these fellows. He was as full of fight as a Corbett, and even after his head had been cut off so that it hung by a shred he still wanted to bite off a whole hand from his captors. Mock turtle soup has been voted a pleasant dish by Mr. T. in the past, but after cleaning the meat out of this fellow he concluded the shell was trophy enough this time.

The noted guide and trapper, Spof. Flint, of Colebrook, N. H., and his brother Fred Flint, proprietor of the Hell Gate Camps on the Dead Diamond, made so famous by the late Amasa Ward, have been spending a few days in Boston, visiting the sportsmen of the Hub, with whom they have a large acquaintance.

W. J. Reynolds, of Boston, has gone to the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes. He is an old pioneer in that region, this being his twenty-second consecutive year of fishing in the old and famous pool. Oct. 1 is the date of his return, and I hope his usual good luck will favor him with duplicates of some of the big trout he has caught in past years.

Herbert Dumaresq and Dr. Cecil P. Wilson, of Boston, have gone to the club house of the Sebago Club, at the lake of that name in Maine. Mr. Dumaresq is a member of the club, and during their stay of a few days will try by deep-water trolling to catch a salmon that will exceed in weight the 11-pounder captured by him last spring. Dr. Wilson will go on from there to the Megantic Preserve, where he will make quite a trip before returning to Boston.

Samuel Wax and Hugo Pinksohn, of Boston, have left for the Rangeleys, hoping to get some big trout during their three weeks' stay. On the way back they will stop for a few days at Belgrade Mills to enjoy the bass fishing. Mr. Wax was very successful there last year, and thinks it one of the pleasantest spots in Maine to visit.

Connecticut lakes is the destination and September the time planned for the trip of Dr. N. R. Hall, of Warren, R. I. The Doctor visited this region last year, and was so well pleased that he made up his mind to repeat the experience. This year he will spend most of his time at Second Lake, and contemplates making a camping trip from there to Camel's Rump Bog, where he hopes to get some good shooting. At all events, he declares he will not return until he gets a deer, and starting out with that determination goes a long way toward fulfilling the promise.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER MUSCALONGE.

Weight, 41lbs. Length, 4ft. 3in. Caught Sept. 17, 1894, by Mrs. Wm. R. Farrington, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Edward Denny, Guide.

Many Western sportsmen *en route* to Eastern fishing waters stop over in Boston for a few days to put the finishing touches on their outfits of flies, leaders, etc. While engaged in this pleasant occupation it was my good fortune to run across three of about as genial types of the Western angler as one could possibly meet. They were William O. and J. C. Davie, of Cincinnati, and Chalmers Brown, of Indianapolis. Prince Edward Island was their destination, going first to Charlottetown, and from there into the country for stream fishing. Mr. Brown has been there before and guarantees to thoroughly initiate his two friends into the mysteries of the fishing of that region during the three weeks of their stay.

Chas. H. Tyler and R. M. Saltonstall, well-known Boston lawyers, left on Aug. 9 for a two weeks' camping and canoe trip. They will go to Moosehead, and from there to Chesuncook Lake, devoting the entire time to trout fishing.

G. E. Blackmur, of Auburndale, Mass., has gone on a three weeks' trip to Randall's Camps, located on the West Branch Ponds, head waters of the Penobscot. They say the trout actually tumble over each other there, so anxious are they to take the fly, and Mr. Blackmur intends to find out the truth of this assertion.

W. S. Baines, of Boston, one of the old fishing veterans in the region about Jackson in the White Mountains, has been quite steadily fishing the streams near there this season, but does not find his luck up to the usual standard of other years. He has heard of good fishing on the east branch of the Pemigewasset, and has gone back to the mountains intending to go there after it. Six or seven miles of the hardest kind of tramping through the woods each way might deter some men from such an undertaking, but Mr. Baines thinks little of that when visions of good trout fishing loom up before him.

While fishing in the Concord River, near Boston, a few days ago, M. Abbott Frazer and C. S. Burke captured eleven bass, the two largest weighing respectively 5¾ and 3½lbs. In one instance, while the bait was lying still on

the water, a big bass came up clean out of the water and took the bait, going down in such a peculiar fashion as to excite both mirth and wonder. It is needless to say that this particular monster was finally lost, a fact which they are not over grieving about yet. HACKLE.

ST. LAWRENCE ANGLERS.

THE annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River was held at Clayton on Aug. 7, President W. C. Browning in the chair. Secretary W. H. Thompson's report showed that the Association has a membership of 350, of which 250 are paying members. The Association has lost valuable members in Gen. R. U. Sherman, New Hartford; W. P. Carpenter, Utica; J. L. Hasbrook, New York; H. G. Wiser, Prescott. Several new members were admitted. Treasurer R. P. Grant reported as follows: On hand last year, $648.51; receipts, $546.88; disbursements, $349.08; balance on hand, $716.62.

The following officers were elected for the year: President, William C. Browning; First Vice-President, H. R. Heath; Second Vice-President, Charles R. Skinner; Secretary, William H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.; Treasurer, R. P. Grant; Executive Committee: A. C. Cornwall, G. H. Strough, R. H. Pullman, W. T. Bascom, G. T. Raferty, F. J. Amsden, R. E. Waterman, G. M. Skinner, C. G. Emery, O. T. Mackey, John Foley, Walter Fox.

Mr. Taylor said that there was a strong feeling on both sides in favor of establishing the park, and if it was done that the waters would be free and open the year around. He said the Canadian Government had already selected several islands which it owned to reserve for the purpose.

President W. C. Browning said that the matter was a national and not a local one, and that one condition demanded by the Canadians was the repeal or some special action in regard to the alien labor law as regards Canadian oarsmen hiring out to Americans. This was out of the question and could not be done. He maintained, however, that the law was not transgressed, inasmuch as the oarsmen made the bargain after coming to this country and not on Canadian soil. Mr. Taylor said that the oarsmen did not understand it so, and that until some official assurance was given them the Canadian Parliament could not consent to the establishment of an international park.

This subject of the alien labor law was the subject of discussion for the remainder of the morning session. The Canadian side was represented by Messrs. Smith, George Taylor and Mr. Cook. Among those who represented the American side were: Messrs. Browning, Thompson, Heath, Charles R. Skinner, Frank Taylor, Elon R. Brown and V. K. Kellogg, the district attorney in Jefferson county.

Messrs. Skinner, Brown and Kellogg have all made a study of the statutes on the subject of the alien labor law, and were unanimous in the opinion that this case did not come under the law, inasmuch as the oarsmen were hired on this side. These gentlemen finally convinced Mr. Taylor and his Canadian friends of the fact, and that the only satisfaction to be given would be the authoritative statement of the Attorney-General of the State and that of the Attorney-General of the United States upon the subject.

Reference was made to the Protective Oarsmen's Association of Alexandria Bay, which had been instrumental in creating a false impression of the law among the people on the other side. Mr. Thompson stated that a statement from all the hotels among the American resorts that Canadian oarsmen would receive equal favors with Americans had been instrumental in causing the $5 license fee to be removed.

Mr. Thompson said that he thought that the Canadians were ready to meet us half way in the matter, he also said that he thought that there was no necessity for action on the part of the Association, but that it should be left to the commissions to decide.

Mr. Taylor, of Gananoque, said that they would not demand a change in the law if the official statement was made setting forth their rights.

Mr. Thompson said that no action of the Association could change the United States law, but that the law should be understood, and that the Commissioners would settle this point, and that no action of the Association was necessary.

Upon the suggestion of Mr. Taylor, it was moved to appoint a committee of five to confer with the Commissioners representing the two Governments, and that the committee in the meantime secure the legal opinions of the Attorney-General of the State and of the United States upon the subject, and that they present it to the Commissioners.

Frank H. Taylor moved to amend by empowering the secretary of the Association with the right of having 500 circulars printed containing these opinions, and that they be circulated in Canada and posted about, and that they give the Canadian oarsmen assurance of protection.

The committee named were: W. C. Browning, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, G. H. Strough, Hon. Elon R. Brown and R. P. Grant.

The Association reconvened at 2:15, when Mr. Smith, the Deputy Minister, read the report of the status of the matter as it lay before the Canadian Commissioners.

Upon the motion of Mr. Heath, a committee of three was appointed to draft suitable resolutions in commemoration of the death of four members of the Association, who have died in the past year.

The subject of the stocking of the St. Lawrence River waters with muskalonge fry was brought up and discussed. A motion was proposed requesting the Legislature to instruct the State Fish and Game Commission to stock these waters with fry of St. Lawrence River muskalonge, instead of those of Chautauqua Lake, which are not as beautiful nor as gamy a fish as the native fish of the St. Lawrence, which is the most gamy and beautiful species of the fish, and is the original and true muskalonge, and the only one which has the spots.

The original motion was amended to include a vote of thanks to the Commissioners for the fry, and that they be requested to continue to supply fry from Chautauqua Lake until a hatchery could be established on the St. Lawrence River. A motion was unanimously passed that the Legislature be requested to establish a muskalonge hatchery on the St. Lawrence River.

President Browning appointed Messrs. Grant and Thompson as a committee to meet the Senate Commissioners at Watertown and entertain them.

A resolution was passed empowering the executive committee to appoint any and all committees necessary for all purposes, including the procuring of suitable legislation.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE CLUB.

IF the Professor prides himself on one of his accomplishments more than another it is his ability to cast his flies on a 9ft. leader. So proficient has the Professor become that he can easily drop his end fly on a bubble at a distance of 50ft. Not only is the Professor a model fly-caster, but he is well up in all the nomenclature and literature pertaining to the gentle art, and his paraphernalia is always of the most approved and artistic style. For instance, he will never use a line or reel that does not correspond exactly to the length and weight of his rod. Everything about his fly-fishing is truly artistic and poetic; and the Professor is devoted to the gamy brook trout only; bass, pickerel and other fish are vermin in his eyes, and furthermore, the trout the Professor catches must be caught by casting only; such a thing as allowing a line to run down stream and then to be reeled back is abhorrent to the Professor's idea of fly-fishing.

It was my good fortune to go with the Professor on a trip down stream where the water was very deep, just below some rapids. We cast our flies out into the rapids and then drew them over to the eddy below. We had caught several nice trout when the Professor called out that he had a monster; his rod was bent up like a hair pin and the line was cutting the water like a miniature steamboat. Suddenly the fish stopped, something was wrong; undoubtedly one of the other flies had caught on a root or stone at the bottom. What was to be done? We were standing on a rock that tapered to a point extending under the water; somewhere near the end of this point the fish was fastened. We pulled, we tugged, we went from one side of the rock to the other, but we could not budge the fish. All of a sudden the fish came near the surface. We caught a glimpse of a broad tail, and our excitement increased to fever heat. "I'm going in after him," said the Professor, and proceeded at once to disrobe. With the aid of a landing net the Professor slowly made his way down the rock. The net was too short, so a long stick was obtained, and again the Professor walked in. By dint of long and careful manipulation we succeeded in partly loosing the fastened fly-hook, and then by united effort we succeeded in drawing the fastened fish toward the surface. Suddenly the hook was freed and with a rush the monster came to the top. "Shoot me if it isn't a miserable plebeian chub!" howled the Professor, and then realizing the ridiculous side of the situation, we laughed and we roared. It was too funny; the joke on the Professor was too good; it must be told.

I shall never cease to regret that I did not have a camera to take a series of pictures of him standing up to his waist in the water. The first his happy expression of intense excitement, then his momentary look of rage and disgust, and finally his hearty laugh over the joke that will stand against him for many a day.

SILVER DOCTOR.

FISHING AT SANTA CATALENA ISLAND.

SANTA CATALENA ISLAND, Southern California, July 14.—The fishing season of Santa Catalena Island began this year in April and has been remarkably fine. A number of New Yorkers are on the ground piling up big records and saying nothing. Santa Catalena is an island thirty miles off Los Angeles county, reached by a line of steamers, which start at San Pedro. The little town of Avalon on the south end of the island is the objective, and being but 3½ hours from Los Angeles, the Los Angeles business men who are patrons of the rod can reach it with ease and comfort. Some of the fishing I have described in former letters and herewith give some figures which I think will interest eastern anglers and sportsmen.

The best record so far has been made by Mr. Stuart M. Beard, of the Canandaigua (N. Y.) Fishing Club. He has been fishing since May 12, and has taken in all 2,656lbs. of fish, all on the rod, with a 15-strand cuttyhunk line and a large reel holding about 900ft. The catch is 41 yellow-tail (*Seriola dorsalis*), weighing 738lbs., averaging 18lbs.; 5 sea bass, 153½lbs.; 13 albicore, 211lbs.; 2 black sea bass, 98 and 200lbs. The largest yellow-tail taken weighed 43lbs., and many rock bass, etc., etc. The 98lbs. bass Mr. Beard caught in front of the Metropole Hotel, several hundred guests watching the catch from the piazza and the beach, and it was finally landed by the aid of some friends on the yacht Linda. The 200-pounder was taken twenty miles from here on the shores of San Clemente Island. The fish was hooked late in the afternoon and towed the boat, which contained Mr. Beard and Mr. Rodgers and oarsman Harry Elms, for three miles, making a sturdy fight all the time. Two hours slipped away, and night came on and the sea rose, making an ugly swell; but they kept at it, Mr. Rodgers succeeding in lighting a lantern, which he held while Mr. Beard manipulated the rod; another hour went by before the wet and utterly exhausted men brought the fish to the gaff, cut its throat and towed it to their yacht, anchored in the harbor. The fish was hoisted aboard and carried to Avalon, where it was found to weigh 200lbs. a day after it was caught. This gives Mr. Beard the record for the largest fish on a rod on the Pacific coast; and as we have no records of tarpon, we should be glad to hear from some of the tarpon men who have taken larger fish on such tackle. The line was 15-strand, as above described.

The record was held by Major Chas. Veile, of the cavalry, last year, who took a 138-pounder on a rod.

Mr. J. Neale Plumb, of New York, one of the finest fishermen in the country, is now trying to break Mr. Beard's record, and as the black sea bass are biting well, there is every reason to believe he will do it.

The following are some of the season's catches so far:

J. Neale Plumb, about 600lbs. of yellow-tail, sea bass and barracuda. Mr. Plumb has been fishing but a few days.

C. F. Holder, 10 yellow-tails averaging 15lbs.; 20 barracuda averaging 10lbs. The latter or part taken on an 8oz. split-bamboo, and the yellow-tails taken on a light rod, the tip being a trout split-bamboo tip, 15-strand line; 1 black sea bass, 247lbs., taken on a hand line; 2 sea bass, 20 and 12lbs., on rod.

June 17.—W. A. Carnes, San Francisco, 3 yellow-tail, 16, 18, 28lbs.; 39lb. halibut (rod).

June 19.—Messrs. Curtis and Lindley, San Francisco, 17lb. yellow tail (rod).

June 21.—W. A. Carnes, San Francisco, 124lbs. of yellow-tail, barracuda and rock bass. Mrs. C. H. Lindley, San Francisco, 16lb. yellow-tail. Mr. Keyser, Pasadena, and John Vandevoort (partner of Andrew Carnegie, Pittsburg), 60 rock bass averaging 4lbs.; 29 sheepshead averaging 8lbs., all on rod.

June 24.—Dr. Johnson, Alhambra, Cal., 165lbs. of yellow-tail averaging 15lbs. Dr. H. H. Frothingham, Chicago, 142lbs. yellow-tail, barracuda and rock bass, all on rod.

June 25.—F. W. Reid, 190 lbs. of yellow-tail. C. F. Bissell, Norwich, N. Y., 11 yellow-tail, weighing 178½lbs.

June 27.—Col. W. L. Washington, N. Y., a 42½lb. yellow-tail, on rod. A. C. Roscoe, 39lb. yellow-tail; 45lb. sea bass.

June 28.—Alexander Badlum, the San Francisco historian, 4 yellow-tail, 100lbs. J. C. Cline, black sea bass (hand line, 265lbs.).

June 29.—Dr. Johnson, 1,080lbs. fish on rod; largest yellow-tail, 35lbs.

June 30.—W. A. Carnes, San Francisco, 315lbs. black sea bass (hand line). Miss McMillan, 2 yellow-tail, 40lbs. S. N. Fowler, 6 albicore, average 40lbs.

July 5.—Dr. Kirkpatrick, 75lbs. of yellow-tail. Mr. Callum, 30lb. yellow-tail.

July 6.—C. H. Moll, Hollywood, 36 albicore. Miss Alice Hall, 1 32lb. yellow-tail.

July 7.—H. O'Fallon, of New York, 3 yellow-tail, 43lbs.

These are a small percentage of the catches taken by gentlemen staying at the two hotels—Metropole and Island Villa. The little town has about 2,000 summer visitors, most of whom go fishing, which is suggestive of the sport. Nearly all the above fish were taken on rod and reel, ranging from a tarpon rod to light split-bamboo.

PISCATOR.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

AUG. 9.—More pleasing reports from the salmon fishermen are at hand. The season has been a good one, with an increase of salmon generally reported in most of the Provincial rivers. Mr. Edward Brooks, a member of the Tobique Club, with Mr. R. H. Sims, has fished the Tobique River, in New Brunswick, with a result of thirty-five salmon in three days. Such fishing is remarkable, and is doubtless the result of the care being bestowed upon the preserve.

Mr. C. H. Olmstead and Mr. George Talbott fished the Grand Cascapedia in July. Ten salmon at least are reported to their score. Both are Boston gentlemen, and both are much pleased with their trip. Mr. Olmstead's largest fish weighed 28lbs., and he is justly proud of such luck, if luck it may be termed.

Mr. Richard O. Harding, with Appleton & Bassett, brings back several trophies from his salmon trip that please him very much. He took a camera along, and has one or two pictures showing a fight with salmon. Mr. D. H. Blanchard is shown with a salmon hooked, and very intent upon conquering him. The buckling of the rod is well illustrated. A great many sportsmen have dropped into the store to see the pictures.

The latest fishing yarn in the newspapers is concerning a gull that was seen swimming on Moosehead Lake, and was caught by some men in a canoe. Hooked to a leg was found a leader, and attached to another fly on the leader was a trout weighing 3 or 4lbs. The hook was so thoroughly embedded in the gull's leg that it had to be cut out. Since, it comes out that B. F. Beal, of Boston, one report says, was fishing in Lily Bay with a leader to which several hooks were attached. He struck a trout which took away his leader, flies and all. At the Lily Bay House, when the gull and trout were brought in, the leader was pronounced the one that Mr. Beal had lost.

Rev. Julian K. Smythe is an ardent lover of the rod and line, as well as a good deal of a canoeist. He has been on his vacation trip, and has paddled from Saco, Me., up the Saco River, to Fryeburg. Mr. and Mrs. Smythe made the journey in four days. They took their two daughters aboard at Hiram. A store of provisions was laid in at the starting point, and with the exception of lodging at farmhouses on the way they lived in their canoe and tents. Mr. Smythe is one of the leading clergymen of Roxbury, Mass.

Recently Graves, who several years ago murdered the two Maine game wardens, has been granted an audience with the Governor and Council at the State prison in that State. He made a strong plea for extenuation of his life sentence. In touching language he related how the dog which the warden wanted to kill was one which his wife had harnessed into a cart with another dog, and the pair had hauled around their son, who was a cripple. Furthermore, it was a bird dog, and not a deer dog at all. Graves said that one of the wardens had his gun cocked, and the other had a pistol, when he shot them. But at last he admitted that, under the same circumstances, he should do the same thing again. The pardon has not been granted. In the recent warden shooting case in that State the guide who did the shooting has not yet been apprehended.

Shore bird shooting along the Massachusetts coast does not seem to have taken much of a start yet, though the open season is already several weeks old. A few bags of summer yellow-legs are mentioned from along the north shore. Claude H. Tarbox, with the Baileys, has been out along the Byfield shore, with a result of seven birds last week. They will try again in a day or two. Mr. M. Parker has just returned from a look for birds at Scituate, and reports only a very few summer yellow-legs. A couple of gunners went down to Marshfield the other day, but came back without any birds.

Aug. 11.—Flights of summer yellow-legs are reported off Hampton and down as far as Salem and Beverly. A gentleman came up from Old Orchard on Saturday and he reports flights of summer yellow-legs off Saco Beach and in the vicinity of Biddeford Pool. He says that he saw no gunners nor did he hear of any, but heard numerous reports of a plenty of birds. He suggests that the weather is so hot that no one desires to go a-gunning. But doubtless it will not take long to draw the gunners out if the birds are plenty. SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

THE WEIGHTS OF STRIPED BASS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The enclosed clipping was taken from the Newport *Journal* of Aug. 3. I know Mr. LeRoy as a gentleman and a thorough fisherman, and that he is incapable of having any misstatement made with his knowledge: "Monday, at the Beavertail fishing club, Mr. Stuyvesant LeRoy broke the bass record of the season and of the club, by landing a handsome fellow that tipped the scales at 68lbs. It was seen to-day at Ash's fish market, where it was found to measure 4ft. 4in. from tail to nose, and 1ft. 9in. in girth. The Beavertail fishers lost several large bass Monday, but none were probably so large as this. A number of big bass have been caught this season at the various fishing piers, the fish appearing to run larger than usual."

My object, however, in sending you the clipping is to assert that my experience has proved that no striped bass measuring 4ft. 4in. from tail to nose ever weighed 68lbs. I have measured carefully eight or ten bass running from 40 to 51lbs. in weight at the time they were killed and before they had an opportunity to bleed much, and I have found it to be an invariable rule that they would weigh exactly 1lb. to the inch. An allowance of one or two pounds might be made for an extra girth, but no more. The fish I speak of were weighed and measured at the Squibnocket Club in days gone by. Other fish that I have heard of, taken at Narragansett Pier, have weighed in exactly the same ratio.

I would be glad if some of your numerous subscribers who are fishermen would take up this question and experiment, if they are fortunate enough to kill a large fish.

S. M. B.

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

Correspondents are invited to send us notes of fish, fishermen, fishing conditions and fishing facts, so that they may reach this office on a Monday.

LAKOTA, Conover P. O., Vilas County, Wis., Aug. 9.—The fishing at these celebrated fishing grounds, while not quite as good as last season, is good, and some wonderful catches are on record, especially of muskalonge. Perry Hull, of Chicago, landed a fine 30-pounder, and the undersigned had the satisfactory experience of landing a splendid 33-pounder upon July 25. Black bass and pike are caught in abundance; in fact, the fishing up here is all one could desire.

H. A. W.

EAGLE RIVER, Wis.—The following catches were made in this vicinity by Mr. Walter Stager, of Sterling, Ill.: July 20, in Loon Lake, 69 black bass; July 22, in Franklin Lake, 50 black bass; July 23, in Franklin Lake, 50 black bass; July 24, in Loon Lake, 132 black bass.

Down the Jordan in a Canvas Boat.

MANCELONA, Mich., July 13.—For the benefit of any readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are foregoing, as I did for years, the exquisite pleasure to be found in a canvas boat, for fear of its liability to snag, I presume to write you my experience with such a boat on the 5th inst. The boat used was a 15ft. Osgood. My companion, Dr. Burnett, of this place, and myself started at the highest so called "open waters" of the Jordan River, some seven miles north from Mancelona. We knew the stream to be very rapid and full of trout, but there our acquaintance with the purling waters ended. My experience during the three weeks' ownership of the boat had assured me that it was absolutely safe so far as tipping or ordinary accidents were concerned, and my conceit was sufficient as to my ability to handle a boat or construct and conduct a camp, so that a guide was not considered desirable; and we "inland noodles" started out, going down alone.

With our boat loaded with tent, blankets and camp equipage to the amount of several hundred pounds we floated down. The morning was perfect and the trout hungry. Our creels lay open before us and were fast filling with the speckled beauties, when we realized that we were shooting down a stretch of rapids that was of the nature of a toboggan slide. Keeping well in the center of the stream we had no thought of danger until, rounding a sharp bend, we were confronted by a dead cedar tree, which had fallen completely across the stream and was not four rods ahead of us. In our attempt to check our speed we were successful in throwing the boat squarely across the stream and so struck the obstruction broadside. There was a crash, a splintering of wood and our load was in the water; but our boat had gone through under the log, breaking through the dead limbs, some of them being as large as one's arm. We succeeded in capturing the runaway boat, and emptying out the water found it intact, except that the rock elm gunwales had been stripped off and torn into flinders.

Reloading, with I judge at least a ton of water-soaked "plunder," we started on, only to prove the truth of the old adage that "Troubles never come singly;" another turn, another crash, and our unfortunate experience had been repeated. Again we loaded and started on; we were in the midst of a great cedar swamp and there was nothing to do but to keep to the stream and boat; and keep to them we did until we reached a main traveled road where we could get a team to convey us below the rapids. With gunwales stripped off, bottom boards wrenched and split, the metal on the bow and stern torn off, yet the canvas showed not a scratch, and after going through two such shocks, either of which would have rendered a wooden boat useless, the portable canvas, with her double load of camp equipage and water, was still staunch and steady.

My skepticism as to canvas boats has entirely disappeared! For rough, hard usage, I can from cold experience and in warmest terms say, always take a canvas boat.

C. L. BAILEY.

Thinks that a Bass Thinks.

SAGINAW, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to leaping bass. I fish once a week from early morn till dark, mostly for small-mouth bass, and I catch a good many during each year. They most always leap after a short fight, and usually make two and sometimes three leaps. They reason thus: "I have fought on a stiff line and there is no show; I will leap out of the water, gain slack line, open my mouth and shake my head and free myself;" which is just what they do in a great many cases. I have often seen them throw hook and bait 6 or 8ft. in the opposite direction. I don't see how any one can fail to note every move of the fish in the air. I plainly see that in the air they always have open mouth with gills extended, and shake the head vigorously. Every act goes to show that the bass figures on freeing himself. Mr. Simpson says, if the bass has such an amount of intelligence as "Old Sam" credits him with, why does he not go to the bottom, take a turn of the line around a stone or snag and free himself at his leisure? Now I have seen them do that very thing. Last week I lost five nice fellows in just that way. After a hard fight with two leaps they saw that there was no possible chance that way; made a dive directly on some snag; wound up and tore loose. I have seen them give up all hope of freeing themselves by fair means and then turn their attention to some old stump or root several feet away, and try all manner of strategy to get to the snag for no other purpose but to wind up. There is no question in my mind that a bass leaps to free himself and figures on gaining slack line. When that fails he resorts to other and more desperate means, such as snagging. I never saw one leap over 2ft.

DENTIST.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.—In regard to black bass and the matter of their jumping and shaking the hook out, from a boy I have been taught that such was their habit, and that under no circumstances must I allow them to break water if I could help myself. Certainly nine out of every ten bass that I have ever lost have rid themselves of the hook while in the air, and as nearly as I could make out they did it by a process of shaking. I have seen them go all of 3ft. out of water, and that close to the boat, so that I had ample opportunity for observation.

What mine eyes have seen that must I believe, notwithstanding Dr. Eilzey to the contrary.

WALDO.

Fifty-two Years a Fly-fisherman.

L'ANSE, Mich., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. A. F. Young, the oldest fisherman on Lake Superior, if not the oldest in America, is again with us, having arrived on Tuesday of this week. For many years Mr. Young, who is a resident of Escanaba, makes an annual trip to the shores of Keewenaw Bay in pursuit of speckled trout. His first fishing dates back to 1831, at Fall Creek, in the town of Grotten, N. Y. Coming West in the year 1850 he penetrated the forests of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, surveying the numerous streams, few of them escaping his notice that abounded in trout. He has familiarized himself with all the streams entering the Chippewa in Wisconsin, several entering White River and several more that flow into Root River, also a number flowing into the Mississippi. In Michigan he has fished all the prominent streams, including Rapid, Day, Escanaba, Bark, Huron, and the headwaters of Iron River. From the year 1868 he has confined his fishing from Chocolate in Marquette county to L'Anse at the head of Keewenaw Bay. He claims that for comfort the latter place excels any point he has visited during his experience.

The fishing here is from a boat in a bayou at the head of the bay; and by the way Mr. Young hints to his brother fishermen if they wish to avoid the effects of the sun's rays the inside of the boat should be painted green. Here he has captured in a couple of hours as many as twenty-two trout weighing not less than 40lbs. He has caught them weighing as much as 5½lbs., while 3 and 4-pounders are common. He has constantly fished with a fly for the past fifty-two years, and now at the age of seventy-two with little effort casts a distance of 75ft. Mr. Young is an encyclopedia on fishing, and the writer will endeavor to land some of his experiences in a later issue.

B.

Mussels Taken with Hook.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.—In a recent issue I noticed an article as to whether mussels voluntarily or involuntarily attach themselves to a baited hook. My experience was with the fresh-water mussel and occurred while I was trout fishing in a lake. I was fishing in about 20ft. of water, using worms for bait, and having grown somewhat weary had allowed the hook to sink to the bottom and to remain a few moments. Upon drawing it to the surface I found a mussel firmly attached. During the afternoon this was repeated perhaps half a dozen times and caused considerable joking and laughter among those with me.

My own solution was that the mussels were lying with shells wide open, as is their habit in deep water, and the baited hook chancing to fall against the soft fleshy portion of the bivalve irritated it, whereupon it promptly closed its shell, holding the hook fast. The possibility of the bait having any attraction for it never occurred to me.

WALDO.

They Eat Baby Trout in the White Mountains.

BOSTON, Mass., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a clipping from the Boston *Herald* of Saturday morning and wish you to notice the catch of 22lbs. of trout in one day at Fabyans, N. H., therein noted. If the Fish Commissioners respect the laws and enforce them as they should, there is a case which deserves investigation.

I am very much interested in trouting in the White Mountains, and I have never been in a place which affords more work for the Commissioners than there. In almost every hotel and on almost every day there are trout brought in which are under the legal size.

It seems to me to be against the interest of the State to stock these waters, only to have the baby trout fished out the following summer.

MONTINUS.

Death of Ellis W. Brown.

THE current issue of the Elizabethtown, N. Y., *Post* brings news of the sudden death of Ellis W. Brown, of Keene Valley. To one who has known him as a friend and companion in the chase the sad news comes with added shock. It is only a few days since he wrote of the approaching hunting season, and chronicled his catch of a 3lbs. trout in the Au Sable. Rarely was there a more generous companion, or a man in whom was born a greater love of forest and stream. He was a member of the Keene Valley Guides' Association and of the Adirondack Guides' Association. He was an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, being well known to the sporting fraternity throughout the Adirondacks.

Kingfishers in Camp.

THE Kingfishers will leave next Thursday on the "Mackinaw Flyer," over the C. H. & D. and Michigan Central Railroads, for their annual camp-out in Northern Michigan. At St. Ignace they take the D., S. S. & A. road for the Manistique Lakes, where the cook has been sent ahead with the camp outfit to pick out a soft spot on which to light. The club is well known through "Kingfisher's" camp yarns in FOREST AND STREAM, and wherever they pitch their tents they find friends among the brotherhood of anglers and sportsmen. With the party will be Col. H. C. Culbertson, President of the Cuvier Club of this city; G. J. Murray, Assistant Postmaster Muller and his brother "Jim;" J. M. Hickman and L. C. Cordes, of the post office; "Old Sam" Smith, C. C. Furr, Dick Morris, G. L. Payne, of Frankfort, Ky., and T. W. Cochran, of Louisville. At Deshler they will be joined by an old friend of the club, Dr. A. E. Elliott, of Lodi, O., who will make his initial "cast" as a "Kingfisher." Mr. D. G. Edwards, of the C., H. & D., has made things pleasant for the party, and his office and the *Commercial Gazette* staff will be looking for a bar'l o' fish—more or less—soon after they get the good fishing places located in the Manistique Lakes.—*Cincinnati Commercial of late date.*

Game and Fish Protection.

Maine Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper June 8 I see Manley Hardy, of Brewer, has taken exceptions to my criticisms made to you on his article entitled "Ninety Deer," and on the face makes out a very good case against the Maine Commissioners, in support of that dilemma he manufactured in his former article, with two horns, which he dubbed dishonesty and stupidity. The way he has told the story and the way he has got his certificates is a surprise to me, leaving out that part which is a key to the whole, which if added would change the meaning. He seems to be very cute in this, but leaves his tracks uncovered and easy to trace. I am not going to accuse him of dishonesty and stupidity as he has us, but I think after reading his own certificates, with the addition of some I shall add from the same parties, if he is honest, "which I am disposed to say he is not," he will conclude to withdraw the horns and store them away among his curiosities, as an invention that didn't invent.

When he mixed up the pudding he omitted the flavoring, and only half baked. As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and as I have tried it his way and found it as above stated, I now ask him to try it mine. I shall try and have it well done and flavored with full certificates.

Mr. Hardy says: "In regard to my statement that a prominent Bangor merchant offered to testify that he paid money to a warden not to see a deer he was shipping to a friend, and that he gave the name of the warden to whom he paid it, Mr. Stanley says: 'All I can say is that I think he is making an assertion that he cannot back up and I believe is untrue. * * * Can you believe a merchant can be found who is fool enough, even if he had done what Mr. Hardy says, to testify to anything of the kind? I challenge Mr. Hardy to produce the proof.' Well, I accept the challenge, and if it is damaging to the Commissioners or any warden, it is the fault of Mr. Stanley, as I give it at his request. Here are his certificates:"

BANGOR, Me., May 14, 1895.—This certifies that the undersigned, C. M. Conant, of Bangor, Me., and A. C. Tyler, of Boston, Mass., with Jefferson Neally, of Munroe, Me., killed several deer in the fall of 1891 and wished to send one to Boston for Mr. Tyler. We went to the office of Geo. W. Harriman, of Bangor, and asked if he could arrange it so that the deer could be shipped. He replied that he could. One of the party paid him $3 and he agreed to meet us at the depot when the noon train left. Mr Harriman came according to agreement and the deer, which was marked for Mr. A. C. Tyler, of Boston, was shipped and was duly received in Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Suffolk, Boston, May 16, 1895. } ss.

C. M. CONANT,
ALFRED C. TYLER.

These certificates are all right as far as they go, but in the mixing he omitted the following, probably by mistake, which ruins their flavor. The additions I herewith add to Mr. Hardy's affidavits, which I think Mr. Hardy will admit that the deer were legally shipped and that his pudding is ruined.

BANGOR, June 28, 1895.—*To Whom It May Concern:* This is to certify that our affidavit of May 14, 1895, published in the FOREST AND STREAM, in Vol. 44, No. 23, of the date of June 8, 1895, was procured from us through the personal solicitation of Manley Hardy, of Brewer, Me.; that it was given by us under a wrong impression and misunderstanding of the fish and game laws relating to transportation of game; that the deer referred to in the affidavit of May 14, above written, was lawfully shipped and was accompanied by the owner, Mr. Tyler, as the law required; that the $2 paid Mr. George W. Harriman, of Bangor, the game warden, also named in said affidavit, was for services performed by him in assisting us to ship said deer upon the express train, upon which it was not usual for the express company to transport such articles; that in so doing, as we now understand the whole matter, he did nothing that was improper or unlawful, or in any way compromised him as an officer of the law, but simply to accommodate us.

CHAS. M. CONANT,
A. C. TYLER.

BANGOR, July 30, 1895.—I, as the attorney of Tyler and Conant, of Bangor, Me., having been consulted in regard to the above affidavit and explanation attached, investigated the law thereto, find that said deer was killed in fall of 1890 instead of 1891, and that said deer could be legally shipped to Boston as Mr. Tyler desired, and that any pay that said Geo. W. Harriman received was for his service in aiding them in having it transported, as it all depended whether the express train would take them or not. I find that said Geo. W. Harriman done nothing that was illegal as a game warden in the above transaction.

A. H. HARDING.

If you will refer back to FOREST AND STREAM of April 30, 1891, which contains the series of articles written by Miss Fanny Hardy and her father, entitled "Six Years under Maine Game Laws," Chap. 5, you will find these words, of which I have no comment to make, except that I heartily endorse them:

In speaking of sportsmen and wardens, she says: "If it should be asked after this part, Where is the good sportsman? it will certainly be asked after the second, Where is the good warden? He is not very abundant here, but in this immediate vicinity we have one man who deserves special mention. Mr. Eben G. Morse, of Eddington, is a warden whose justice, faithfulness and honesty are believed in by the people here. I have never but once heard him accused of anything which was not honorable, and that he did not do, although there was reason for the suspicion."

I refer you to this, as I wish to use his evidence, and the endorsement of Mr. Hardy and his daughter ought to have some weight in what Mr. Morse may say.

Here it is:

EDDINGTON, June 28.—*H. O. Stanley, Esq.* Dear Sir: In regard to the statement of Manley Hardy, as recently published in FOREST AND STREAM, that he offered to go with me to Tyler and Conant and get proof of the illegal shipping of game is not correct. I did meet Mr. Hardy on the street, and he commenced his prattle about violations and non enforcement of the game laws, as he always does when I meet him, and he used Mr. Harriman's name in connection with Tyler and Conant's and stated that Harriman assisted them to unlawfully ship deer, and that they paid him for so doing; but I had too much confidence in Harriman, and too little faith in Hardy or what he said, to take any notice of it. Mr. Hardy did not offer to go to Tyler and Conant with me as stated, nor did he ever offer to go anywhere with

me to get proof or in any way to help or assist in getting any proof of any violation, or give to me the least help in any way to enforce the laws or to protect the fish and game of the State; but I have good reasons to believe that he has rather been working against us.

A few years since Mr. Stilwell (as commissioner) sent me upon a trip into the northerly part of Penobscot and easterly part of Hancock counties. This was in the winter. The next summer I met a well-known hunter, trapper and guide (whose name I will give if wanted), who told me that he knew that I was about there at the time, as Manley Hardy wrote him that I was in that vicinity and to be on his guard. He also stated that if I had caught him, he would only had to call on Hardy to get money to help him out!

At the time of Hardy's daughter's writing the series of "Six Years under the Game Laws" (which I believe to have been dictated by him) she made many statements that were, to say the least, misleading. I corrected her, and gave her the proof that they were so; but no corrections were made in FOREST AND STREAM that I could detect.

As to the prosecution (or, as he would have it, persecution) of the man for selling salted trout, he was and had been for some time before selling them on the market square in Bangor. He might have been a peddler, but I have seen him for days at a time at his stand, both before and after his arrest, but never saw him elsewhere to my knowledge. The trout might have been, as he claimed, imported, but they were exactly in appearance like trout taken in the lakes of Maine, and he had no barrel or anything to show that they were not such.

What I wanted to have decided was if salted trout could be sold in close time, whether native, legally caught, or imported, and so told the man and he so understood it; and I requested Mr. Wentworth, if the man had to pay a fine, that so much of the fine as was coming to me (one-half) be remitted; but the man has paid no fine or costs.

You are at liberty to make such use of this as you deem proper.

Yours truly,
E. G. MORSE, Fish and Game Warden.

PENOBSCOT, ss.—June 29, 1895.—Personally appeared the above-named E. G. Morse and made oath that the statements by him herein made are correct. Before me,

CHARLES E. DREW, Justice of the Peace.

To support his assertions that trout, or "togue," as he calls them, were sold in close time in Augusta, he has brought forward the following letter from Mr. R. G. Leonard, written from memory and of which I need make no comments, and an affidavit from his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Hardy Eckstorm;

PASSADUMKEAG, Me., May 16, 1895.—*Mr Manley Hardy.* Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of the 15th inst., will say that I did write Mr. Stanley about the togue on sale in Augusta that winter. He wrote me that he knew of no arrests being made there for the illegal sale of fish, and said that they were not caught in this State, but came from Lake Ontario. Yours Truly, R. G. LEONARD.

To this may be added the following affidavit: This certifies that I, the undersigned, saw Commissioner Stanley's official reply to Mr. Leonard's complaint above mentioned, and the same was seen and examined by others interested in game matters, also that the commissioner's letter admitted the justice of the complaint, stating that lake trout had been sold in Augusta in close time as affirmed, but examination showed that the fish were taken in Lake Ontario; therefore the matter had been dropped.

This further certifies that at date the law absolutely forbade the sale of lake trout in close time; that Mr. Stanley's colleague had prosecuted the proprietors of the Bangor House, in Bangor, for serving on his table trout taken in a pond exempted by special law from the usual close time, and that the supreme bench, to whom the case was carried, decided that the law forbade selling in close time fish taken legally—as may be seen by reference to the Maine law court decisions, case of the State *vs.* Flarius O. Beal—Maine Reports, Vol. 75, page 289. FANCY HARDY ECKSTORM.

The fish mentioned above in State *vs.* F. O. Beal were togue, taken from Tunk Pond, in which there was no close time, and of another kind of fish from those mentioned by Mrs. Eckstorm.

Mr. Hardy further says: "These statements prove that Mr. Stanley either was ignorant of the laws relating to the sale of togue (the italics are mine) at that season, or that he knowingly allowed them to be violated with impunity. Let us see if this is so."

Mrs. Fanny Hardy Eckstorm says in her certificate: "This further certifies that at that date the law absolutely forbade the sale of *lake trout* in close time."

The only thing necessary for me to say is, that neither at that time, nor at any other, has there ever been any close time on lake trout in Maine.

I presume Mrs. Eckstorm not being familiar with the fish and game laws of Maine caused her to make the mistake in certifying to the close time on lake trout, for which I cheerfully excuse her. It can do me no harm, and I hope none was intended.

Notwithstanding Mr. Hardy's assertion to the contrary, I here state the fish I saw were not togue, and were unlike anything we have in Maine. I went with Mr. Thayer, of the Augusta House, "who had had these fish on his table," to the market where he bought them. The dealer took us to his refrigerator and showed them to us, and said they came from Lake Ontario, and were lake trout, which I have no doubt they were, for which there is no close time in Maine, or need of any.

Mr. Hardy further says: "I do not deny that for years trout have been in close time on the bill of fare at the Augusta House, and that I, a commissioner, appointed and sworn to see the game laws were not violated, had allowed this to pass unrebuked." This sounds cranky; yet I cannot believe he is tinctured with any blood of that kind. Neither do I wish to be understood as insinuating such. But can he point out any law making it my duty to interfere with Mr. Thayer by saying what he shall and what he shall not have on his bill of fare? There are no close times on bills of fare or on lake trout in Maine. But I have said enough about these Augusta trout. It is of no great importance what they were. They came from out the State. The case recently decided by the full bench in the case of the poor peddler, whom Mr. Hardy says we abused, decides they were not contraband, even if they are what Mr. Hardy says they are.

Now as to the last question, "Mr. Stanley says, 'If Mr. Hardy knows so much about the illegal shipping of deer from Bangor why don't he inform the Commissioners, which he has not done?' My answer to this is: that after trying in vain to call the attention of wardens to it, finally at the meeting of the Fish and Game Association in Bangor a year ago last winter, when both Commissioners and many wardens were present, I not only made the statements of which he here speaks, but stated on the authority of a member of the Association that at least 200 deer had been sold to marketmen that season, and I gave proof that only about twenty were skinned here, showing that only these were cut up to sell in Bangor."

My answer to this is: that he did make the assertion he states, but that he did not offer to produce one iota of proof of illegal shipment, and never did to the Commissioners of Fish and Game to my knowledge, nor ever gave them any help to enforce the laws. Mr. Hardy further says: "I also stated how the wardens pocketed fines belonging to the State, and gave an instance of one who sold me over $100 worth of seized hides and who, Mr. Stilwell said, kept the whole part of the proceeds belonging to the State; and I said that the warden I referred to was then sitting in front of me and I called on him to rise and deny it if he could. I ask Mr. Stanley if that is not being interested in game protection and informing the Commissioners?"

I will say in reply: Mr. Hardy did tell the truth. The man he speaks of did sit before him, but he was not a warden and had not been for some time, and for the very reason Mr. Hardy speaks of we had refused to recommend his reappointment or to employ him. I have no doubt the man had pocketed fines, but Mr. Hardy produced no proof, or offered to, that the man had done so, although I presume he may have thought so by the telling of the seized hides, which the man had a perfect right to if they were legally seized. They were his.

If Mr. Hardy knew they were illegally gained, it is an open question whether he was not liable himself for buying them. Mr. Hardy further says: "Or has he forgotten stating in the store of S. L. Crosby before he left Bangor that nine-tenths of what I said was true?" No, I don't recollect anything of the kind, but will say that as far as the charge against the warden (who was not a warden at the time) was true, and for that very reason was struck from the list and had not been employed for some time.

As for his assertions about deer being shipped from Bangor, I believe in part to be true, but not to the extent he asserts. Assertions are no proofs.

I still say that Mr. Hardy has never produced a single case or offered to—to my knowledge. If he has done so, he can easily cite the case, and I will cheerfully retract my words and ask Mr. Hardy's pardon. Assertions through the newspapers should never be made unless you can back them up with the evidence.

There are several other assertions in his article of the same ilk, but of little importance, which I shall not notice, as I have not the time or inclination.

In closing I will say I don't intend to have any more controversy with Mr. Hardy through the newspapers, and will say the worst I will accuse him of is his apparent ignorance of the real interests of fish and game matters in Maine, and some points in the fish and game laws with which he don't appear to be familiar. HENRY O. STANLEY.

DIXFIELD, July 15.

Circular to Maine Wardens.

Item 1. Wardens will serve under orders from or by virtue of contract for service with the commissioner, and in either case will be allowed $3 per day, including expenses, unless different rates are agreed upon. Provided, however, that when ordered long distances from their usual field of labor, extra allowance will be made for necessary transportation.

Item 2. Wardens, while on duty, will make weekly reports in writing to the commissioners, stating location and nature of work for each day covered by report, and also how to communicate with them if desired. If not on postal route, report must be sent as soon as such route is reached, giving reason for delay.

Item 3. All claims of wardens or others against inland fisheries and game department must be in duplicate and rendered to commissioners at end of each month. Blanks for same will be furnished by commissioners upon application.

Item 4. Wardens will not employ aid, except in arrests and service of criminal processes, without authority from the commissioners, and when so employed must file voucher with charge for same.

Item 5. Wardens will make themselves familiar with their duties as fire wardens; ascertain the names and addresses of owners and agents of wild lands, and promptly notify them of any forest fire, beyond their control, on land of such owners and agents; and for that purpose may use telegraph and telephone at expense of the State.

They will also ascertain origin of fire, and names of persons and parties kindling the same.

Item 6. Wardens will make no settlement, nor receive any money in settlement for the violation of any fish and game law, or any offense against the same. Offenders must settle at court. Offenses are punished by fine, of greater or less sum, or by imprisonment, or both, as court may determine. All fines for violation of fish and game laws, except in local or special cases where the law otherwise provides, belong to the county and not to the State as formerly.

Item 7. In the services of all processes, civil or criminal, wardens are entitled to regular officer's fees, to be paid by the county or court to whom fines are paid, such as arrest, travel, conveying and keeping prisoner, summoning witnesses and travel for same, attending court, amount paid for necessary aid in arresting, keeping and conveying prisoner. Fees for service of mittimus should be taxed thereon.

Item 8. The law prohibits taking trout less than 5in. in length, and sea salmon and landlocked salmon less than 9in. in length. This law has been commonly violated. It is important that it should be understood and enforced. We cannot have large fish if we destroy the small ones. Wardens will give due attention to the enforcement of this law.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's third annual bench show, Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Montreal Kennel Association's show, Montreal, Can. Geo. K. Lanigan, Hon Sec'y-Treas.

Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

—. Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

Toronto Show.

TORONTO.—Owing to a mistake on the entry forms of the Industrial Exhibition Dog Show, Sept. 9 to 13, it appears that the fee for registration or listing is 50 cents each, when it should read that the registration fee is $1, while that of listing is only 25 cents. I would call attention to Canadian exhibitors that the Canadian classes are for dogs owned in Canada, and who have never won a money prize in Canada, United States or Europe at any recognized show. These classes are made for the purpose of allowing a large number of those who are desirous of exhibiting, but know that they have no show against the crack dogs of America. Classes for dogs and bitches will be divided if there be five or more of either sex entered. A puppy class for St. Bernards; rough or smooth coated, will be added to the prize list of the Toronto Dog Show Class 16½ for dogs and bitches, first prize, $10; second prize, $5; third, diploma. C. A. STONE, Sec'y of Dog Show.

English Setter Type.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The remarks of "Albert" in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 10 contain much that is wise and true. His reference to the sortiness of cocker spaniels well illustrates how type can be established by breeding to a standard which all agree to and which all understand.

The spaniel club judges, I think, are unanimous on the matter of type, and there is a consistency in their judging which engenders confidence on the part of the public, besides furnishing fixed lines for the guidance of breeders. There are not the bewildering upheavals of all the records which occur alternately when English setters are judged at succeeding shows. To be of any value, there must be an approach to consistency in the records. If Towser gets first to-day and Rival gets vhc., the public infers that Towser is a good deal better dog than Rival; but if to-morrow Rival gets first and Towser vhc., the public does not know anything worth knowing about Towser and Rival. Judgments which are directly opposed to each other are worth nothing. If one is right, the other must be wrong. Which one is wrong the public cannot determine, but the public can get tired and disgusted and can turn its back on the whole matter. This constant reversal of decisions, one judge against another, may be very good for a few breeders who have breeds corresponding to the types of the two opposing camps; for, knowing the type preferred by the judge, they know when to show and when not to, and of course throw their influence in favor of their favorite. This serves more and more to make the opposing types distinct. The result is not, as one might suppose, two permanently distinct types, but a loss of all type. Breeders get careless and trust more and more to luck. If they breed carelessly, they may consider that if they miss one type they may strike the other. There is nothing fixed definitely as a standard. Guesswork or carelessness supersedes intelligence, enthusiasm and industrious effort. Men who have a just pride in breeds which are true to a recognized standard lose interest in those which are bred carelessly and loosely to a shifting or double standard.

As "Albert" says, English setters can be bred to a type as cockers are. The same care and unanimity of action applied to the setter would have results of the same successful and pleasing nature as those applied to the cocker. There must be but one standard, and the judges must judge by it. As long as there are two opposing camps, even though they profess to use the same standard, the English setter will lose type. Making standards to fit dogs, instead of breeding dogs to fit standards, may be remunerative to a few for a short time, but in time it is certain to end injuriously to the breed of setters and its interests.

I regret that I misunderstood "Albert's" remarks as to judging at New York. He claims that the first four dogs showed English setter type, and that leaves the inference that the rest of the class did not. Surely a setter class at New York should be of such high quality that all the dogs in it would be of the same type. There would of course be the little individual differences, perhaps so minute that careful inspection would be necessary to detect them, even if the type was uniform; but there is a possibility of breeding to type so closely that all the individuals of a breed may appear alike to the eye at first, and only by the more careful comparison of details can the differences be noted. The general effect is the impression of likeness. The unlikeness must be searched for. When there is a uniformity of type, there is that quality so pleasing to the eye and so gratifying to the breeder, that is, sortiness. Such results can never come from haphazard breeding and mixed or many standards.

The matter is worthy of the serious consideration and action of the setter breeders of America, if that beautiful dog is to be kept up in the future to the high place he held in the past.

The differences are not confined to type entirely. The sizes vary greatly, from the slender, weakly dog, of feeble constitution and weak mind, and the little, runty, toy setter, up to large, coarse dogs, or tall, thin, flat, lank dogs, whose ancestry might be accredited to a dozen foreign sources were there not written evidence that the dog is well bred, and in the face of such written evidence good breeding must be conceded whether the dog is a freak or a fine one. BREEDER.

Gordon Setters.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please state that exactly the same prizes will be paid at the Rhode Island dog show, next month, in the Gordon setter classes as to English and Irish setters.

Last September the entries at the Providence show were 48 English, 28 Irish and 38 Gordon setters, and immediately upon reading their premium list, a few weeks ago, in your paper, I wrote the secretary protesting against any distinction in prizes against Gordons, and stating that I would not exhibit myself, and hoped other Gordon setter owners would refuse to exhibit, where our dogs were not put upon an exact par with all other setters.

This remonstrance caused the increase noted above. If dog shows are really held for the improvement of all dogs and profit is only incidental, I see no consistency in inviting and entering a poorer exhibit by offering poorer premiums, and as a Gordon man I resent any action that places our setters below other kinds. I object to Gordon setters (the handsomest of all dogs, bar none) being put upon the same grade in the premium list with pugs, terriers and bulldogs. And I own as many Irish setters, winners in field trials and bench shows, as Gordons.

JAMES B. BLOSSOM,
President Gordon Setter Club of America.

Cocker Spaniels.

OMAHA, Neb.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM I would be pleased to hear if there ever has been bred a pure white cocker spaniel. My solid black cocker bitch Reham Raven Beauty (37,347, King Raven by Lady Fulton), whelped seven puppies to King Raven (Champ. Black Duke by Topsy S.), one red, five black and one pure white. I have bred quite a number of thoroughbred cockers, and I wish to say this white puppy has all the appearance of the right sort, except the color. R. F. MAHER.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In our business columns, J. Wrinkle, Lee, Mass., offers English setter. Rockland Beagle Kennels, Nanuet, N. Y., offer beagles. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., offers foxhounds. W. A. Rice, Springfield, O., offers pointers. Sunflower State Kennels, Woodston, Kan., offer St. Bernard puppies. A. L. Bailey, Plymouth, Mass., offers pointers. F. Sandys, Eau Claire, Wis., will train dogs. H. Smith, N. C., gives particulars of training.

Prince, a St. Bernard dog owned by Mr. Franz Mayer, of this city, died of poison on Aug. 12. He had won some prizes and was a popular pet in the neighborhood of his home. Of him the *Sun* says:

"According to Mr. Mayer the dog knew as much as a human being. Whenever anything was needed from the baker, butcher or grocer, Mrs. Mayer would hang a basket containing the written order in Prince's mouth, and he would go straight to the store she sent him to, never confusing the orders. He would wait at the dealer's for the order and always bring the goods back safely. Another of Prince's accomplishments was known to every member of the East Side Bowling Club, which has met for several seasons at Prince's, at Eighty-fourth street and Avenue A. Mr. Mayer is a member, and on bowling nights he used to send Prince on ahead carrying a bag containing his favorite ball, which weighed 18lbs. Prince guarded the bag until Mr. Mayer arrived, and was then sent home with orders to return at 10 o'clock. The bowling sessions always ended at that hour, and prompt to the minute Prince would come barking into the place. Prince had records as a life-saver, having on several occasions jumped to the rescue of children who had fallen into the East River at the foot of East Eighty-ninth street —a favorite playground. The last occasion was on April 22, when he saved a little girl named Elizabeth Katter. Mr. and Mrs. Mayer feel Prince's death as though they had lost a child, and the children as though they had lost a brother."

The grouse trials, run near Bala, beginning July 30, had 10 pointer puppies, 6 setter puppies, and 19 in the All-Age Stakes, and there were 5 braces. In Pointer Puppy Stakes (puppies of 1894, £5 5s. each; first, 30 guineas; second, 20 guineas; third, 10 guineas), Mr. P. D. Williams's Lanarth Bolton (Beacon—Bess) won first; Mr. J. Earle Lloyd Lloyd's Totnes Rattler (Totnes Vril—Totnes Zoe) won second, and third was won by Sir W. Wynn's Dawn of Gymru (Woolton Druid—Bertha of Drayton). In the Setter Puppy Stakes (puppies of 1894; first, 20 guineas; second, 12 guineas; third, 7 guineas), Col. H. Platt's Madryn Earl (Aldon Tam—Madryn Fan) won first; Col. H. Platt's Madryn Flash (Spot—May of Arvon) won second; J. F. H. Owen's Luna (Arvon—Deutzia) won third. A champion prize of £10 went to the best of the two puppy winners. The Brace Stakes resulted as follows:

First, Sir W. W. Wynn's w. b. pointers Rob o' Gymru (Banjo—Duchess) and Bess o' Gymru (Banjo—Juno), 20 guineas. Second, Col. C. H. Legh's liv. w. pointers Druid II. (Howdah—Duchess) and Hector III. (Herald—Lache), 10 guineas. Third, Sir W. W. Wynn's liv. w. pointers Poll o' Gymru (Plum—Sybyl) and Plum o' Gymru (Ightfield Dick—Doxey). The All-Age winners (60, 30, 20, 10 guineas, first, second, third and fourth) were F. C. Lowe's Ben of Kippen (Robket R.—Laura of Kippen), first; second, B. J. Warwick's Dolly of Budhill (Meirelbeke—Devon); third, W. Arkwright's pointer Tap (Rapp VI.—Sella Price); equal fourth, Sir Watkin Wynn's Poll o' Gymru (Plum—Sybyl) and E. Bishop's Polly Pedro (Senor Don Pedro—Jeanette).

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. Gentle reader, brace up your nerves for the perusal of the most affecting meeting in the whole of kennel history. The battle of Yorktown is forgotten; George Washington, Charlie Mason and Jim Watson are forgiven. International caresses have been exchanged by Mr. Webb, of America, and Mr. Jackson, of England. The *American Field* records the touching incident of Mr. Webb's visit to Bath in these sympathetic lines. We cannot provide slow music for all our readers, but let them send their kennel lad out to whip the puppies the while they peruse the following:

At Bath he was met by Mr. Cyrill W. Jackson, who escorted him to his beautiful home, the trip leading him along the River Avon, Mr. Jackson thoughtfully planning this to give Mr. Webb an opportunity to enjoy a bit of English scenery; but this was not all, for a most graceful and the greatest compliment which could be given an American awaited him. As the two emerged from the dense foliage and turned towards the house there, flying freely from a staff on the lawn, was the American flag, and as the stars and stripes fluttered in the breeze Mr. Webb's eyes moistened from patriotic emotion, and as soon as he recovered from his surprise at this unlooked-for consideration he thanked his host heartily, assuring him the joy of that moment would be a joy forever.

Readers, let us slobber!

In the next column of the *American Field* we lighted upon a notelet, a long way off the above, not near it, no connection with it, but nevertheless "the long arm of coincidence" seems to cuddle together paragraph and advertisement. This is the notelet:

Mr. Cyrill W. Jackson, of Bath, England, intends visiting America in August or September.

When you have done smiling, and can take your finger from the side of your nose, please note that Cyril is spelled the same odd way in both paragraphs.—*Stock-Keeper* (*England*).

It is gratifying to learn that the fatalities from rabies are not near so numerous or serious as one might be led to suppose from the alarmist nature of many of the newspaper reports. From the Registrar-General's returns we find the death rate in the United Kingdom to have been as follows:—1890, 8; 1891, 7; 1892, 6; 1893, 4; 1894 return does not transpire, but is, we believe, still less, which means one death to about 7,000,000 of population.—*Our Dogs.*

Those who intend visiting the trials to be held at Morris, Man., would act wisely in engaging accommodations beforehand. From reports which come in, the trials will be well attended. It is almost certain that the accommodations of the Commercial Hotel will be strained to the utmost. It would be advisable for the proprietors to engage more accommodations in adjacent houses, which would serve as an annex to to the hotel, to meet the overflow of guests which are sure to be there.

The whippet racing, to be held as an adjunct of the New England Kennel Club's annual terrier show, promises to be a complete success, judging from the interest in it and preparation for it. We hear that Mr. Loveland's trip to New York and vicinity, to promote the whippet interests, was quite successful.

The cherished beliefs of boyhood are knocked over one by one by the vandal hand of Time. George Washington's hatchet has been shelved with the bow and arrow of cock robin. In the daily press is a story which relates that Billy Tell did not shoot the apple off his son's head; in short, it states that it is an old Norse tale, many centuries older than Tell's time, the only change being in the names of the chief actors and localities. In an unfeeling-like manner the story proceeds as follows:

"Another equally well-known story is that of the slaughtering of the dog Gellert by Llewellen. This has been so far localized that even the grave of the dog is shown at a place to which it has given name, in England. Yet in the old collection of stories called 'The Seven Wise Masters,' which was translated into English from the Latin, and into the Latin from the Hebrew, and into the Hebrew from the Sanskrit, relation is made of a lord who has an only son, an infant, and a hound which he loves greatly. The nurse goes into the room in which is the child's cradle, and seeing it overturned and the dog covered with blood, rushes out to tell her master that the dog has killed and devoured his son. The father draws his sword and stabs the hound; but when the cradle is removed the child is found to be beneath it, safe and sound, and near to it a dead serpent is discovered which the dog had killed in defense of the child. This, with the substitution of the wolf for the serpent, is precisely the story of Gellert, and we may see from it that the circumstances, if they ever happened at all, must have happened not in Wales five or six centuries ago, but in India at least a thousand years earlier."

Alas! that so noble a hound should be a myth.

"In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of roal John,
But now no Gellert could be found,
And all the chase rode on."

"'Hell hound! by thee my child's devoured!'
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gellert's side."

"Looking over the club's standard of the corded poodle," says the *Stock-Keeper*, "we see that they require the head to be *long*, *straight*, and *fine*, and the skull not broad. This might describe a borzoi's head. If by 'straight' no stop is intended, we do not agree, and we protest against poodles being required to have fine and narrow skulls. We give another description and at present without the author's name: 'Head, wedge-shaped, showing stop and cheek very broad, almost flat, giving the dog great brain capacity; occiput strongly developed.'"

Collie Scotforth, by Metchley Wonder out of White Heather, in our English exchanges is mentioned as having been sold to Capt. R. Woodget, and will be sent to Australia. He is the sire of nearly fifty winners and is credited with about two hundred prizes.

The wire-haired fox terrier Roper's Nutcrack, which sold at Manchester recently for 121 guineas, is reported as having been sold to Mr. R. Phillips, South Shields, Eng., for £210.

Bob Armstrong informs us that while fishing at Highland Lake recently with a party he had a narrow escape from death. A lightning bolt struck a tree close by him, while five or six other bolts killed cows and split trees in rapid succession.

Care of Dogs on the Chicken Grounds.

The matter of feeding is important for the consideration of the shooter, when some miles away from town in the chicken country, or when in small country towns which have no meat market. It is particularly important if the shooter has neglected the wise precaution of taking a supply of dog biscuits for food for his dogs. But there is an easy way to keep his dog's needs supplied if he only keeps them in mind while shooting chickens. The old birds, whose years and struggles have toughened them to a degree which places them beyond a dish for the table, make excellent dog food. Their preparation for dog food is simple. The skin, with its coat of feathers, is stripped off, the dead birds are thrown into a pot and boiled without further preparation. The chickens are thrown to the dogs, about two to each dog. On such food the dogs will keep in excellent condition and do their work satisfactorily.

A good bed at night is quite necessary for the working dog. On the prairie, when chicken shooting, this matter is too often neglected by the hunter. He is tired himself, and after giving the dog his supper he too frequently leaves him to shift for himself. There is always an abundance of coarse hay in a prairie country. It is so cheap and abundant that there is no excuse whatever for neglecting to provide the dogs with bed and shelter. A few sticks set up beside a stack, so arranged as to form the necessary frame work, covered up with hay 3 or 4ft. deep, make a most comfortable kennel. Put in plenty of hay for the dog to sleep on. This kind of temporary kennel can be easily built by itself, independently of any stack or building. All that is required is plenty of hay and a few sticks.

Manitoba Field Trial Entries.

CHATHAM, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly say for me in your next issue that my Derby entries to the Manitoba field trials—Selkirk Dan, Selkirk White and Selkirk Belinda—were sent to Manitoba on July 6, for the purpose of being trained for the Derby of that club, and are now at Dominion City, Manitoba, in charge of J. J. Spracklin. They will be on hand at Morris on Sept. 10, if alive. W. B. Wells.

Game Laws in Brief.

The *Game Laws in Brief*, new edition, now ready, August 27, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Yachting.

Our first views of the Vigilant-Defender protest of July 22 were so very different from those expressed by yachtsmen and in print that we have hesitated to present them; but a careful consideration of the whole matter of the meetings of these two yachts at the starting line on each occasion when a dispute has arisen, on July 22 and Aug. 6, leads us to the conclusion that the former, if not the latter as well, is covered by a section of the rule not yet referred to by anyone who has discussed the question.

If we are not greatly in error the alleged fouling in the first case, if not the second, comes under Section 14 of the New York Y. C. rules, being but the old story of the "Tuxedo foul" in 1890 and the Volunteer-Gracie foul of 1891. In the race of July 22 the two yachts were approaching a mark to pass it on the required side without tacking. The facts are that both elected to start on the west end of the line, close under the Scotland Lightship, Vigilant standing along right above the line, close hauled on starboard tack, with Defender on a parallel course on Vigilant's weather bow, and always nearer the lightship. Both intended to pass the mark as soon as the gun fired in a very few moments, and, when it did fire, Defender, now very near the lightship, bore away and crossed the line, first crossing Vigilant's bows at a distance which is claimed by Vigilant to have been very dangerously small, and by Defender to have been too great to have involved risk of fouling.

Throughout the whole maneuver, as we saw it, Defender was so far ahead that no question of overlap can be raised, and the nearer to the mark, thus being the inside boat. Under such conditions, the provisions governing port and starboard tacks, and the right of way of a yacht close hauled over one going free, become inoperative, and under the imperative language of Sec. 14, "The outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark."

At best the risk of the position devolved on Vigilant; though close hauled on starboard tack, she, running just aweather of the starting line, was in a position which might at any moment bring her within the operation of Sec. 14, compelling her to give way to a yacht nearer the mark and inside of her. The claim made in the protest, that she being closehauled and Defender free, she could hold the line until ready to cross, and force Defender on the far side of the mark, is not warranted by the rules of any club.

In the second case, the general conditions were similar, with the exception that instead of being right on the line, the two were just north of the Brenton's Reef Lightship, the course being S. W. ¼ W. and the starting line between the Lightship and the Sylvia, almost at right angles with the course. The maneuvering was thus done just above the line and a little outside of one of the marks, both boats working to pass this mark on the required side without tacking at gun-fire. When the alleged bearing away occurred, both, shortly after tacking, were heading for the lightship on starboard tack, Vigilant, the leeward boat, proposing to force Defender outside of the mark while crossing herself. Both boats were pointing at, if not above, the markboat, finally bearing away hard to round under its stern, and there may be a question whether their positions placed them outside the provisions of Section 14; but to us it seems otherwise. Both were about to pass a mark on the required side without tacking, the inside boat having an overlap, and it would seem that she was entitled to room at the mark.

Had the Volunteer-Gracie affair been made, as it should have been, the basis for a plain and forcible statement from the regatta committee of the year as to the rights of an inside yacht which can pass a mark without going on the other tack, such occurrences as these would be less frequent; but there is still a wide difference of opinion among practical yachtsmen as to the right of way at a mark.

To us it seems that in each of the present cases Vigilant was in the poorer position, being the outside boat, and liable at any moment to be placed at a serious disadvantage.

The most interesting news of the week, and we hope that it may prove true, is that two new boats will be built next fall to beat Queen Mab; one to be designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith for Mr. J. B. King, owner of the schooner El Semarle, and the other to be designed and built by the Herreshoffs for Rear Com. J. C. Bergen, yacht Hildegarde, New York Y. C.

The task of beating Queen Mab, designed in 1891, with boats designed in 1895, should be such an easy one that we sincerely hope that the designers will not stop there, but will at the same time attempt to produce something that is not only faster, but as wholesome and handsome as the famous Watson cutter. Queen Mab was designed solely for British racing in the 40-rating class of 1892, with no thought of crossing the Atlantic. She is now, with an enlarged sail plan, but 63.28ft. racing length by the Seawanhaka rule, or nearly 2ft. under the limit of the class, 65ft.

A cutter of 58 to 59ft. l.w.l., about a foot shorter than Queen Mab would be allowed 5,000sq. ft. of sail to bring her within the limit of the class; and on such dimensions it should be possible to build a boat that would be faster, her added power suiting her better to American conditions; and that at the same time need not be a useless machine. The construction of Queen Mab should keep her afloat for nearly a generation, and long after her life as a racer is over she will have a value as a serviceable and shapely cruising craft. The best thing that could happen in yachting to-day is the building up of a few strong classes with good serviceable boats of this general type, on which an owner can live and race without a steam tender to feed his big crew and to carry the "cruising trim."

Now that Defender has sailed ten races, meeting Vigilant in nine, to say nothing of Volunteer and Jubilee, the experts are at work on elaborate computations intended to forestall the uncertain result of the coming meeting with Valkyrie III. It would take a wise man, however, to reconcile the inconsistencies in the performance of the new boat, and, after duly comparing the long run to New London, the run to the Vineyard and back, the windward work and the leeward or reaching work off Newport, to say the Defender was five, ten or twenty minutes faster over a 30-mile course than Vigilant in her '93 or '95 form; or that the latter is faster by a definite amount this year than last. The races of Vigilant with Valkyrie II., Jubilee, Defender and Britannia, and the races between Valkyrie III. and Britannia have furnished a mass of figures from which a man may prove conclusively, according to his individual prejudices and sympathies, that any one boat is faster by a certain exact number of minutes than some other particular boat; thus demonstrating the inevitable success of Defender or Valkyrie III. as he may desire.

Rejecting as useless and misleading the times taken over different courses, some in different years, and under varying conditions, and drawing but a general conclusion from the races without resort to actual seconds in the timing, we believe that Vigilant is decidedly faster than in 1893-4, possibly 5m. over a 30-mile course; while Defender, though showing unevenly beside Vigilant in a close reach and giving some evidence of hard steering and loss of speed in a strong quartering wind, like the second Valkyrie, is at least 10m. faster than Vigilant to-day over the same length of course. That Defender is decidedly an all-around better boat than Vigilant seems proved beyond question, whatever the gain may be in minutes and seconds;

she goes through the water much more easily, especially in a sea, she carried a larger sail plan in a very satisfactory manner, and she has proved that from a bad berth under the other's lee she can walk out clear across her bows.

Thus far the new boat must be set down as a success; she is evidently a fast and able vessel, with no very bad faults and some remarkably strong points, notably with sheets hard in, and she is capable of further improvement. We were by no means the only ones who were deceived by her light bilge and have been surprised at her stability; but it is evident, now that she has been seen under her largest sail plan and with her keel exposed in dry dock, that her draft, sail area and displacement were all understated in the figures published prior to the launching. That advance of sail plan which has been visible on every new defender from Mayflower to Vigilant is not seen this year; in fact, we doubt whether she has 500sq. ft. in excess of Vigilant.

How much faster or slower she may be than Valkyrie III. we have no means of knowing; in which case we are no worse off than many who have already settled the whole matter. Never was less known about a Cup challenger by her own people than in the case of Valkyrie III., and, little as is known by those who watched her races with Britannia and Ailsa, yachtsmen on this side know still less. There is every reason to doubt the stories of excessive beam; the true figures are probably about 25ft. 6in., or 3½ beams to length as compared with Vigilant's 3½; this extreme beam being in Valkyrie, as the photos show, considerably diminished at the waterline amidships and rapidly disappearing forward and aft, and not, as in Vigilant, the indication of an abnormally full and round side. What stops Vigilant in a sea is not a few inches too much of extreme beam, but a full bow from the waterline upward, such as has seldom been seen on a fast yacht.

The stories about Valkyrie's lack of stability and bad performance may be quite true, though even this is not certain; and yet there is every reason to believe that these defects have already been partly remedied and will still further disappear, especially if the new steel spars prove lighter than wood; while it must be remembered that this display was made in such weather as has troubled few of the Cup races.

In praising Defender and condemning Valkyrie one very important fact has been overlooked. If any American yachtsman familiar with the Cup races of the last decade were asked off-hand which of the two yachts would be most likely to win over the Cup courses in September, both having the same length, about the same draft, displacement and ballast, and one having 26ft. beam to the other's 23, and 12,000sq. ft. of sail to the other's 11,500, he would give a prompt reply in favor of the wider and more heavily rigged boat.

We can fully indorse the newly made discovery that too much beam is a bad thing, that form counts for something, and that over-canvasing does not always pay. We knew all this long ago if it is against the laws of nature; but at the same time we submit that, on a waterline of 90ft., a beam of even 26ft. is by no means excessive, if skillfully handled, and is far more appropriate for the special work in hand than 23ft. The fact is that while much is known about Defender that must be highly gratifying to her owners and designer, the third Valkyrie is an unknown quantity, in a measure to her designer and owners, to a greater degree to British yachtsmen and entirely so to those on this side. Not until the pumps suck in the east dock of the Erie Basin some time about the end of the month will anything definite be known about her.

In lamenting the passing away of the June regattas, it has been the custom of New York yachtsmen for some years to point to the growing importance of the August cruise and the Newport races as more than offsetting what is generally recognized as a loss. After the very mild and uneventful "Jubilee" cruise of 1894, and the expedition of this year, we are forced unwillingly to the conclusion that the owners of all save the smaller yachts, these being outside the requirements for representation in the New York Y. C., do not want to race in any way, either in June or August. The cruise of this year has been well planned and well managed; business is better than in the last two years, and yet the past two weeks have been sufficiently quiet in the great business centers to allow yachtsmen to absent themselves; there are very many yachts in commission this year; the racing of Defender and Vigilant has awakened a keen interest among yachtsmen; the generous and spirited efforts of the club's officers and some individual members have provided many prizes in addition to the very liberal offerings of the club. Apart from the Vigilant-Defender controversy, which is entirely an outside matter, the annual cruise of 1895 is justly entitled to be set down as a success. The fleet has been large, the weather perfect, free from storm and rain and with at least a working breeze on every race day, with special good luck on the hard run of the cruise to New London; with abundant sociability and good fellowship and no delays or mishaps; but looked at, as it really is, as the major port of a whole racing season, what does it amount to?

The cruise lasted just nine days, going to pieces most suddenly and unexpectedly on the evening of the ninth. It included four squadron runs with races for all who chose to enter; three special races, one practically limited to the largest yachts and two open to all classes; and two lay days, one a Sunday. The four days of special races off Newport for all classes, which were actually a part of the cruise and intended to increase the importance of this annual yachting carnival, were scorned by the yacht owners in a way that must be intensely disappointing to those who have given time and money in the interest of yacht racing. The largest number of starters in any race of the cruise was twenty-six, while thirty-two yachts in all took part in the racing.

The schooners were stronger than usual this year, with the new Amorita, with Lasca returned from abroad, and with Loyal and Nesera racing all the time. The single-stickers were notably weak outside the largest class, which at best only numbered four and oftener two boats; but with such famous craft as Vigilant, Defender, Jubilee and Volunteer one does not look for a very large fleet to make keen racing. The smaller classes, which should be well filled, included a handful of boats covering a wide range of sizes, so that there was hardly any class racing. It is a sorry consolation to think that yacht racing is but little more active abroad than here, and that even Cowes week has failed to galvanize it into more than an appearance of vitality.

One contributary cause of this state of stagnation on both sides is the building of the great syndicate racing craft and the consequent discouragement given to the individual ownership of usable and raceable yachts; such a craft as at least, if in no sense cruisers, may be raced without an attendant steam freighter. The whole question of extreme size, cost and draft, racing construction, big crews and fin-keels, presents many and serious difficulties; but it is at least safe to say that one of the most effectual steps toward a healthier condition in yacht racing would be the removal of the America's Cup competition to a class of single-stickers of not over 70ft. l.w.l., with crews berthed and fed aboard, and under certain wholesome restrictions as to construction, cruising trim in ordinary races, etc. The steam freighter and boarding house, the fish hook anchor and string cable on the bows, the flimsy racing hatches, and the absence of staunch ground tackle and fittings in an emergency such as that in which Vigilant was nearly lost in 1893, have come naturally enough and there is no use now in mourning over them; but it can hardly be denied that the progress from Genesta in 1885, with owner, captain and entire racing crew living comfortably aboard day after day through the whole series of postponed races, down to Vigilant, Defender and Valkyrie III., empty shells like an old-time sandbagger and utterly dependent each on her steam tender, denotes that the *fin de siecle* decadence is not confined exclusively to music, art and the drama.

Whatever the destiny of the America's Cup next month, we should like to see a new challenge tendered and accepted not later than the last of October, and an order placed with every prominent designer, American and British, for a possible challenger or defender as the case may be of not over 60 to 70ft. waterline; the national representatives to be selected by trial races next season off Sandy Hook and about the Isle of Wight. Such a condition of affairs might confidently be counted on to produce a fleet of half a dozen boats on each side, leaving a strong fleet to continue the home racing after the challenger was withdrawn for the ocean voyage. All this may be visionary in the extreme, and may even shock some who believe in the special consecration of the syndicate 90-footer as the only thing good enough for international racing, but we have no fear that it will fail to commend itself to the majority of earnest yachtsmen as something too good to be true.

Removal of Markboats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the recent regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C., sailed on July 27 last, quite an interesting point was raised, a question that I do not recollect ever having come before a committee.

The course sailed over by some of the classes was from the starting line almost southeast to a buoy placed by the committee near Center Island, turning the same and returning to final line, then over other portions of the course. Shortly after starting the wind, which had come in from southwest, had increased until something like a gale was blowing. When the yachts that had to turn the mark in question reached the place where it should be, they discovered that it had been carried away. The regatta committee, however, anchored the tug used as a committee boat, and raised the signals on her, denoting her to be a mark to turn.

Several of the boats turned the tug, among them the cabin cat Mary, belonging to Mr. W. E. Elsworth. Mr. Elsworth, with much pluck, sailed the entire course, finishing in good shape. A protest was lodged against Mary on the ground that she did not turn the mark as laid down in the sailing instructions.

Rule 15 of the Indian Harbor Y. C. reads as follows: "Instructions.—Each yacht entered for a race shall, at the time of entry or as soon after as possible, be supplied with written instructions as to the conditions of the race, the course to be sailed, marks, etc. Nothing shall be considered as a mark in the course unless specially named in such instructions. * * * The regatta committee shall have power to change the course or amend the instructions on or before the day of the race; provided notice of such change is given to each yacht before the preparatory signal is given."

Rule 20 reads as follows: "Removal of stake boat.—Should any stake boat, buoy or other mark be absent or missed from its proper position during the race, the question of the necessity of resailing the race shall be decided by the regatta committee."

In this case, however, the regatta committee made a mark of the committee boat, and several of the contesting yachts, including Mary and the one that lodged the protest, rounded in good faith.

The question remains, was the committee justified in doing as they did and should the protest be sustained or disallowed?

I have examined most of the club books and gone over their racing rules, and all of them from the New York Y. C. down are similar to those of the Indian Harbor Y. C. A short preamble heads the New York Y. C. rules, however, as to the decision of the committee being based on the rules so far as they will apply, and as no rules can be framed capable of meeting every incident and accident of sailing, that all attempts to win races by other means than fair sailing shall be discouraged. I do not find such a preamble in any of the books I consulted, save the racing rules of the New York Yacht Racing Association, which has a long article concerning the "management of races" at the head of their rules.

It strikes me that, in view of the coming races for the Cup, this is rather an important question. In such races it is usual for the committee to give the course to a tug that logs it off, anchors a mark, and then hoists club signal and anchors near the mark. In the event of the mark carrying away before a new one could be placed, and of both Cup contestants, or one of them, rounding the tug, if a protest were lodged against the winner because of the removal of the mark, as in the case referred to, has the regatta committee of the New York Y. C. power to declare the tug a mark?

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.

[The question raised by our correspondent is an important one, and so far as we know there is no record of a decision covering it. We should say, in the case of the Indian Harbor race, that the regatta committee acted within its powers in making a mark of the committee boat; and that if, as stated by our correspondent, the protesting yacht suffered no material loss from the change, there could be no ground for protest. Had it appeared that the chances of any yacht were injured by the change of marks, however unavoidable and necessary such change might have been, there might be a ground on the part of such a yacht for a protest. As we understand the case, the regatta committee acted in good faith in availing itself of the only possible remedy for an accident that could not have been foreseen; this action of the committee being understood by the contesting yachts which rounded the mark. Under the circumstances as stated, it would be unreasonable and unfair to decide the race off on a purely technical objection. It is quite possible for a case to arise in which one boat may be placed at material advantage or disadvantage by such a change of mark; but it is obviously impossible to guard against all contingencies, and such a provision as that quoted above from the Indian Harbor Y. C. rules seems a wise one, the regatta committee being presumably qualified to decide as to the best course. No such provision exists in the New York Y. C. rules.]

The Definite Article.

THE propriety of using the name of a yacht without the definite article prefixed has frequently been questioned in this country, there being no recognized standard of authority. The use of the name alone, without the article, was severely ridiculed here only a few years ago as an English affectation; but, so far from this being the case, the usage of British yachting writers differs, many using the article invariably and others not at all. Only a short time since we read a report of a race by a regular yachting writer in which the article was used in one sentence and omitted in the next, at random.

Under the heading "'The Defender' is Correct," the New York *Herald* attempts to settle the matter forever in a rather dogmatic manner of its own, as follows:

"A plea for the definite article is in order. This little word is one of the most potent and significant in the English language, and should be used and honored accordingly. Common sense, euphony and the laws of grammar demand this.

"It is incorrect to speak of the Cup defender as Defender. She is the Defender. There is more in this small monosyllable than appears on the surface. William the Conqueror, William the Silent, Richard the Lion-Hearted—all such names gain in dignity by this apparently trifling prefix. In like manner, though there are many O'Donoghues, there is only one man who has the right to style himself The O'Donoghue.

"For valid reasons, then, it is desirable that this forcible little word be used with the names of all vessels and with all other names except such as are distinctly outside its domain. While there may or may not be hidden virtue in words, it is certain that our admirable mother tongue is too often rendered cacophonous by an incorrect use of the definite article."

So far as the strict laws of grammar are concerned, the *Herald* is correct, but as to both common sense and euphony we must differ from it. To the landsman who looks upon a yacht as a mere inanimate assemblage of wood, metal, canvas and "ropes," it may seem but right and proper that the strict rules of grammar should be observed, as much in this case as in speaking of a trolley car or a typewriter. To the yachtsman, however, a yacht is a thing of life—swift, sensitive, lovable and almost possessed of intelligence. Such craft as Volunteer, Vigilant or Britannia have an individuality of their own which the true sailorman has quietly and unostentatiously recognized by the long established custom of naming them without the prefix. No one would question the propriety of this nomenclature as applied to a horse or a dog; we claim that it is quite as appropriate and euphonious in the case of a sailing yacht. In speaking of merchant ships and steam vessels the custom of the sea and the rules of grammar are as one; the exception in the case of sailing yachts may certainly be excused as a tribute to their special characteristics.

So far as the *Herald* has made any argument in order to apply it to yachts it would be necessary to speak of "Puritan the Defender," "America the Winner," "Genesta the Challenger," etc. With such a construction as this no one would dispute the introduction of the article, but it would lead to an absurdity this year.

To us a yacht possesses a vitality and individuality that is most fittingly recognized by giving her a distinctive name of her own; and we have no sympathy with those who would destroy or deny this individuality by coupling it to the definite article by using "it" in place of "she" in speaking of her, or by making it necessary to affix a long string of Roman numerals to distinguish her from others of the same name.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE American Y. C. sailed a special regatta on Aug. 10, the weather being hot and sultry, with barely enough wind to carry the yachts once over the following course:

From off Milton Point around white spar buoy off Parsonage Point, 1⅝ miles, leaving same on starboard hand; thence around white spar buoy off Red Springs Point, Hempstead Harbor, 3⅝ miles, leaving same on starboard hand; thence around southwesterly stakeboat off Larchmont flying American Y. C. flag, 3⅝ miles, leaving same on starboard hand; thence across finish line off Milton Point, 1⅝ miles; total distance, 10⅜ nautical miles.

The start was made at 12:10, Minerva being handicapped 4m. and Gossoon 1m. The 15ft. classes included two new boats—Trilby, built for Com. Tyson by Wood & Son, from a design by Chas. Olmstead, a fin-keel boat of wide beam and Ethelwynn, built by the St. Lawrence River S., C. & S. L. Co., for Mr. C. J. Field from a design by W. P. Stephens. The latter boat was under sail for the second time. She is 28ft. over all, 15ft. l.w.l., 6ft. beam and 7in. draft, with a manganese bronze centerboard of 55lbs. The rig is the same as Scarecrow, a leg o' mutton mainsail and one jib. The times were:

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
50FT. CLASS—CUTTERS.				
Minerva	45.63	3 59 25	3 34 25	3 34 25
Gossoon	....	3 52 34	3 25 34	3 26 40
45FT. CLASS.				
Eurybia	40.02	4 11 38	3 36 38	. . .. ..
36FT. CLASS.				
Vorant II.	34.00	4 13 20	3 38 48	3 39 24
Dragoon	34.00	4 02 46	3 27 46	3 28 37
Adele	34.00	4 26 36	3 51 18	3 50 54
Coya	....	4 47 15	4 12 15	4 12 15
30FT. CLASS.				
Gavilan	29.97	4 45 32	4 11 09	4 11 38
Barbara	....	Did not finish.		
25FT. CLASS.				
Needle	25.00	4 31 22	3 57 22	. . .. ..
36FT. CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.				
Maud	30.95	4 25 43	3 51 08	. . .. ..
25FT. CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.				
Iola	21.00	5 22 38	4 51 16	. . .. ..
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.				
Fannie	30.00	Did not finish.		
Mary	28.76	4 18 18	3 43 18	3 43 18
Molly Bawn	28.00	4 24 01	3 49 01	3 48 07
Weasel	26.3	4 23 22	3 48 22	3 45 28
Oconee	26.00	4 58 37	4 23 37	4 19 04
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Caper	23.97	4 58 20	4 24 51	4 24 47
Kittie	23.01	4 36 18	4 01 18	3 59 46
Alice	20.00	5 37 15	5 02 15	4 54 53
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Angora	21.16	5 44 04	5 12 01	. . .. ..
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.				
Terrapin	19.98	5 00 11	4 25 11	4 24 32
Ione	19.97	4 36 32	4 01 32	4 01 32
Willie	19.95	4 58 15	4 23 15	4 23 12
Zelica	19.90	4 25 03	3 50 03	3 48 05
Chas. T. Wills	19.6	4 43 01	4 08 01	4 02 19
Presto	....	4 42 08	4 01 03	3 53 43
15FT. CLASS.				
Question	15.00	Did not finish.		
Ethelwynn	15.00	5 01 46	4 26 46	. . .. ..
Trilby	....	5 15 11	4 40 15	. . .. ..
21FT. SPECIAL CLASS.				
Houri	21.00	4 54 58	4 14 56	. . .. ..
Vaquero	21.00	4 44 15	4 04 15	. . .. ..
Shrimp	21.00	Did not finish.		

The winners were: Gossoon, Dragoon, Mary, Kittie, Presto, Ethelwynn and Vaquero.

Great South Bay Y. C.

PATCHOGUE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE seventh annual regatta of the South Bay Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 10, resulting in a very good race. The most interesting of the entries was a new boat very similar to the noted English 1-rater Sorceress, built for Mr. John L. Suydam by the St. Lawrence River S., C. & S. L. Co., at Clayton, N. Y., from the designs of Mr. Linton Hope. She is about 29ft. l.w.l., 8ft. beam and 1ft. draft, cat-rigged, with a battened leg o' mutton sail. She has a centerboard trunk in which either of two boards may be used at will, one of ¼in. steel weighing about 125lbs., and one of a similar steel plate with lead plates bolted to the sides to make a weight of 800lbs. In this race she carried a cruising mainsail. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS—CLASS A.				
Bonnie Doon	12 06 20	2 39 07	. .. ..	. .. ..
Class B not filled.				
CLASS C.				
Howaboutit	12 06 21	2 07 46	2 01 25	1 58 57
Marion	12 07 25	2 05 17	1 57 52	1 54 51
Jean	12 06 05	1 49 30	1 36 15	1 36 15
CATBOATS—CLASS 1.				
Squaw	12 06 38	2 10 57	2 04 19	2 04 19
CLASS 2.				
Parker	12 12 27	2 30 46	2 18 19	2 15 11
Unit	12 12 23	2 30 54	2 18 31	2 12 39
H. W. Beecher	12 13 15	2 31 32	2 17 07	2 13 36
Dolphin	12 11 43	2 21 54	2 10 11	2 10 11
A Good Thing	12 13 58	Did not finish.		
Sybil	12 15 35	2 31 14	2 15 40	. .. ..
Jupiter	12 15 43	2 30 30	2 15 47	. .. ..
Beulah	12 13 40	2 24 46	2 11 06	2 06 05
CLASS 3.				
Shore Acres	12 13 20	1 43 11	1 29 51	1 16 31
Beatrix	12 15 30	1 56 40	1 41 10	1 40 10
Zephyr	12 15 00	1 53 37	1 38 37	1 35 13
Little John	12 13 13	1 50 05	1 36 53	1 36 52
Lisa	12 13 40	1 47 35	1 34 55	1 33 46
CLASS 4.				
Eunice	12 13 53	2 02 03	1 49 01	1 43 21
Cecilia	12 16 00	1 52 35	1 36 35	1 34 54
Grace	12 16 00	2 03 53	1 47 53	1 44 44
Outing	12 16 00	1 56 16	1 40 16	1 39 08
Sharks	12 12 28	1 45 40	1 33 12	1 35 12
Nimrod	12 13 55	1 53 20	1 39 25	. .. ..

West Hampton Country Club.

WEST HAMPTON, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE annual regatta of the West Hampton Country Club was sailed on Aug. 10 in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.				
Madcap	3 05 00	5 42 04	2 33 04	2 37 04
Sybil	3 05 00	5 40 31	2 35 31	2 35 31
Blue Wing	3 05 00	5 37 00	2 32 00	2 31 38
Girl	3 08 00	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Thetis	3 08 00	5 07 40	1 59 40	1 59 40
SECOND CLASS.				
Jessie	3 08 00	5 07 40	1 59 40	1 59 40
Surprise	3 08 00	5 02 41	1 54 41	1 59 21
Meg	3 08 00	5 07 50	1 59 50	1 59 17
Julia	3 08 00	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
THIRD CLASS.				
Hironda	3 11 00	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Olive	3 11 00	5 14 59	2 03 59	2 03 38
Enigma	3 11 00	5 04 52	1 53 52	1 53 17
Sunbeam	3 11 00	5 08 56	1 57 46	1 57 46
Flint	3 11 00	5 35 07	2 24 07	2 19 09
Gem	3 11 00	5 37 35	2 26 35	2 21 37

Julia broke her mast at the start and Hironda lost her mast. At the finish of the race the dock, which was crowded with spectators, gave way and threw a number of people into the shallow water, all being rescued with but trifling injuries.

The American Model Y. C. Trophy.

OWING to the non-compliance of the Marine Park M. Y. C. to forward a proper voucher, as required by the challenged club, and a reasonable time having been allowed for the receipt of the same, the race has been declared off. Great regret is felt by local model yachtsmen at this state of things, but they hope for better results next season.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE, 1895.

Fourth Squadron Run.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEWPORT.

Monday, Aug. 5.

THE first break in the continued spell of good weather which had favored the New York Y. C. fleet was on Monday morning, and even then it was nothing more serious than fog, which delayed the start for the fourth and last squadron run, from Vineyard Haven to Newport. The racing division has been of but moderate size this year, and by Monday morning it was still smaller; Lasca, Iroquois, Mayflower, Alcea and others having sailed to the eastward, while more had gone to New Bedford or Newport. The non-racers, encouraged by a bright sun and a moderate S.W. breeze, made an early start for Newport, and it was proposed to start the racing boats at 8 A.M., but before that hour the fog which had been over the Sound during the night shut in thick, and the signals for a postponement were on the Sylvia.

About 10:30, however, the sun shone again and the fog gradually rolled back from over Vineyard Sound before a 10-knot breeze from S.W. The preparatory signal was given at 11:35, the flagship being anchored off West Chop Light. Volunteer had left the fleet, but the other three were ready with clubtopsails aloft, but Jubilee lowered hers and set a jibheader, her topmast having proved very weak in the doublings before the Goelet cup race, and having been stiffened by battens. With a prospect of a freshening breeze and a beat to windward she did not care to press the spar too hard.

For once Queen Mab was late at the line, Wasp, Katrina, Uvira, Norota, Hildegarde, Gossoon and Queen Mab being the order; the first just 34s. after the gun. The schooners started at 11:50 in this order: Ariel, Marguerite, Constellation, Loyal, Merlin, Ramona, Emerald, Neaera, Elsemarie and Amorita; a good start and none handicapped

The three big cutters were started at 11:55, going over quickly; the lack of deep water at the buoy leaving Vigilant the weather berth, Defender having to start in deeper water to leeward of her and Jubilee All were on the port tack, and trimmed hard down for a beat to the Vineyard Sound Lightship.

Defender was soon clear of Jubilee, and then began a sharp skirmish for first place with Vigilant. The two made a number of short tacks, Vigilant still weather bowing the other, but finally they, after working the Vineyard side of the Sound, stood out for the north side on port tack, heading for Naushon. Defender settled down to reach through Vigilant's lee. The sight was a fine one as the keel boat steadily footed ahead of the centerboard craft until well clear, and then luffed out and crossed her bow. Such a sight is no rarity in the smaller classes, but it is a refreshing novelty in the largest class; something that, so far as we can recollect, has never before been seen.

While Defender was thus beating Vigilant, the latter was serving Jubilee after the same fashion, the three being now well strung out in line.

The smaller yachts, led by Wasp, held the south side of the Sound, Queen Mab taking the lead before Quick's Hole was reached. Emerald easily led the schooners, sailing well all day. Defender and Vigilant kept it up, tack for tack, the former drawing steadily away; she cleared the Vineyard Sound Lightship by a few yards and then stood to fetch Brenton's Reef Lightship, 17 miles away, on the same leg. There was a steady breeze of about 10 knots and now a long roll to the sea, the sky being clear and the day perfect, even for midsummer. With each mile she increased her lead until she had made up a full 9m. at the end of the 37 miles; the full times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.				
Constellation	11 51 25	4 54 50	5 03 25	5 08 25
Ramona	11 52 14	5 25 05	5 32 51	5 32 09
95FT. CLASS.				
Emerald	11 53 11	4 48 17	4 55 06	4 52 42
Merlin	11 52 12	5 10 29	5 18 17	5 18 17
85FT. CLASS.				
Ariel	11 50 41	4 55 25	5 07 44	5 07 44
Marguerite	11 50 51	5 19 15	5 28 24	5 28 24
75FT. CLASS.				
Amorita	11 54 14	5 10 06	5 15 52	5 15 52
Elsemarie	11 54 09	5 21 05	5 26 56	5 26 56
65FT. CLASS.				
Loyal	11 51 50	5 53 11	5 46 21	5 46 21
Neaera	11 53 19	5 51 54	5 58 35	5 52 40
CUTTERS—FIRST CLASS.				
Defender	11 55 40	4 04 40	4 09 00	. . ..
Vigilant	11 55 34	4 13 43	4 18 09	. . ..
Jubilee	11 55 32	4 24 30	4 28 58	. . ..
70FT. CLASS				
Queen Mab	11 48 56	4 55 07	5 06 11	5 06 56
Hildegarde	11 46 57	5 32 23	5 45 26	5 45 26
50FT. CLASS SLOOPS.				
Uvira	11 46 26	5 35 21	5 43 55	5 47 44
Norota	11 46 56	5 53 10	6 06 14	5 54 42
Gossoon	11 47 38	5 54 14	6 06 36	6 06 36
MIXED CLASS.				
Wasp	11 45 34	5 09 38	5 24 04	5 01 38
Katrina	11 45 45	5 04 15	5 18 30	5 18 30

On arriving at Newport Mr. H. F. Lippitt, one of the owners of Wasp, learned of the death of his youngest child, so the yacht was at once withdrawn from the other races.

Drexel Cup Races.

NEWPORT.

Tuesday, Aug. 6.

THE regular cruise races were this year materially supplemented by the prizes generously given by Mr. J. R. Drexel, of Philadelphia, owner of the steam yacht Sultana, under the following conditions:

Prizes: $300 cup for Class 1 schooners, $300 cup for Class 2 schooners, $300 cup for Classes 3 and 4 schooners, $300 cup for Class 5 schooners, $300 cup for Class 1 of single-masted vessels and yawls, $300 cup for Class 2 of single-masted vessels and yawls, $300 cup for Classes 3, 4 and 5 of single-masted vessels and yawls, $300 cup for Class 6 of single-masted vessels and yawls.

The race is open to yachts belonging to the club in cruising trim, and which have not been hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise.

The start will be off Brenton's Reef Lightship. Preparatory signal at 10:50 A. M.

The course will be twice around a triangle, 7 miles to a leg, formed by Brenton's Reef Lightship, Point Judith whistling buoy and an offshore mark.

Sailing Directions.—In cruising trim, with the exception of first class sloops, which will be in racing trim.

The start will be off Brenton's Reef Lightship. Preparatory signal, 10:50 A. M.

Written entries will be received on board the Sylvia up to 8 o'clock on the morning of the race.

Starting signals will be:

No. 1.—Preparatory.—A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted.

No. 2.—Start for single-masted vessels and yawls.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a red ball hoisted.

No. 3.—Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.)—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted.

No. 4.—Handicap time for schooners.—Five minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and both balls dropped.

No. 5.—Start for first class sloops.—Five minutes later a fifth gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted.

No. 6.—Handicap time for first class sloops.—Two minutes later a sixth gun will be fired and the ball dropped.

COURSES.

No. 1, letter C.—Start over a line between the Sylvia and Brenton's Reef L. S., 7 miles S. W., ½ W. around whistling buoy off Point Judith (leaving it to port); 7 miles E. by S., ¾ S., around a white spar, with red stripe (leaving it to port); 7 miles N., ¾ W., to Brenton's Reef L. S. (leaving it to port), and sail over the same course a second time, finishing over a line between the Sylvia and Brenton's Reef L. S., at right angles to the home course; 42 miles.

No. 2, Letter D.—Same course as No. 1, but sailed in the opposite direction, all turning points to be left to starboard; 42 miles.

Schooners.—Classes I. to IV., inclusive, twice around; Class V., once around.

Cutters.—Class I. and II., twice around; all other classes, once around.

Stopping signals.—Should the committee decide to stop a race on the first round, the signal will be as follows:

For schooners.—One red ball will be displayed.

For first class cutters.—One red ball will be displayed.

For the other classes of cutters.—Two red balls will be displayed.

The course and prizes merited a far larger list of starters than appeared at the line—six schooners and seven cutters. The morning was clear, with a light haze that disappeared about 8 o'clock, the sun shining brightly, while a light S.W. wind ruffled the smooth waters off the mouth of Narragansett Bay. The wind blew almost from the Point Judith Buoy to the Brenton's Reef Lightship, and the letter C signaled the first course, the triangle to be sailed against the sun. The fleet, such as it was, came out about 10:30, the smaller yachts showing jibheaders. Baby jibtopsails were aloft in stops, and the racing craft threaded their ways through a large fleet of attendant vessels, from catboats to the big steam yachts, which crowded about the line between the Sylvia, anchored to the southeast, and the Lightship. The preparatory gun was fired at 11 o'clock, the wind blowing about 10 knots, and the starting gun for the smaller single-stickers 10m. later, Queen Mab not starting until 11:11:57, when she led the procession—Gossoon, Hildegarde, Uvira and Norota, all in Indian file on port tack by the flagship.

The schooners got the gun at 11:15, Amorita, crossing on starboard tack, being but 47s. after it; then came Marguerite, Elsemarie and Emerald, the first two following Amorita, while the third went over by the flagship in the wake of the cutters, the fleet being thus mixed at the very start. Loyal and Neaera were handicapped.

The two big boats began their work some time before the start, and when the handicap gun for the schooners was fired at 11:20 they were together, just N.W. of the lightship, on port tack, and thus heading to the westward. Defender swung about rather slowly to starboard tack when there were still three minutes to go, Vigilant at once tacking also, thus putting her to leeward, but ahead of Defender as they came for the line. There were a number of small craft in the way, notably the small steam yacht Columbia, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, and the Canadian steam yacht Gladys. Vigilant held her luff as she headed for the line, and was pointing very high as Defender ran along to windward of her. Each was eager for the coveted weather berth, and on Vigilant at least the occurrence in their first meeting at the line on July 22 was still remembered. Just what followed in the second minute before gun-fire is now a matter of keen controversy, and will probably remain so. Vigilant held her course until near the lightship, with Defender close on her weather, and then bore away, Defender running ahead and cutting the line at 11:25:55 with a lead of 51s The sequel to this incident is given in the letters of Mr. Willard and the regatta committee elsewhere, but the claims of both parties should be stated here. Vigilant claims that she had the right of way, Defender being an overtaking yacht, and that the latter bore away, compelling her to do the same in order to avoid a collision. Defender admits Vigilant's position and the bearing away on her, but claims that Vigilant was the first to alter her wheel and give way, and that in doing so she forfeited all her right of position and was compelled to give way to Defender. Those on the latter boat stoutly assert that the course was not altered until after Vigilant had altered hers. In endeavoring to get out of Defender's course the small steam yacht Gladys collided with the lightship, losing her mainmast and sustaining other damages.

The result was that Vigilant lost the first place and some time as well, going over the line to leeward and nearly a minute astern of Defender. As they crossed Vigilant took a luff out and both stood along on starboard tack, Vigilant carrying a baby jibtopsail, but pointing well, while Defender's stay was bare of canvas for the first ten minutes when the baby was broken out. Both went on port tack at 11:29 and stood along, the newer boat steadily gaining. Defender tacked inshore at 11:51, Vigilant following 2m. 30s. later.

The smaller boats were already in the Narragansett shore and Emerald was headed in, the leader of the schooners. As Vigilant came up with Loyal to windward she steamed by at a great speed, but it must have seemed a week to the smaller vessel while she was blanketed by the big single-sticker.

At noon, Queen Mab was leading the fleet a third of the way down the Point Judith shore, having worked short tacks well in under the land. Defender, after having also made several short tacks, was approaching Queen Mab. Emerald was third boat, to leeward of Defender. Uvira was close inshore, in fourth place, Gossoon being astern of her, Marguerite to leeward of Gossoon, and Norota just astern. Hildegarde and Amorita were a little offshore, under the lee quarter of Defender, and while the latter had passed all but Queen Mab, Vigilant was just to leeward of the pack, from two to three minutes astern of Defender.

A few minutes after noon Defender crossed Queen Mab's bows and took the first place, the whole fleet making many short tacks under the shore. Point Judith was passed at about 12:25 and ten minutes later the last tack was made, the mark being under the port bow. Defender stood by the buoy, if anything throwing away a little to windward, but coming down fast and breaking out her balloon jibtopsail very smartly as she passed. With the wind still light S. W. and a smooth sea, she headed for the second mark. The times at the first mark were:

Defender	12 37 11	Amorita	1 04 58
Vigilant	12 43 20	Norota	1 05 15
Queen Mab	12 52 00	Gossoon	1 06 08
Emerald	12 57 45	Elsemarie	Not timed.
Uvira	12 59 26	Loyal	Not timed.
Marguerite	1 04 00	Neaera	Not timed.
Hildegarde	1 04 40		

Vigilant set her No. 1 jibtopsail and lowered staysail, the others setting the same jibtopsail.

On the beat of full seven miles Defender had gained 5m. 44s. on Vigilant, the elapsed times being 1h. 17m. and 1h. 11m. 16s. The conditions were very even and neither boat suffered from the other racers or from the attendant fleet. The wind was nearly abeam on the second leg, and after trying her largest jibtopsail for some dozen minutes Defender changed it for a No. 2; Vigilant, however, carried her No. 1 to the turn. The only times taken at the second mark were:

	Elapsed.	Gain.
Defender	1 16 14	0 39 03
Vigilant	1 23 45	0 40 29

The seven miles, with a 10 knot breeze abeam and the sea smooth, were covered at a speed of about 10 knots. Emerald still led the schooners, and Neaera and Gossoon gave up, the latter being disabled. The third leg brought the wind well aft, but Defender set her smaller balloon jibtopsail when 6m. clear of the mark. Vigilant set balloon jibtopsail and at 1:46 broke out her spinnaker to port, carrying it all the way in. While the leaders were on the last leg, though the sky was clear and the sun shining a dense fog approached from the sea, coming in so swiftly that everything was soon hidden at a short distance from the Lightship. Defender jibed over and started on the second round, but within 3m. the recall signal summoned her in and the race was finished with the first round, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS.				
Emerald	11 17 56	2 58 39	3 20 43	3 20 43
Marguerite	11 17 16	2 59 30	3 35 04	3 32 43
75FT. CLASS.				
Amorita	11 15 47	2 49 55	3 34 08	3 34 08
Elsemarie	11 17 55	2 55 08	3 37 13	3 37 10
65FT. CLASS				
Loyal	11 20 00	3 13 14	3 53 14	. . ..
Neaera	11 20 00	Withdrew.		
CUTTERS—FIRST CLASS.				
Defender	11 25 55	2 10 13	2 44 18	. . ..
Vigilant	11 26 46	2 17 14	2 50 28	. . ..
THIRD CLASS.				
Hildegarde	11 12 39	2 59 58	3 47 19	3 47 19
Queen Mab	11 11 57	2 43 55	3 31 58	3 30 41
SIXTH CLASS.				
Gossoon	11 12 05	. . ..	. . ..	. . ..
Uvira	11 13 27	3 03 21	3 49 54	3 49 11
Norota	11 13 46	3 17 54	4 04 08	3 57 35

Defender beats Vigilant 6m. 01s., the latter having held her off the wind. The fleet scurried into the harbor, and barely in time, as the fog shut in thick and fast. After sunset, however, the sky cleared and left a fine night for the illumination. The formal disbanding of the squadron took place at a meeting on the flagship at 6:30, resolutions of thanks to Com. Brown and the regatta committee being passed. The record for Fleet Captain Robinson's prize for the schooner winning the most runs stands: Constellation, four firsts; Amorita, four firsts; Emerald, two firsts and two seconds; Ariel, three firsts; Loyal, three firsts; Iroquois, two firsts, one second; Mayflower, Lasca and Neaera, one first each.

Sec'y Oddie's prize for the single-sticke rs resulted: Queen Mab, four; Wasp, three; Uvira, two; Gossoon and Katrina, one each.

The mishaps of the cruise were very few. Ciara lost her topmast and bowsprit on the first run and did not rejoin the fleet; Gossoon was run into while at anchor in Newport Harbor on the day of the Goelet cup race by a Government tug, the latter's stem striking the yacht squarely abeam of the starboard runner-plate and badly damaging the side and deck. Repairs were made the next day, and the yacht continued to race Norota had her topmast pulled out by the fin-keel Palmyra on Wednesday while she was at anchor. Bentley Barber, one of Defender's quartermasters, was taken ashore at Newport suffering from appendicitis and was operated on at the hospital, the operation being successful.

Tuesday evening was devoted to the illumination and water parade, the first of the kind since 1886, and by far the most elaborate affair ever attempted, the general use of electric lights making it easily possible to outdo similar attempts in previous years. Not only were the yachts of the big fleet completely illuminated, but the whole town was decorated with flags, streamers and electric lights, long lines of parti-colored lights being strung along the water front, while the buildings, steeples and the cottages on the hills about Brenton's Cove were brilliantly lighted. The water parade was composed of gaily decorated boats and launches, the more notable being a navy cutter covered with painted canvas trailing far astern, the whole making a sea serpent similar to the one lately sighted by the schooner-yacht Agnes in Long Island Sound, Father Neptune with his trident straddling the back of the monster. Another navy cutter, both being rigged up by the Newport Naval Reserves, carried two legs of mutton sails and a jib made of a wire framework over the spars, on which many small lights were hung, making a very striking sight. The gig of the steam-yacht Forget Me Not was also very beautifully decorated with fairy lamps of different colors. A band afloat, and others at Fort Adams and the torpedo station, played all the evening, while fireworks and numerous searchlights added to the general enjoyment. One of the most beautiful sights of the evening was the American flag on Goat Island, floating in a wreath of low lying fog and brought into view by the concentration of several searchlights on it.

The Newport Cups.

Through the public spirit of several leading yachtsmen, citizens of Newport and members of the New York Y. C., the leaders being Messrs. Goelet and Sands, arrangements were made last spring for a series of four days' racing immediately after the New York Y. C. cruise, the club regatta committee consenting to assume the immediate charge of the racing. The following programme was prepared by Messrs. Sands, Kortright and others of the citizens' committee. The yachts will be divided as follows:

First class, schooners in cruising trim; second class, sloops, cutters and yawls in racing trim; third class, schooners in racing trim; fourth class, sloops, cutters and yawls in racing trim.

Any class may sail in cruising trim by unanimous consent.

The classification and prizes will be as follows:

First class, over 80ft. racing length, first prize $300, second $125; second class, over 70 and under 80ft., first prize $250, second $100; third class, over 60 and under 70ft., first prize $200, second $80.

Sloops, etc.—First class, over 80ft. racing length, first prize $400, second $160; second class, over 60 and under 80ft., first prize $300, second $80; third class, over 50 and under 60ft., first prize $150, second $60; fourth class, over 43 and under 50ft., first prize $100, second $40; fifth class, under 43ft., first prize $50, second $20.

No second prize will be given in any class unless four or more start. Sloops, etc., in class 5 must be up to the requirements for representation in the New York Y. C.

The course will be an equilateral triangle by Brenton's Reef Lightship, Point Judith whistling buoy and an offshore mark. All classes of schooners and classes 1 and 2 of sloops, cutters and yawls sail twice over the course, except by order of the committee; classes 3, 4 and 5 of sloops, etc., once over.

The same course will be used for each day's racing, except that the committee will start yachts so as to make one leg as much as possible to windward. The start will be from Brenton's Reef Lightship. The races are open to yachts of any regularly organized club.

The first day, Wednesday, Aug. 7, was set for the schooners, while the single-stickers were to race on Thursday and again on Saturday; Wednesday morning, however, brought a double wet blanket to the festivities. The day broke clear and bright with the sun shining at 6 o'clock, the wind being east; soon, however, a dense fog came driving in over the harbor, blighting all hopes of a race as the wind then was. Shortly after colors there came a violent thunderstorm and a hard blow, lasting until 11 o'clock, by which time the sun came out, the wind shifting to S.W.

The morning papers carried through the fleet the letter of Mr. Willard to the regatta committee withdrawing Vigilant from the remaining races, throwing a general damper over the whole affair, and as it proved that very few schooners were entered for the first day no attempt was made to start after the weather improved. The Vigilant protest and letter kept yachtsmen busy all day, the whole fleet being divided into two parties, each with the most positive opinion, *pro or con*. Vigilant was surrounded by a fleet of catboats and launches, the regatta and Cup committees endeavoring to adjust the disagreement so that the racing might be continued. The result, however, was that late in the afternoon Vigilant set her mainsail with the racing numbers out off, hoisted the ensign at her peak and broke out her headsails, starting for Mr. Willard's summer home at Bristol.

Queen Mab started out about 5 o'clock with topmast housed and a single reef in, but came back after an hour, the wind now blowing strong and the sea being bad outside. The new Herreshoff fin-keel 15-footer Osprey, owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, was out under a reefed mainsail and small jib with a crew of three, sailing beautifully, while the new Sibbick one-rater May, owned by Ogden Goelet, was also under way. Among the boats in the harbor were the fin keel Memory, the Dyer boat Salmon, a queer flat craft with a most unusual rig, the Chapoquoit and the new Hanan 34-footer Acushla, with her owners and her builder, Hanley, on board, bound from Buzzard's Bay to Larchmont.

During the evening the yachtsmen were on the *qui vive*, as it was known that the regatta committee was busy considering the letter and protest from Vigilant, and at a late hour the decision was announced in two letters which are given elsewhere.

Newport Cups.

Thursday, Aug. 8.

Good weather came again on Thursday, a bright sun and a moderate S.W. wind, though there was still a heavy roll to the sea outside; it was too late, however, to save the projected sailing week. A muster of the rapidly diminishing fleet showed only Jubilee, Defender, Emerald, Marguerite, Norota and Acushla as possible starters. The race was called and the regatta committee went out on the tug Winslow to Brenton's Reef. The start was given at 11:30. Emerald going over within 30s., while Marguerite followed at her leisure. The two single-stickers were started at 11:40, Jubilee leading over the line at 11:40:31, with Defender 18s. astern. The course was the same 21-mile triangle as on Tuesday, and sailed in the same direction, the first leg to windward with a light S W. wind and rolling sea. Acushla had started alone, but soon gave up. The four stood out as in Tuesday's race, Emerald in the lead for the first half hour, when Defender, having passed Jubilee very early in the race, passed Emerald and took first place. The times at the first mark were:

	Elapsed.	Gain.
Defender	12 39 40	0 58 51 0 07 54
Jubilee	12 47 16	1 06 45
Emerald	12 51 47	1 21 17 0 04 10
Marguerite	12 57 49	1 27 37

Starting off with the wind on the starboard beam, Defender ran for a time with baby jibtopsail set, and then shifted to a No. 2. The second mark as timed:

	Elapsed.	Gain.
Defender	1 17 30	0 37 50 0 01 24
Jubilee	1 26 30	0 39 14
Emerald	1 31 25	0 39 38 0 01 42
Marguerite	1 39 00	0 41 20

After a jibe the last leg was quickly run, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Defender	1 57 04	0 39 24	0 00 11
Jubilee	2 06 05	0 39 35	
Emerald	2 13 11	0 41 46	0 04 59
Marguerite	2 25 45	0 46 45	

The official times for the whole race are:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.				
Emerald	11 30 30	2 13 11	2 42 41	2 42 41
Marguerite	11 32 13	2 25 45	2 53 32	2 51 11
CUTTERS				
Defender	11 40 49	1 57 04	2 16 15	. . ..
Jubilee	11 40 31	2 06 05	2 25 34	. . ..

Emerald wins the schooner prize of $300 by 8m. 30s., and Defender the cutter prize of $400 by 9m. 19s.

An effort was made to arrange a match on Saturday between Defender and Jubilee, but in entering Newport Harbor on Friday Defender struck bottom off the Goat Island buoy, and hung until high water, when she came off uninjured, but the race was given up. Both Defender and Vigilant returned to New York on Aug. 12, and will dock this week.

Valkyrie III.

HAVING sailed from Glasgow on July 27, Valkyrie III. may be expected at any time now, though the incoming steamers report strong westerly winds Her racing spars and sails arrived on the Furnessia on Aug 11. Lord Dunraven sails on the Teutonic on Aug. 21, and Messrs. Watson and Ratsey will shortly sail for New York.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Zeruah, cutter, whose lines recently appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM, sailed a special match off Boothbay on Aug. 6 with Swirl, a local boat, winning the race.

Yampa, schooner, Mr. R. S. Palmer, has been repaired and fitted out and sailed on Aug. 7 in the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta at Cowes, coming in 14m. ahead of Amphitrite and 22m. ahead of Cetonia; she was, however, disqualified for carrying extra hands in a race for yachts in cruising trim as prescribed in Rule 33.

On Aug. 17 the Huguenot Y. C. will hold its first annual regatta. The feature of the race will be a contest for mosquito craft, and the committee would like to hear from the owners of the half-raters, St. Lawrence skiffs, ducking boats and sailing dinghies. The larger classes will also be provided for. A special class will be formed for be 31s and 21s cabin cats and sloops, and open cats. Schooners in cruising trim which do not measure over 50ft. in the water line will form an odd, but none the less interesting class. The race starts at 11 A. M., and will be over a four-sided course, with a one-gun start. The Huguenots have solved the one-gun start problem by dividing the fleet at 25ft. r. l. All over 25ft. r. l. go over on the first gun, and all under that measurement on the second gun. There will also be a race for the Douglaston dinghy class. Each group of starters covers a separate course, so there is no confusion whatever. Entries may be sent to Mr. A. Embury, Pelham Road, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Vigilant—Defender.

The preliminary contests of the international races of 1895 have resulted in a most unforeseen and unfortunate occurrence, one that is likely not only to be long remembered by yachtsmen, but to lead to bitter feeling and possibly further trouble between men of national prominence in yachting. It is safe to say that, with the single exception of the illegal and arbitrary tampering with the terms of the deed of gift of the America's Cup in 1887, the present dispute is the most deplorable and serious occurrence in the history of American yachting. The domestic side of it is serious enough; but added to this is the effect on foreign yachtsmen at a time when all eyes are centered on the great American yachts. All through the last season while Vigilant was abroad the American press devoted itself to attacks upon the methods of yacht racing in vogue in Great Britain; charges of foul sailing on the part of Britannia and other yachts, of treachery on the part of Vigilant's pilot, and of unsportsmanlike conduct by the Prince of Wales and other yachtsmen were generally made, being supplemented by pointed comparisons with the methods and usages of American yachtsmen. Right in the face of this there comes the point blank accusation, from one of the leading American yachtsmen against another of even greater prominence, of deliberate foul sailing. Whether the charge be true or false, a great harm has been done—a harm that cannot soon be repaired.

The incident of the first race between Vigilant and Defender, on July 20, is still fresh in mind; how the two yachts met at the line, Vigilant standing along the line on the starboard tack and ready to start while Defender came down free across Vigilant's bows. The result was a red flag and a subsequent protest, in writing to the regatta committee on the part of Mr. E. A. Willard, who has entire charge of Vigilant during the absence of Com Gould in Europe; the ground of the protest being that Defender violated Rule 16, Sec. 2, "A yacht free shall keep clear of one close hauled."

In all such cases it is most important that a hearing shall take place at once and a speedy decision be made, but in this case, as is usual, there was a delay in getting at both sides and it was postponed until the cruise began. On one occasion, the first day at Newport, Mr. Willard was unavoidably absent, and the proposed hearing was deferred until the fleet reached the Vineyard, and there Mr. Willard requested that the matter be left until the return to Newport. Meanwhile the race for the Drexel cups came off on Aug. 6, and the two yachts came together at the western end of the starting line, this time both on the wind, but under generally similar conditions. Again Vigilant claimed that she was unjustly compelled to give way; but this time she set no protest flag, continuing the race as though nothing had happened. The same evening, after returning to harbor, the following letter was written and sent by Mr. Willard:

"YACHT VIGILANT, Newport Harbor, Aug. 6.—*Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold, Irving Grinnell, Regatta Committee New York Y. C:* Dear Sirs—I hereby withdraw Vigilant's entries for the races on Thursday and Saturday. In doing so I desire to add a few words of explanation. As you are aware, Mr. Gould, and I as his representative, fitted out and prepared Vigilant for racing for no purpose in the world except to assist in developing the fastest American yacht, and thus aiding in the defense of the America's Cup. To this end Mr Gould has cheerfully gone to great expense and I have taken much pains and spent much time.

"I cannot, however, consent to continue racing Vigilant unless the contests are to be conducted according to the rules of yachting. I have now twice given way to Defender at the start of the race, when Vigilant clearly had the right of way, because I was unwilling to risk a collision which might leave America without a Cup defender. However willing I may have been to waive my rights in the past, I am not willing to go on waiving them indefinitely, and, even if I were, it is quite possible that a situation might be created in which a collision would be inevitable.

"Mr Gould's sole desire, as well as mine, is that the Cup may be defended by the fastest American sloop, which might not be the case if Vigilant and Defender collided. As you know, I have already protested Defender's action at the start on July 22. In to-day's race Defender again violated the rules and froze Vigilant out of a position to which she was entitled. In both cases there would have been a collision if Vigilant had not given way.

"In each the responsibility of avoiding an accident was cast upon me. It would not be fair either to the yacht or her owner to continue racing under those conditions. Very respectfully yours,

"E. A. WILLARD."

After Mr. Willard had been seen on the following day, a lengthy meeting of the regatta committee was held in the evening, the result being the following letters:

FLAGSHIP SYLVIA, Newport Harbor, Aug. 7.—*E. A. Willard, Esq.:* Dear Sir—Referring to your protest of July 22, asking that Defender be disqualified for alleged violation of Section 2, Rule 16, of the racing rules, and referring to your subsequent request at the Vineyard for a postponement of a decision until the squadron returned to Newport, we beg to say that, after mature consideration, the committee has reached the conclusion that they cannot sustain the protest. Yours respectfully,

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
IRVING GRINNELL.

FLAGSHIP SYLVIA, Newport Harbor, Aug. 7.—*E. A. Willard, Esq.:* Dear Sir—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, wherein you notify us of Vigilant's withdrawal from Thursday and Saturday races of this week and that you cannot continue racing unless the contests are to be conducted according to the rules of yachting. Our committee regrets your decision to retire from the racing. We also regret your published statement that racing rules are not being properly enforced. For this statement we consider there is no warrant. Yours respectfully,

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
IRVING GRINNELL.

As we are ignorant of the evidence offered by Mr. Willard in support of his protest and that of the other side in opposition, the committee giving no reasons for its decision, it is impossible to discuss the merits of the first letter.

In our opinion Mr. Willard's letter is in no way intended as a reflection upon the regatta committee, but at the same time it is capable of the interpretation that the violations of the rules of yachting which he complains of were so flagrant that the committee must have noticed them, and should have taken action under Rule 17, Section 3. Without discussing this point, we may say in passing that the committee was in a poor position to see either alleged foul, being on the flagship at the other end of the line (the yachts in each case being close to the lightship), and not in a position to judge of the exact distance. It is plain from the second letter of the committee that it has interpreted Mr. Willard's letter in this way, and promptly resented what it considers an implication of unfairness on its part.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Willard made a public statement of his side of the case to the representatives of the New York and Boston papers as follows:

"Mr. Willard was asked why he had not protested against Defender yesterday. In reply, Mr. Willard turned to Rule 19 of the New York Y. C., which reads as follows: A yacht which shall be disqualified twice in one season shall be debarred from sailing in club races for the remainder of the season. Mr. Willard explained that he felt confident that if he had protested, his protest must be allowed, and that he felt equally confident as to the result of the protest of July 22. He said: 'If Defender should be disqualified in both these races, the owner of Valkyrie might claim that the Cup races were club events, being sailed for a trophy held by the club under the direction of the New York Y. C. officers, and subject to its rules, and hence that Defender, even if selected to defend the Cup, was disqualified.

"'I wrote to the regatta committee on July 28, calling attention to Rule 19, and expressing willingness that if the regatta committee deemed best the decision in the protest of July 22 should be postponed until the end of the yachting season. Vigilant has been put in commission and raced solely to help Defender. We want to make Defender as fast as possible, so that she may successfully defend the America's Cup. If the protest was allowed then, the question of eligibility to sail against Valkyrie might be raised. Mind you, I don't say that rule applies for the America's Cup races. The Cup committee might select one of those fishing sloops to sail against Valkyrie if it thought fit, but it would give an opportunity for the point to be raised, and we are not trying to put any obstacles in the way of Defender.

"'We want to make Defender go as fast as possible. If, when we have attained a good position at the starting line, we are compelled to give it up or damage the new boat, then we can't help her much. Take yesterday's start, for instance. Vigilant was going fast, but we were compelled to bear away, then luff under Defender's stern and lose all headway. It meant two or three minutes before we were sailing properly again, and it would have made some minutes difference in the time if we had crossed the line first and had the weather position, to which we were entitled. If we are to just sail behind Defender over the course we cannot give her a fair trial, and it is impossible to get a line on her capabilities.

"'I am tired of having the responsibility of avoiding a collision put on my shoulders. I am willing to look after Vigilant, but they must look after Defender. There might come a time when I could not give way, and then Defender might be sunk. I have seen the America's Cup committee and have promised to have Vigilant on hand for the trial races on Aug. 20 and 22, and if a third race is necessary on Aug. 24. Vigilant will be thoroughly overhauled, her sails retrimmed and she will be faster than she is now.'"

From the circumstances of the case Mr. Iselin is in a position where he can afford to say nothing, and he has thus far wisely availed himself of this advantage, though both Capt. Haff and Capt. Barr have been interviewed.

The parties in the dispute are all well known. Mr. Willard owned and raced the sloop Eclipse years ago, before sloops had gone out of use, and of late years has been noted as one of the most skillful Corinthians about New York. He sailed with Gen. Paine in 1886–7 in Mayflower and Volunteer, in 1888–9 he steered the 40-footer Nymph and won many prizes in her, and in 1893 he was intimately associated with Mr. Iselin in the management of Vigilant. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin was winning races twenty years ago in the open boats Mary Emma and Dare Devil, when sandbag sailing was in its most prosperous era; later he gave up racing, but reappeared in 1887 with the steel centerboard cutter Titania, which headed the 70ft. class in 1888–9. In 1893 he was the head of the second syndicate which built and raced Vigilant against the second Valkyrie; last year he was in British waters in a chartered steam yacht, sailing on Vigilant in some of her most important races. This year he is one of the three owners of Defender and the master of the yacht.

Capt. Haff is one of the oldest of American skippers, sharing with Capt. Terry the honor of being the best. He long ago sailed the then sloop Fanny and made a reputation for her. In 1887 he sailed Volunteer in the Cup races for Gen. Paine; in 1888–9, while still in Gen. Paine's employ, he sailed Titania for Mr. Iselin, making a success of a boat that had promised to be a failure, and in 1893 he sailed Colonia for Mr. Rogers and the first syndicate.

Capt. Charles Barr, the younger brother of Capt. John Barr, skipper of Clara, Thistle and Jubilee, is one of the youngest, but at the same time ranks among the first of American skippers. Both the Barrs are Scotch by birth, but are now naturalized Americans, residents of Marblehead. Capt. Charles Barr came to this country as one of the crew of Clara in 1885, making the ocean passage in her. For the next two years he commanded the little cutter Shona for Mr. C. H. Tweed, going abroad in 1888 to watch the building of Minerva at Fife's yard, and sailing that yacht, of 40ft. l.w.l., across to Marblehead, acting as captain and navigator. In the two following years he raced Minerva with extraordinary success, no small part of her fame being due to his skillful handling. Since then he has commanded Owesee, Wasp, Gloriana and Navahoe. This spring he was released by Com. Gillig, owner of Gloriana, and took command of Vigilant, fitting her out and navigating her on the Atlantic voyage, and sailing her ever since.

How quickly and fully this incident has been appreciated by British yachtsmen is shown by the comments of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Aug. 7, in which Mr. Willard's charges of foul sailing are contrasted with Lord Dunraven's action in a recent race in waiting at the line to start her with Ailsa and Britannia. The *Field*, of Aug. 10, also comments in the same strain, as follows: "When the owner of Vigilant complains of foul sailing and failure to observe racing rules, we rub our eyes and think that things must be very bad indeed on the other side."

Beverly Y. C. 224th Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD, Aug. 3.—This race was in all but fourth class a resail of the race of July 20, which was not made in time and was only open to entries of that date.

Race was started in a light S E. air, but about three-quarters of an hour after start it came in strong S.W., giving all but first and second classes a free wind all round, the little fellows having all they wanted.

As in all resailed races half the entries were unable to be present.

First and second classes sailed a triangle of 10¼ miles with a good beat on second leg. Other classes sailed 6½ miles, and owing to change of wind had no beat.

With a breeze the Minnetoka boats did well.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ida J, F. E. Beckman	26.06	1 55 58	1 45 07
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	27.10	1 57 58	1 48 30
Tomboy, W. S. Lathrop	28.10	2 04 33	1 56 04
SECOND CLASS.			
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.02	2 33 25	2 19 02
Marina, D. H. Follett	23.08	2 38 07	2 23 30
Ariel, J. Barrett	21.03	2 49 17	2 31 38
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.			
Exit, A. H. Higginson	19.06	1 20 43	1 08 13
Reaper, H. P. Benson	20.10	1 26 40	1 15 35
Apukwa, E. T. Tefft	19.06	1 27 35	1 15 14
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Koorali, Com. Robbins	20.06	1 26 24	1 14 51
Magpie, W. Stevens	19.10	1 28 34	1 16 23
Egeria, R. F. Tucker	19.11	1 29 00	1 17 04
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Sally, D. C. Percival	21.00	1 39 23	. .. ..
Comet, A. A. Lawrence	21.00	1 42 32	. .. ..
Maia, E. Paine	21.00	1 43 02	. .. ..
Airuna, C. O. Stearns	21.00	1 45 02	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS.			
Evadne, R. M. Benner	15.04	1 24 00	1 06 51
Benita, C. O. Hood	15.01	1 24 55	1 07 33
Alpine, C. J. Biethen	15.01	1 25 34	1 08 02
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	15.10	1 24 02	1 15 31
Carina, R. Boardman	18.00	1 34 02	1 20 07
Goat, R. M. Horton	18.00	1 34 04	1 20 09
Pointer, C. P. Curtis	16.10	Withdrew.	

Winners of prizes—First class, Ida J.; second class, Susie; third class sloops, Evadne; third class cats, Koorali; fourth class, Evadne first; Bonita second.

Judge: F. Elliot Cabot.

The 225th regatta, 2d Buzzard's Bay Championship, was sailed off the club house Aug. 3, in a good southerly breeze, most of the boats starting with single reefs and putting in another during the race. The number of starters was comparatively small, as it always is at this time, owing to the N. Y. Y. C. cruise.

There were no starters in special class and only one each in first and second class sloops, which consequently sailed together.

In second class cats the old Surprise appeared after an absence from the races of three years. She did well, though handicapped by a cracked tiller.

The fourth class race was the most interesting. Sylph, though not in the club, sailed course and was timed by request. She carried whole sail easily. Grilse started with single reef and ordinary jib as did Ghuzz. The first leg to Ariel's was made without a tack, the wind being well to the south. Ghuzz led, Sylph rounded a trifle ahead of Grilse and set her spinaker, the first time one has been seen in this class in a race. Grilse, however, passed her, and at leeward mark, buoy 5, put in a second reef and shifted to storm jib, and on beat back to starting line held her own and rounded 9s. ahead of Sylph and 1m 54s. ahead of Ghuzz, who had broken spinaker pole before the race.

After running some minutes Grilse set a very large spinaker and for the rest of the run to buoy 5 ran away from Sylph; at the buoy the latter got her spinaker in the water and Ghuzz caught her. Grilse gained on both in the beat home. Howard won easily in cat class.

In fifth class cats Imp won easily, Vif having too light a crew, while Hilda and Laurel sailed a very pretty race, former winning by two seconds.

Courses: first and second classes, triangle 11¼ miles; third and fourth classes, triangle and extra windward leg, 8½ miles; fifth class, to windward and back, 5½ miles.

An error was made on July 4 race: the time given to Weona belongs to Tera; Weona withdrew owing to the blinding rain, the judges mistook the boats.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST AND SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
Little Peter, W. G. Cotton	28.10	1 50 00	1 49 54
Flirt, W. L. Shearer, Jr.	23.08	2 14 23	1 59 16
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	24.09	2 08 18	1 54 36
Surprise, J. M. Codman	21.01	2 10 10	1 55 22
Kalama, Chas. Brewer	26.10	2 13 55	2 02 40
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr.	25.08	Broke stay.	
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Meiro, D. L. Whittemore	20.03	1 45 09	1 29 38
Doris, John Parkinson	21.00	1 49 32	1 35 14
Puzzle, Geo. G. Amory		1 53 12	. .. ..
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor	21.06	1 55 30	1 44 46
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore	21.10	Broke down.	
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.			
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	19.01	1 53 40	1 36 59
Ghuzz, Lawrence Brooks	17.11	1 57 36	1 39 17
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Howard, H. O. Miller	18.00	1 59 55	1 41 33
Dawdle, B. S. Hardy	17.06	2 01 28	1 43 42
Cinch, H. Parker	17.08	2 04 50	1 46 10
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney	14.04	1 25 26	1 09 42
Tern, W. Tiffeston	14.05	1 30 00	1 14 22
Vif, Ralph Winsor	14.03	1 38 30	1 22 39
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Hilda, Robert Winsor	13.02	1 32 09	1 15 18
Laurel, H. & F. Burgess	13.11	1 32 11	1 15 54

Winners of prizes: Classes 1 and 2, sloops, Little Peter first; Class 2, cats, Anonyma first, Surprise second; Class 3, Meiro first, Doris second; Class 4, sloops, Grilse first; Class 4, cats, Howard first; Class 5, sloops, Hilda first; Class 5, cats, Imp first.

Anonyma, Grilse and Imp win and hold pennants; Meiro and Howard win legs for pennants, tieing Doris and Dawdle. Hilda wins a leg.

Judges: W. Lloyd Jeffries, A. H. Hardy.

The Accident to Yampa.

From The Yachtsman.

A SHOCKING accident, which, unhappily, was attended with immediate fatal results to one poor man and serious injuries to three others, occurred at the well-known yacht yard of Messrs. Fay & Co., Southampton, about noon on Friday, the 13th inst. It seems that preparations were being made for the launch of the large American schooner-yacht Yampa, belonging to Mr. Palmer, which arrived there about two months ago from the Mediterranean, and has since been hauled up at Fay's for repairs and refit. High water was timed at 2 o'clock, and all through the morning the ways and cradle were being fixed. Unfortunately, however, one of the chains which held the yacht on an even keel carried away, and the vessel traveled down the uncompleted ways for 2 or 3ft., and then fell over on her port side, her mast falling foul of the schooner-yacht Ursula—hauled up by her side—one of the masts of the latter being carried away. When the vessel moved thus unexpectedly the alarm was given, and most of the men were able to get away from beneath her, but one, a shipwright, named Alfred Tilling, living in York street, Northam, was caught by the falling hull, and knocked down and crushed beneath her, being, without doubt, immediately killed. Two American sailors, named Augusta Caston and William Shurbert, who were working aloft, were thrown from the rigging and badly hurt. So, too, was another man who was on board at the time, named Bootyman. The injured men were removed to the Royal South Hants Infirmary as speedily as possible, and happily the report, widely circulated in the town, that two of them died soon after admission proved to be untrue, and at the time of writing all are progressing favorably. Bootyman has returned to his home. In the first excitement attending the disaster, Tilling was not missed, but a cap which was found floating in the Itchen close by was identified as his, and the inquiries made proved, beyond doubt, that he was buried under the Yampa. Very little could be done before low water except to take precautions to prevent further damage to the vessel, but when the tide fell the search for Tilling began, and before nightfall the operations disclosed his head and hand. Digging was continued without cessation, the efforts to recover the body being assisted by the rising of the stern of the yacht on the next tide, and late in the night the body was got out. The right leg was smashed to pulp, the left arm was clenched over the chest, and the right arm was bent forward, showing that the poor man was knocked down and buried in trying to escape from beneath the vessel.

He leaves a young widow and two little children, the youngest of which is only twelve weeks old. The inquest on the remains was opened on Saturday, when evidence of identification was given by Alfred James Whettingtall, brother-in-law of deceased. Mr. Randall, solicitor, expressed, on behalf of Messrs. Fay & Co., their utmost sorrow at the occurrence, and their sympathy with the bereaved family, adding that the firm at once undertook to bear the expenses of the funeral. The inquiry was then adjourned till Wednesday (yesterday). On Saturday the Isle of Wight Company's powerful tug Ajax made an ineffectual attempt to tow off the vessel, which, of course, will have to be hauled up again. The owner of the Yampa was in the South of France at the time, but one of his friends boarded the yacht on Saturday evening, and in creeping along the almost perpendicular deck slipped and cut his leg, and he was treated for the injury at the Royal South Hants Infirmary. The vessel was got upright on Sunday evening. Poor Tilling was buried quietly on Monday. Mr. Palmer, owner of the yacht, generously contributed £200 to the fund being raised for the widow; Fay & Co. gave another £100, and lists have been opened at the local banks.

[As noted elsewhere, the yacht has since been hauled off and repaired.]

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

9-23. A. C. A., 16th annual meeting, Bluff Point, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.

Red Dragon fall regatta, Delaware River.

Mr. Howard and the R. C. C. Cup.

WE have already mentioned that Mr. William Willard Howard, of New York, did not start in the race of the Royal C. C. on July 13 for the reason that his canoe Yankee, shipped last winter from England to Clayton, N. Y., for alterations, had not been returned to England. This fact evoked the following comment from the *Field:*

'Up to Wednesday it is evident that the international race will not take place; no doubt the absence of the American canoe may be plausibly explained away, but we fear we are again about to have to face a dry fact—that an international challenge is made a considerable time before the date of the challenge cup race; that members of the Royal C. C. patriotically thereupon come forward, at considerable expense and inconvenience, to defend the cup; that members of other clubs also come up from various parts of the country to assist in such defense, and then, at the last moment, no 'Stars and Stripes' appear upon the course. This state of things the club experienced last year at Bourne End on the upper Thames, and the same state of things appears highly probable now on the lower Thames.

"To be careless of or unprepared for defense would be clearly wrong in the senior club, and yet, after two years' fiasco as to international competition, is it reasonable to expect the best men to come forward and build and race canoes, up to date in all points, with the high probability that the international element will be wanting in the race, though possible up to the last moment? Experience will now perhaps dictate to the club that an individual is not a nation, and that it would be well in future to accept no foreign challenge, unless it be that of a duly recognized club, where the competitor will be representative of his club, and not of his own personal fame, and a competitor representative of his club and flag will certainly appear at the starting line."

These comments have brought out from Mr. Howard a reply, published at his request in the *Field*, the *Yachtsman* and the *Yachting World*. We reprint the *Field* letters with comments in full:

"We publish the following correspondence merely because Mr. Howard is an American, who had challenged for the Royal Canoe Club Sailing Cup. We regret the uncalled-for language contained in the letters of Mr. Howard and his agents, and we reprint the 'Note' of last week which is supposed to hold the 'scandalous imputation:'

"MESSRS. CHARLES ATKINS AND NISBET, 1 Water-lane, Great Tower street, London, E. C.—Dear Sirs—My attention has been called to an article in last Saturday's *Field*, containing an insinuation that my canoe Yankee was purposely kept in America in order that I might not sail in the Royal Canoe Club's Challenge Cup race.

"As this canoe has been in your hands since last February, I should be glad if you would make public the facts in the case; not that I care what the canoeing editor of the *Field* may take it upon himself to say, but that the sport of canoe sailing may not rest under such a scandalous imputation. Yours truly, WM. WILLARD HOWARD."

"LONDON, July 15."

"W. WILLARD HOWARD, Esq., 9 Weymouth street, Portland place.—Dear Sir—We are in receipt of your favor of even date, and regret to hear that any such insinuation as you mention should have appeared in the *Field*. The facts of the case as regards your canoe Yankee are as follows: We received your written instructions, dated Tiflis, Jan. 15, to ship this canoe to Mr. Fry, of Clayton, New York, for certain alterations to be carried out, and we forwarded her by first available steamer, and, in accordance with your desire, we requested Mr. Fry to return the canoe no later than the end of May. We did not hear from Mr. Fry in return to our letter advising dispatch of canoe, but concluded he would return her in good time.

'On June 21 we received a telegram from you dated Erivan, June 18: 'If Yankee not returned, telegraph Fry send instantly; telegraph me Batum.' To which we replied: 'Yankee not arrived; have cabled Fry to send immediately,' and we cabled Mr. Fry the following: 'Ship immediately canoe Yankee,' which cablegram we duly confirmed, and stated that it was most important the canoe should arrive in time to enable you to compete in her for the Royal Canoe Club Challenge Cup race on July 12 Had Mr. Fry even shipped her on receipt of our wire she could have arrived in time for the race in question; therefore, the only person who is responsible for the delay is Mr. Fry. It is, therefore, in our opinion, as untrue as it is absurd for anyone to insinuate that you arranged for the canoe to be kept back in order not to race her.

"As you request us to make these facts public, we send copies of your letter and this reply to the *Field*, *Yachtsman* and *Yachting World*. We are, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES ATKINS AND NISBET."

"JULY 15."

"[The above letters (dated July 15) show that the builder in America was communicated with twenty-one days before the race day to send the canoe to England. We are not concerned as to whose fault it may be, but the fact remains that, after a duly lodged challenge of over two months' standing, no appearance was made of the challenger at

the starting line on the day of the race. The following is a *verbatim* copy of the remarks we published last week: * * *

"We leave it to the dispassionate reader to discover where is the insinuation that the canoe was purposely kept in America, in order that it might not sail for the challenge cup, and who is responsible for the 'scandalous imputation' except the writers of the above letters. —Ed.]"

We fail to see in the *Field's* original criticism the alleged insinuation, or anything more than is justified by Mr. Howard's peculiar conduct in refusing at the last moment to start in the challenge cup race of 1894. So far as the Royal C. C. is concerned, the trouble is that the so-called "challenge cup" is neither a challenge cup nor an international cup, in that it is raced for by all comers, without challenge, as would appear from the published conditions, and it may be raced for by British canoeists alone, in the absence of foreign competition. It is precisely the same as the A. C. A. sailing and paddling trophies, raced for once a year by all comers, without regard to nationality and without formal challenge. There can be little satisfaction either to the club or to an American in competing in this loose way; if there is to be any international competition worthy of the name, it should be for a new cup under certain definite conditions, such as those governing the New York C. C. international challenge cup, the contest being limited to a properly accredited representative of a foreign club and one representative selected by the defending club.

Apropos of the delay with Yankee, we learn that the ½-rater built by Fry for Mr. Howard, in which Mrs. Howard was to sail against Spruce IV. in England, is still at Clayton.

Miss Johnson's Poems.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A. C. A. men who attended the '93 meet on the St. Lawrence must remember Miss E. Pauline Johnson's recitals from some of her poems What canoeist could forget "The Song My Paddle Sings" and "In the Shadows," so delightfully rendered by their author? "In the Shadows," they will remember, was set to music by Dr. Gage and sung at the camp-fire one evening. The music is in perfect sympathy with the poem, and I shall always remember it as one of the finest camp songs ever brought to a meet.

Canoeists who enjoyed the stirring recitals as I did will be interested to learn that a volume of poems—"The White Wampum," by Miss Johnson—has just appeared. It is published in London by Mr. John Lane, of "Bodley Head" fame; in Boston by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe & Co., and in Toronto by the Copp Clark Co. It is a beautifully printed little volume, and has an appropriate special title-page and cover design.

When I received the volume I opened it at random and read "Erie Waters," the first stanza of which I give below, and the book has gone at once on to the little shelf of my choicest favorites. The two poems mentioned above are included in the book, and with "Erie Waters" constitute three poems which no canoeist and no lover of poems of nature can fail to appreciate and enjoy. No "decadence" here:

"A dash of yellow sand,
Wind-scattered and sun-tanned;
Some waves that curl and cream along the margin of the strand;
And, creeping close to these
Long shores that lounge at ease,
Old Erie rocks and ripples to a fresh sou'western breeze."

Among a number which particularly impressed me I remember "The Camper," "The Flight of the Crows" and "Penseroso," all of quite a different trend than the ones mentioned before. "Penseroso" is a fierce, passionate cry to nature, and is grand. I should like to quote it here entire, but must remember that this is not a book review and will desist.

By the way, "In the Shadows," mentioned above, was published with music in the Forest and Stream of Dec. 30, 1893. I do not remember hearing it at Croton Point last summer, but hope some one will bring it to camp this year.

Ocean.

Gouverneur, N. Y.

The A. C. A. Meet.

From all reports, the A. C. A. meet, which began on Aug. 9, promises to be very successful; there are already many canoeists in camp, and the arrangements are very satisfactory. The races begin next Monday. The post office address is "A. C. A. Camp, Hotel Champlain, Clinton county, N. Y."

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division: David Losee, James A. Smith, Francis Way. Northern Division: R. O. King, Toronto. Eastern Division: R. M. Molineux, Boston; William W. Beal, Boston, Mass. Central Division: Joseph P. Coughlin, Troy.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Island Rifle Club.

Erie, Pa., Aug. 3.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Presque Island Rifle Club:

Germann	5	8	4	10	6	7	6	9	9	7	—71
	5	5	9	4	6	8	9	4	9	10	—69
	7	9	5	7	7	7	6	6	4	7	—66
Stidham	7	9	7	9	6	9	6	6	10	4	—73
	7	5	4	5	8	5	7	8	7	7	—61
	5	6	9	7	4	7	4	8	5	8	—63
Van Etten	5	7	8	10	7	7	8	3	5	7	—67
	6	10	5	6	8	8	5	6	8	6	—68
	4	5	4	4	6	10	6	7	7	5	—58
Shafer	6	7	9	6	5	7	6	7	7	9	—69
	7	6	9	7	4	6	6	7	6	10	—68
	7	7	6	5	10	5	7	6	6	6	—65
Paul	8	4	4	5	7	10	9	8	9	8	—67
	6	8	4	8	4	7	6	6	5	8	—62
	7	6	5	7	5	5	7	8	4	7	—61
Olvitt	7	8	5	9	9	3	6	8	7	4	—66
	8	4	8	4	5	6	2	7	6	5	—55
	4	4	3	4	9	10	5	6	6	4	—55
Treiber	6	5	6	7	7	9	8	6	6	7	—70
	9	6	5	6	7	6	6	8	5	8	—61
	5	4	6	6	7	7	7	9	7	6	—64
W J Leyer	4	8	9	7	4	6	3	7	5	10	—69
	6	5	4	10	4	5	4	6	7	5	—56
	9	9	5	3	5	6	6	9	6	7	—65
Strangway	4	5	10	4	9	7	7	5	3	3	—57
	10	4	8	5	4	6	3	4	3	9	—56
	8	6	7	5	10	5	3	3	6	6	—59
Patton	8	4	4	7	7	6	8	5	1	8	—58
	10	4	5	5	7	3	3	7	6	5	—55
	6	7	6	6	6	7	6	7	4	7	—62
Sharp	6	8	5	9	6	5	7	3	7	0	—56
	6	0	6	5	7	5	10	4	7	5	—55
	8	5	5	4	7	5	7	4	5	6	—56
J F Leyer	5	4	3	5	3	6	5	8	7	7	—53
	6	5	7	6	5	5	7	6	6	7	—60
	4	5	5	4	5	8	6	2	8	10	—57
Diefenbach	8	4	8	5	5	4	4	6	6	5	—55
	7	10	3	4	5	5	4	4	4	3	—49
	5	6	3	4	5	3	4	4	6	2	—42
Sheperd	7	3	2	4	1	7	4	4	6	2	—40
	7	6	7	7	6	1	4	1	5	3	—47
	0	6	4	4	6	3	5	3	7	2	—40

At the regular meeting held on Thursday evening, Aug. 1, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President J. W. Paul; Vice-President, W. F. Trieber; Secretary, W. J. Leyer, Treasurer, Wm. Patton; Captain, J. Bacon; Lieutenant, Geo. Shaffer;

Sing Sing Sharpshooters.

Mr. G. W. Van Buren, Secretary of the Sing Sing, N. Y., Rifle Club, writes us under date of Aug 2 as follows: "The amateur riflemen of this place will hold a tournament on Labor Day, Sept. 2. Mr. Wm. Lyman, of Middlefield, Conn., has sent us 100 copies of his little book to be given away as souvenirs to our shooters." Further particulars in regard to this event can doubtless be obtained by writing to Mr. Van Buren.

Jefferson City, Mo., July 31.—All to-day there was a procession of dead fish floating past this city in the Missouri River. They are carp, buffalo and drum. The largest observed will weigh probably 4lbs., and they have apparently been dead from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. Various theories are advanced, but the most plausible of them is that the fish were washed out of the numerous small streams above here by the late freshets, and were unable to live in the muddy water of the Missouri River. It is estimated that fifty miles of dead fish have floated by the city to-day, and at 7 o'clock this evening the river was still full of them.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 19.—Paducah, Ky.—First annual tournament of the Paducah Gun Club. T. J. Moore, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—Monroe, La.—First annual tournament of the Monroe Gun Club; live birds and targets. H. W. Stevenson, Sec'y.

Aug. 20.—West End, N. J.—Hollywood championship, 100 live birds, $100 entrance, 30yds. rise. Entries close Aug. 13, to J. S. Hoey, manager.

Aug. 20-23.—Holmesburg, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Aug 21.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. the tournament being held under the auspices of the Green Spring Valley Gun Club.

Aug. 27.—Springfield, O.—Second monthly tournament of the Home City Gun Club; targets; professionals barred.

Aug. 27-29.—Charlotte, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 28-29.—Frederick, Md.—Two days' tournament of the Frederick Gun Club, at targets.

Aug. 28-29.—Ionia, Ill.—State Meeting of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Ionia Gun Club.

Aug. 29-30.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club.

Aug. 29-31.—Hot Springs, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Aug. 30-31.—Chicago, Ill.—First monthly shoot of the Cook county Trap-Shooters' League. Chas. Grubbs, manager.

Aug. 31.—Springfield, N. J.—Team shoot between the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City.

Sept. 2.—Marion, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Sept. 2-3.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of he South Side Gun Club; targets. New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. on the second day. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Utica, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 4-5.—Shepherdstown, W. Va.—Morgan's Grove Fair Association's tournament, under the management of the Interstate Association

Sept. 5.—Michigan City, Miss.—First semi-annual tournament of the Michigan City Gun Club.

Sept. 6-7.—Warren, O.—Tournament of the Warren Gun Club. H. B. Perkins, Jr., Sec'y.

Sept 10-12.—Indianapolis, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 10-13.—Detroit, Mich.—The Des-Chree-Shos-Ka annual tournament, under the management of Jack Parker.

Sept. 10-13.—St. Paul, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club; John P. Burkhard, Manager.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Mr. W. F. DeWolf, secretary of the newly organized Cook County, Ill., Trap-Shooters' League, and also secretary of the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, writes as follows: "Mr. Wm. Mussey, of Chicago, a well-known shot and billiardist, wishes, I understand, to furnish the first trophy for the teams. With team races already shot between the Cicero Club vs. the Garden City Club, the great 18-man team race between Eureka vs. Garfield Club, the League contests, the proposed two days' tournament given by Mr. Charles Grubbs at time of holding first contest (his dates are Aug. 30 and 31), and the shoot of 5-men teams for the trophy emblematic of the championship of the State of Illinois, now held by Eureka Gun Club (which race will be shot on Aug. 14 on Eureka's grounds, the Garfields being the challengers), trap-shooting bids fair to be lively in Chicago for the next month or two. What do you think of Eureka Club's 18-man team shooting between 82 and 83 per cent., using mostly Class B men, and being at that without the assistance of such men as Bingham, Heikes and others of its members, who were unable to be present? These members were all old ones, all *bona fide*, no taking them in just for that shoot. The Garfields shot over 80 per cent., and had nothing to be ashamed of; 'hot stuff,' wasn't it? Have we many clubs who can make such a showing? The Garfield boys felt sure of beating us, one of them having said publicly in a certain place where shooters congregate, only the evening before, that 'Garfield was a sure winner,' and it was only a 'question of how many;' and so 'the best laid plans of men' often 'gang a-gley.'"

The Schmelzer Arms Company, of Kansas City, Mo., have written us that the conditions under which the trophy won by Mr. Sexton at its recent tournament have been changed. Briefly the conditions are as follows: Contest will be at targets thrown from traps pulled in reverse order; the winner to give a bond in $250 for the safe-keeping of the trophy; the trophy to be contested for annually at an open shoot; entrance fee for this contest $10; price of targets to come out of the entrance moneys, the balance going to the holder at the time of the shoot; first open shoot to take place at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 11 next; anybody can challenge on depositing $50 with C. J. Schmelzer, the $50 going to winner of contest; if won twice in succession in open contests the trophy to become the property of such winner. Other conditions, such as relate to challenges, deal with time limit, etc., and are of the usual nature. The date of the first open contest, Sept. 11, is worthy of special note.

The recent tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and the near approach of the annual gathering of Pennsylvania sportsmen in Philadelphia, makes us naturally solicitous for the health of the kindred organization in New Jersey. What has happened to that Association? It is the possessor of two handsome trophies, one we believe now held by W. Fred Quimby. Why doesn't New Jersey have her annual meetings? She has as many expert trap-shooters as any State in the Union, and such annual gatherings would be successful. The organization need not conflict in any way with the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, and would not do so. Wake up, somebody.

Western trap-shooters will have a chance of showing what they can do on Sept. 10-13. Mr. John P. Burkhard, 57-59 East Seventh street, St. Paul, Minn., writes that the St. Paul Gun Club will hold its annual tournament on the above dates at the Minnesota State Fair Grounds, the shoot being under his management. An attractive programme, liberal purses, reduced railroad rates, and the fact that the State fair will be in progress should draw a good crowd of shooters. A programme can be obtained by writing to Mr. Burkhard.

Harry Thurman, Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, was in New York a few days ago. While speaking of the prospects of the State shoot at Holmesburg Junction, Aug. 20-23, he said: "Quimby thinks we'll have sixty shooters at our tournament. If we have three dozen I shall be satisfied, considering the way tournaments are going." Yet we believe that Quimby's estimate is more nearly correct there that of "Father Time." The programme for that tournament is an attractive one.

The score made by the Baltimore Shooting Association's team in the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League on Aug. 7 is pretty nearly, if not quite, a record: Six-men teams, 25 targets per man, known angles—result, four 24s and two 23s, a total of 142 out of 150—a team average of 94.6. On the same day "Uncle Billy" Wagner broke 88 out of 90 at unknown angles and 24 out of 25 at known angles.

The Michigan Trap-Shooters' League will hold its "State meeting" on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 28, 29, at Ionia, Mich. The tournament will be under the auspices of the Ionia Game and Fish Protective Association. Programmes can be obtained by writing to George J. Cutler, secretary of the latter organization. The three-men team race on the first day and the State championship contest on the second are special features of merit.

H. S. Welles, of A. G. Spalding & Bros, has devised a ball cartridge for shotguns that is giving great satisfaction. As loaded, the charge consists of 3 or 3¼ drams of smokeless powder, and a ball weighing one ounce that is seated in a combination of wads original with Mr. Welles The ball may be shot accurately from any 12-gauge gun without danger to the choke, and is a deadly charge for large game at short range.

Leander Campbell, of Little Silver, N. J., and Phil. Daly, Jr., of Long Branch, N. J., shot a match at 50 live birds, $100 a side, on Friday, Aug. 9, Campbell outshooting his opponent by a good majority. The match was brought to a close at the end of the 47th round. Owing to Campbell's dilatory movements at the score, the match was a very tedious and long drawn out affair.

The Monroe (La.) Gun Club has issued a programme for an open-to-all tournament on Monday and Tuesday next, Aug. 19 and 20. The first day is given up to the smashing of bluerocks; there are nine 15-target events, $2 entrance, $5 added, and one 20-target event, $3 entrance, $7 50 added, on the programme for that day. The second day is appropriated for live-bird shooting, no programme being arranged.

Rolla O. Heikes was East for a few days last week, and put in an appearance at the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League shoot on the Climax Gun Club's grounds on Aug. 7, receiving a warm welcome from everybody—he always gets that. The reason of his trip to New York is probably accounted for by the announcement that Rolla will in future use E. C. powder.

The second match between Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J., and Leander Campbell resulted in a victory for Hill by the score of 44-41. Each man has now won a heat and considerable interest is evinced in the outcome of the third race.

The first annual tournament of the San Antonio, Tex., Gun Club will be held Oct. 27-30. Mr. Willard L. Simpson, secretary of the club, P. O. Box 765, will answer all inquiries in regard to this shoot.

Carl Von Lengerke is tarred with the same stick as his brother Justus. His 25 straight at unknown angles in the league team race on the Climax Club's ground on Aug. 7 was a capital piece of work.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., will pay a visit to the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., on Aug. 31, for the purpose of shooting the first of a series of team races with that club.

The Warren (O.) Gun Club claims dates for a two days' tournament at targets. The days chosen are Sept. 6-7. All necessary information may be obtained of H. B. Perkins, Jr., secretary of the club.

The chances for a big shoot at Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 27-29, are booming. From present appearances there will be at least sixty adherents of Colonel Anthony on deck the first day.

Are you going to Des-Chree-Shos-Ka?
If not, why not?

Edward Banks.

Trap-Shooting around Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Aug. 10.—Southern Ohio has not been satisfied with the great DuPont tournament at Cincinnati in May, but is making the gun club's grounds lively with less pretentious affairs, though none the less enjoyable.

The Lockland Gun Club, of Lockland, a suburb of Cincinnati, gave an all-day tournament in July at which the entries averaged 23; in several events over 30 sportsmen participated.

The Home City Gun Club, of Springfield, O., with a membership of 60 enthusiastic young sportsmen, gave a tournament on July 30, a full report of which appeared in your issue of to-day.

The Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, of Circleville, O., also gave a good tournament on July 30, which was well attended by the gun talent of that great shooting center and by several visitors from Chillicothe, Ironton, and nearby points. Ralph Trimble, of Cincinnati, represented Messrs. DuPont at the tournament and made many warm friends by his courtesy and clever work.

Professor Goodman, of the Bandle Arms Co., keeps the enthusiasm of the Cincinnati sportsmen from flagging by giving his regular "rain or shine" shoot at Mackie's. These grounds are regarded as a very difficult place to make high scores on, but Trimble, Waddell, Richard, Condell, Goodman and occasionally a visitor, manage to locate the bluerocks at the place where they will connect with the shot to the best advantage of the shooter. At this week's meeting the scores in sweepstake shooting were:

Targets	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	Per cent.
Goodman	9	..	12	14	14	14	13	..	89
Richard	9	13	14	13	14	11	13	13	87
R Trimble	10	15	15	15	15	13	15	15	98.2
Waddell	9	14	13	15	15	13	15	14	94
Pedro	9	13	13	12	..	..	..	..	85
Hosea	..	10	12	9	13	11	10	7	68
Stone	..	12	13	12	10	11	12	..	78
Robinson	..	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	73

The East End Gun Club, of this city, announces an amateur tournament chiefly for merchandise prizes, to be given at its grounds on Aug. 15. Several novel features have been introduced in the programme issued by the club. This will be a local affair that will afford sportsmen within a radius of twenty-five miles considerable enjoyment. It is surprising how carefully a sportsman will shoot for a pair of bead-covered slippers or a plug hat of the style 1890.

Hon. Thos. A. Logan, R. S. Waddell, agent of DuPont and Hazard powder companies; Lieut. DuBray, the Parker Gun Co.'s representative, and a score of other prominent sportsmen of Cincinnati and vicinity, contemplate the organization of a large and strong gun club, which will be incorporated and include in its membership all lovers of live-bird and inanimate target shooting in the Queen City who care for club affiliation. There is great need of an organization of this kind with sufficient capital to afford our sportsmen facilities for the enjoyment of a few hours before the traps each week. When the plan is fully matured we will let Forest and Stream know all about it.

Buckeye.

Taggart Scored 88.

Newburgh, N. Y., Aug. 8.—Ex-Captain George H. Taggart, of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, shot a match to-day against the birds, matching himself to kill 80 out of 100 for $100. Shooting in good form he won easily, scoring 88, with three dead out of bounds; 59 of his birds were scored with the first barrel. H. C. Higginson was referee; David Brown, trap-puller, and W. J. Sutton, scorer. Taggart's 88 were scored as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

↔↗←←↗→↙←↗↑←↖↖↖↗↓↔↘←↗→→↖
G H Taggart...1 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 • 0 2 • 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 1—20

↖↔↑→←↑→→→↙↗→↙←↙↘↖↘←↗→↓↗↘
2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 0—24

↖↗↘←↓→↖↓↔→→→→↗↙↑→↑↘→→↑↔
1 1 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 0 0 1 2 0—20

←↗↓←↖↗↖↓↖←←↖→→↙←↑↓↗←↑→←→←
1 1 1 1 1 2 • 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1—24—88

While the above shoot was in progress a team race was made up, Taggart and Kerr shooting against Likely and Mitchell, Taggart's second string of 25 in above match to count. The result was as follows:

←↖←↔↑↙↖↓↖↖←←↖↑←↑↘↖↗↑→↘↔
Likely ....1 1 2 1 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0—23

←←↖→↘↙↙→↙↔↔↙↙↓↘←↗→←↖→
Mitchell.........2 1 1 2 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 0 2 1—20—43

↗↖↗→→↓↑→↘→↖←↙↘←↘↑←↘↙←↓↘↗↖
Kerr ....2 0 0 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 • 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 •—17

Add Taggart's score.................................... 24—41

Other scores during the day were: H. C. Higginson 24 out of 26 Taylor 7 out of 8, Mitchell 5 out of 7, Barday 4 out of 8 and Kerr 3 out of 7.

David Brown.

The Hollanders are Plucky.

Holland, Mich., Aug. 1.—Interest in trap-shooting is increasing here. The Resort Steamboat Company offered a solid silver medal to be contested for by teams of six men from the Holland and Zeeland gun clubs, the match to be held at Macatawa Park. Although we had not had sufficient practice to become good shots, yet we concluded to try for it and the contest was held this morning. The shooting was at 25 bluerocks per man, known traps, unknown angles, entrance $2 per team, to pay for targets. Score:

Zeeland.

A Kamps....................1111101110110011111100011—18
H Karsten..................0111011111101011101011111—19
F Hieftje..................1111111011111110111111100—21
A Smits....................1110111111111111011101111—22
P Smits....................0111111110111111111111111—23
H Van Eyck.................1111101011110111011111001—19—122

Holland.

C J De Roo.................1011111111111101101000110—18
D Blom.....................0100100100000011001001001— 7
G Bender...................1111111001110100101111111—19
W Thomas...................1011001001000111010111000—12
P Dulyea...................0110000110111011011101101—15
C Harmon...................0101000001000101111110110—12— 83

The Boat Company also put up a purse of $10, to be divided into four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., open to all members of both clubs, 20 singles, entrance 20 cents, to pay for targets. Score:

No. 2, purse of $10: W. Thomas 10, H. Karsten 15, D. Blom 9, C. Harmon 10, A. Eding 12, P. Dulyea 8, A. Kamps 14, H. Van Eyck 13, P. Smits 16, J. Kamps 17, J. Skinner 13, F. Johnson 4, S. Arleth 6, C. J. De Roo 13, G. Bender 10, Dr. Baert 9, A. G. Baumgartel 15, F. Hieftje 16, E. Vandenberg 10, J. Krans 12, A. Smits 15, John Smith 13, A. Tanner 11.

Arthur G. Baumgartel, Sec'y.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7, was the date set for the seventh tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League. The shoot took place on the grounds of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J. The weather, after the heavy thunderstorms of the morning, was perfect when one could sit in the shade and enjoy the cool breeze that blew from the southwest. The heat, however, was very trying to the shooters at the score, as the club house shut off every atom of breeze from them, while the rays of the sun beat down with tropical force. The arrangements made by the home club for the comfort of its guests were capital in every respect, while Tom Keller and Charlie Smith kept things moving in a manner that gave everybody lots of shooting. Altogether just about 3,000 empires were thrown during the day, empire traps and targets being used in all the events.

The guest of honor was Rolla O. Heikes, who had come East on a business trip. Rolla was looking well and shot well, perhaps not quite up to his usual standard, but still well enough to be there or thereabouts all the time. The targets were thrown far and fast, which, added to a background that is about as poor as it can be, kept scores down. The team total of the Maplewood Club is especially worthy of notice, and only goes to show what a really strong team that club can get together. It was a great disappointment to the Riverside Club, of Red Bank, that its team showed up a man short. An optional sweep having been gotten up in connection with the team race, the four men of that team, with Heikes as its fifth man, shot along with the rest, scoring 101, Heikes and Ballard making 24 each, while Ivins was answerable for 22. Carl Von Lengerke, a brother of Justus, the senior member of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, was the only shooter to make a straight score, his 25 landing the Endeavors in fourth place. Van Dyke's 24 and A. Sickley's and Geoffroy's 23 were the other high scores. McAlpin, one of the leaders in the race for individual honors, was unfortunate enough to have to shoot a strange gun, his own having missed connections at the Liberty street ferry. He knocked out 22 for Boiling Springs, however, and is fourth on the list with a percentage of 91 made in four contests. Drake had a bad spell in the middle of his string, missing his 14th, 15th, 17th and 18th targets; this prevented him from improving his average of 92, at which figure he is tied with A. Sickley, three members of the Maplewood team leading the league. Van Dyke's average of 96 is referred to elsewhere.

During the day eight events, all at unknown angles, with an average entrance fee of 10 cents per target, were decided. The scores in those events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*10*
Keller	8	8	12	8	17	7	8	Geoffroy	..	..	..	13	16	10	8
Piercy	5	4	9	11	15	8	6	Collins	..	..	..	12	15	7	9
Breintnall	9	7	13	13	16	8	..	Ivins	..	..	..	14	17	10	..
Paul	7	6	9	11	15	7	..	Ballard	..	..	..	13	16	7	..
Sigler	10	6	15	12	..	7	..	Edwards	..	..	..	14	..	2	5
Hoffman	10	10	11	13	19	9	..	A Sickley	..	..	..	10	16	10	8
Van Dyke	10	9	14	13	18	8	..	Sprague	..	..	..	..	8	6	6
Hebbard	8	9	8	13	12	5	..	Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Heikes	9	7	14	14	19	9	10	Cooper	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Thomas	7	8	13	13	12	8	..	Heritage	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
E Sickley	9	9	13	12	17	9	10	Strader	..	..	..	..	..	5	8
Huck	9	8	13	9	..	4	..	Proctor	..	..	..	..	..	9	4
Crosby	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
C Smith	5	9	13	10	17	7	9	Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Drake	..	7	13	14	..	9	8	Williams	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Miller	..	8	12	14	18	8	..	Fayette	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Jackson	..	5	9	..	9	..	..	Terry	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Yeomans	..	9	11	12	17	9	..	Eager	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
W Smith	..	7	10	13	18	9	8	Rockefeller	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
McAlpin	..	..	..	10	18	4	9	Lindzey	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

The scores made in the team race are not included in the above table. They are as follows:

Seventh League contest, teams of five men, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Maplewood.

F Van Dyke ....1111111111111110111111111—24
A Sickley ....1111101011111111111111111—23
O L Yeomans ....1111110110111111111111110—22
Warren Smith ....1010111111111111111111011—22
W N Drake ....1111111111111001001111111—21—112

Climax.

D Terry ....1111111111011111101111011—22
T H Keller ....1111110110101110111111111—21
C Smith ....1111111100011111110111101—20
J Swody ....1111110111010111101111111—20
E Edwards ....0110110110011100011111011—16— 99

Union.

E D Miller ....1101111111111111110101111—22
E Sickley ....1101111111101111111110110—21
Dr Jackson ....1100111100101011111111111—19
W Sigler ....1010101111000111111111101—18
J M Fayette ....1111001111111110100111100—18— 98

Endeavor.

C Von Lengerke ....1111111111111111111111111—25
E Collins ....1110110011111101111011111—20
"Proctor" ....1011111110111101101110110—19
G Piercy ....1110111010010010111111100—16
A R Strader ....1101011011001010110011010—14— 94

Elizabeth

J Williams ....1110110101111111111011110—20
W Parker ....0111110101111111101110101—19
A Woodruff ....1100011110111100111111111—19
C Hebbard ....1101110111110011011011001—17
N Astfalk ....1011010111101011110011100—16— 91

Boiling Springs.

G S McAlpin ....1111111110111110111101111—22
W H Huck ....1111101010111111110011111—20
P A Jeanneret ....1111110111001110110111110—19
Krebs ....1110111100001110101111011—17
"Wanda" ....1100101100000100110011011—12— 90

South Side.

E A Geoffroy ....1111111111110111111111110—23
R H Breintnall ....0111110111011111111001001—18
J Hoffman ....0101111011011011111011110—18
L Thomas ....0011011101111111010111000—16
Al Heritage ....1011000111111111000110001—15— 90

The Riverside Gun Club's score referred to above was as follows: Heikes 24, Ballard 24, Ivins 22, J. Bergen 16, J Cooper 15—101.

The scores made by each club in the contests already decided run as follows:

	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.
Maplewood	106	103	114	104	98	99	112
South Side	100	106	101	109	103	87	90
Boiling Springs	106	...	98	96	95	115	90
Climax	86	95	104	98	106	100	99
Union	101	105	102	100	...	96	98
Elizabeth	89	90	109	103	74	109	91
Endeavor	71	96	88	100	94	94	94
Riverside	...	101	85	68	...	...	...
Union Hill	43	67	72	...	86	72	...

As the final results of these team contests are calculated on the basis of "the five best scores to count," we have the standing of the clubs to date as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Maplewood	625	539	86.2	Elizabeth	625	502	80.3
South Side	625	519	83	Endeavor	625	478	76.4
Boiling Springs	625	510	81.6	Riverside	375	254	67.7
Climax	625	507	81.1	Union Hill	625	340	54.4
Union	625	506	80.9				

All the clubs that shot on this occasion improved their percentages with the exception of the South Side. The gains made were: Maplewood 2.1, Endeavor .9, Climax .7, Elizabeth and Union .3, Boiling Springs .2. The Maplewoods' gain places them securely in the lead, unless something unforeseen should occur.

The records for the individual prizes show Ferd Van Dyke far ahead of his competitors. His five best scores are hard to beat: 25, 24, 24, 24 and 23, a total of 120 out of 125. Twenty-six shooters have averages better than 80 per cent. for three or more shoots. In order of merit they stand as follows, the number in parentheses after a shooter's name giving the number of times he has competed:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Van Dyke	125	120	96	Whitehead	125	107	85.6
Drake	125	115	92	Breintnall	125	106	84.8
A Sickley	125	115	92	Hebbard	125	106	84.8
McAlpin (4)	100	91	91	Greiff (4)	100	84	84
Ivins (3)	75	67	89.3	Parker	125	105	84
Apgar	125	111	88.8	Geoffroy	125	103	82.4
Collins	125	110	88	Huck	125	103	82.4
Miller	125	110	88	C Smith	125	103	82.4
Sigler	125	109	87.2	W Smith	125	103	82.4
Hoffman	125	108	86.4	E Sickley (4)	100	82	82
"Williams"	125	108	86.4	Thomas	125	102	81.6
Yeomans (4)	100	86	86	Keller	125	101	80.8
Money	125	107	85.6	Woodruff	125	101	80.8

The above figures show that the race is a pretty one, with two more shoots to be decided. Although first place, both for club and individual championship, is practically decided the fight for the positions is very close and interesting. No less than 87 shooters have taken part in the seven shoots held to date.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 3.—The Baltimore Shooting Association held it regular weekly club shoot this afternoon. The events of most interest were: The regular weekly club shoot for averages, which runs through the season; the Carlin and Fulton handicap, and an improvised team race, embracing all the members on the grounds who cared to participate. Messrs. Carlin and Fulton of this city have very kindly donated three prizes to be shot for as follows: 100 targets per man, to be shot on five successive club days, 20 targets per man per day. Last Saturday being very stormy the handicap was postponed and two scores were shot up this afternoon. This is the fourth score in the race and on next Thursday will be shot the final. The team race proved quite interesting, as the score was pretty close in the first event. Feeling that they had not done themselves justice, and with the throb of anticipated victory pulsating through their veins, the defeated team challenged for a second race. The result proved that they had misjudged the throb. Their humiliation was but the deeper, as the scores will show:

No. 1, 25 targets, known angles: Brown 18, White 21, Claridge 20, Stanley 20.

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles: Brown 10, White 12, Claridge 15, Chairs 11, Stanley 9, Antique 12.

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown angles: White 7, Brown 10, Claridge 5, Stanley 5, Coe 7, Chairs 6.

No. 4, same: Penrose 8, Brown 8, Antique 5, Malone 7, White 8, Stanley 5.

No. 5, club shoot, handicap, 25 targets, known angles:

16 yards:

Brown ....0111111110111111111011111—22
Claridge ....1111111110111111111011111—23
Penrose ....0111111101100111111011011—19
Malone ....0111101110111110111001111—19
Hartner ....1111111111111110111111100—22
Hall ....1111011101010111111111110—20

14 yards:

White ....1110111110111111110111111—22
Antique ....1111111101011111101110101—20
Hamilton ....1110000110110101010101010—18

12 yards: Back score:

Thomas ....1111011101101101110101111—19   1110111111001111110010101—18
Heiskell ....1111101100101111011100001—16   1111011010111001000010111—15
Field ....1010101101110001110110111—16   0101101110101001010100100—11
L D Thomas.1111011110011101101101111—19   1111101111111111011111101—22
Stanley ....1111011001111100011011111—18   0101101111111010110101111—17
Henry ....1111001101001000000110110—12   0010001111001010110011001—12
Parker ....1011110000101100110100101—13   ....
Brehan ....   0001110110110011101111000—14
Register ....   1011011101100110001010111—15

No. 6, Carlin and Fulton Handicap, unknown angles

16yds: Back score:

Penrose ....00111001111111110110—14   11101011111111111111—18
Brown ....01110111010110111111—15   11011111111010111001 1—15
Malone ....10110111111111011011—16   11011111111110100110—15
Hall ....01011101111101111101—15   10111111111101001110—15
Hartner ....11110001111111101110—15   01101110111011111111—16
Claridge ....10111111111111110111—18   11111011110111111111—18

14 yds:

White ....11111101111111011101—17   11111111111110001111—17
Antique ....11101011111110111001—15   11111111111000111111—17

12yds:

Field ....11101110001100010011—11   ....
Cox ....00011011011110111001—12   ....
Thomas ....01101100 11111100111—14   00011111101111111011—15
L. D. Thomas ....10110101101111110111—15   11110111110110101111—16
Stanley ....00111110111111111011—16   11111110111111111110—18
Henry ....11111000000001011110—10   11011000110101011011—12
Parker ....11101011111111111111—18   10011001101101110111—13
Heiskell ....11111011101101011001—14   11101111010110010011—13

Team race, 25 targets, known angles:

First match, team No. 1: Second match:

Penrose ....1101111111011111101111101—21   0110011111111101011111111—20
Hall ....1011011111111110111111110—21   1101111111111111001110110—20
White ....1110011011110110111111111—20   1111110101001111111111101—18
L D Thomas 0111101100011001111101110—16   1111100111110001110111010—17
Thomas ....1111011010100011111011101—16   0111011101101111110110110—18
Brehan ....0111001101011111011010111—17   1110010110110000010011110—13
Stanley ....1110111011111011110110111—20   1110110111111111111011101—21

—— 141 —— 127

Team No. 2:

Malone ....1010110111011011111110001—17   1010100101110011010111101—15
Claridge ....1111111111111111111111111—25   0111111111011111111111111—23
Hamilton ....0011111101001011101111111—18   1110010111101111100110101—17
Heiskell ....1011010010101011111111111—18   0111111001011011011100101—16
Parker ....1111000110101111110001111—17   0111101011011011111010001—16
Register ....1100110001110101000011101—13   1010110001010100110110001—12
Henry ....1011011011101010101001100—14   1110001101111010011111111—18

—— 122 —— 117

STANLEY.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., Aug. 5.—The trophy handicap shoot was held to-day, fifteen members taking part in the contest. The handicap is based on an allowance of extra targets to shoot at, Class A men being scratch with 25 targets. Class B shot at 26, Class C at 27, and Class D at 28. Capt. Thompson, Erhardt, Rawleigh and Fowler tied for the trophy with 22 each. On the shoot-off at 5 targets, Rawleigh won by breaking straight; Thompson and Erhardt broke 4, Fowler 3. Capt. Thompson was additionally handicapped by a slight accident to his gun. Score:

Trophy handicap:

Class A.

C L Robertson ....1011101111111110111011101 —20
W D Thompson ....1111111111101111111101101 —22
Ed Erhardt ....1101111111111111100111111 —22
Rawleigh ....1111101011111111111111011 —22
Geo H Robertson ....1111111010101110110111111 —21
Hinkle ....1111111110110011111110110 —20
Lang ....1111111010011111111111011 —21
Boswell ....1111101111001111111011011 —20

Class B.

Ingram ....11001111110001111101110011 —18
Piper ....11011111111111001111001110 —20
Hoyer ....11111111100111111011101110 —21

Class C.

Fowler ....111011111101100110111111111 —22
Beadles ....101101111001010111101111110 —18
Young ....101111100111111011101101011 —20

Class D.

Whitemore ....1001101100111100011101110111—18

No. 2, 25 targets:

Thompson ....1111111101111111111111111—24
Lang ....1111011011111111011111011—21
Ingram ....1111111110111110111111110—22
Hinkle ....1111111101001111110111101—20
Geo Robertson ....0111101111111111111111110—22
Piper ....1110111111001111101111000—18
Baswell ....1101101111111110111111110—21
Erhardt ....1111111110111111111101110—22

No. 3, 5 pairs:

Thompson	11	11	10	11	11—9	G Robertson	11	10	11	10	11—8
Hinkle	11	10	01	11	01—7	Ingram	10	10	10	11	11—7
Lang	10	11	00	01	11—6	Rawleigh	11	10	11	11	10—8
Erhardt	10	11	11	01	10—7						

T. J. MOORE, Sec'y.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Aug. 7.—The Meadville Gun Club held its regular shoot to-day, the scores below being made by the members present during the afternoon. Although these same scores are some that the club is ashamed of, it takes courage from the fact that even the cracks have their off days. This afternoon in event No. 2, Krider, who last week ran 25 straight, scored only 8 targets. No. 1 was the club shoot, 15 known angles and 10 unknown; No. 2 was at unknown angles. Scores:

No 1: No. 2:

H Johnson..1111111111111111011111111—24   1010111011111111111101010—19
Hayes ....1011001111110111111100111—19   1101111111111111011111110—22
Krider ....1011101011110110101111011—18   1001100011010001000000001— 8
Belton ....1001101111111111110111100—19   0011111111110111101100111—19
Affantrang'r1001001111111010000001111—15   0101011111001010010101101—14
Decker ....0111101101111001011011110—17   1011111111101101101010000—16
Clark ....1111100110110101110010100—16   1111111100100110011001101—16
See ....1111101100111000110110010—15   ....
Prenatt ....0011010100110110100101110—13   1001111111111111111101111—21
Carscadden.1000011110110111000110000—11   ....
Neal ....0111001000001000010111010— 9   ....
Reisinger ....1110111111011100001111100—17   0101111111001011111101111—19
Kelso ....1010101111100110111110000—15   1011111010011010101001110—15
Leberman ....1101110111111011110011110—19   ....
Gundaker ....1101110011000110110111011—16   ....
Ehrgott ....1111011100100001001101111—15   0011111111011011000101110—16

CHOKE-BORE.

Maryland and Washington Trap-Shooters.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 7.—It is said by the knowing ones that if a fellow follows the races long enough he is sure to go "broke." The targets thrown on the grounds of the Standard Gun Club to-day must have been following the races pretty closely of late, as the majority of them went "broke."

This was on the occasion of the third tournament of the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap Shooters' League, held under the auspices and on the grounds of the Standard Gun Club of Baltimore City. These grounds are sometimes referred to as the Standard grounds. This is slightly misleading. The grounds are not standard by any means. Unfortunately for the shooter the proper preparation had not been made; platform facilities were very poor; clerical force inadequate; trapping unsatisfactory; shooting slow and of necessity kicking very much in evidence. It is a very huge mistake for one man to attempt to run a tournament of this kind by himself, no matter how large his proportions or how great his qualifications. No one person can take entries, keep score, divide moneys, and perform various other offices and at the same time keep a tournament of this kind going, and do it satisfactorily.

It is also an axiom that the pacemaker is not of necessity first under the wire at the finish. The event of absorbing interest was the team race, between teams composed of six men each, representing respectively the Capital City Gun Club, of Washington, D. C; Baltimore Shooting Association, Green Spring Valley Gun Club and the Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore City. Three races have now been shot off. The Capital City team took the lead in the first race, held it well in the second and looked sure winners with the Standard team second. But how have the mighty fallen? The Baltimore Shooting Association team went to the grounds to-day arrayed in their most vivid war paint, clad in their fastest shooting toggery and primed for victory.

The Capital City team shot first and made a score of 134 broken. The Standard team then took their places at the score and went them one better, stepping down with a score of 135 broken to their credit. With a look of grim determination the Baltimore Shooting Association team stepped slowly and majestically to their places. Ready! Pull! and they were off. Pencils were out to note down the goose eggs, but they were few and far between. Realizing that they were turning the last quarter and about rounding into the stretch, the boys steadied themselves for a supreme effort, and with a grand sprint ran out a score of 142 broken out of a possible 150. This score places them in the lead with two points to spare. After this event interest in the shoot lagged, and but two more of the programme events were shot off.

The next and final tournament of the League will be held on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, on Wednesday, Aug. 21, under the management of Green Spring Valley Gun Club, Mr. Horace W. White, Pres. Every facility will be at hand to make this tournament a pronounced success and to administer to the comfort and convenience of the shooters. In addition to the regular events and team race, there will be a special prize event, 50 targets per man, entrance $5. Three prizes: First, bicycle; second, case Mt. Vernon Whiskey; third, not yet selected, value $15. All shooters are cordially invited to attend this tournament and participate in the various events.

Below will be found summary of the scores; all the programme events being at unknown angles, with a uniform entrance fee of 10 cents per target:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*	Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*
Wagner	15	20	13	20	20	..	Lupus	..	17	15	16	17	..
White	14	18	14	18	..	..	Hood	..	15	11	18	18	..
Bond	12	19	14	20	..	..	West	..	13	..	..	17	..
Devall	12	18	11	..	..	..	Stanley	..	..	12	17	19	14
McKelden	13	19	12	18	..	..	Hamilton	..	..	12	12	15	12
Gulick	12	19	13	19	..	..	Evans	..	..	13	19	20	14
Osborn	11	..	..	16	..	..	Clements	..	..	12	14	..	..
Brown	13	19	14	18	..	..	Thomas	..	..	..	17	18	..
McLeod	11	19	..	..	..	..	Hartner	..	..	..	20	..	..
Barker	7	14	12	12	15	..	Franklin	..	..	..	15	14	..
Claridge	13	20	14	17	17	..	Ward	..	..	..	15	..	..
Malone	13	20	11	15	16	..	Penrose	..	..	..	16	..	..
Hawkins	13	18	14	20	20	14	Dixon	..	..	..	17	17	11
Pruitt	12	20	14	18	19	..	Storr	..	..	..	16	19	14
Buckbee	14	..	..	14	..	..	Jonah	..	..	..	..	9	8
Gent	..	15	14	18	18	11	Carson	..	..	..	..	17	..
Heiskell	..	14	9	7	15	11	Marshall	..	..	..	..	16	6

The scores in the team race were as follows:

Team race, 25 targets per man, known angles, $2 50 optional sweep:

Baltimore Shooting Association.

Penrose ....1111111111011111011111111—23
Hartner ....1111111110111111111111111—24
Claridge ....1111111111011111111111111—24
Malone ....0111111111111111111111111—24
Ward ....1111111111111111111110101—23
Brown ....1111111111111111111110111—24—142

Standard Gun Club.

Bond ....1101111010111111011111111—21
Evans ....0111111111110101110111111—21
Hawkins ....1111111111111111111111111—25
Dixon ....1111011110111111111111011—22
Clements ....1111111111111111100111111—23
Lupus ....1111111111111111110110111—23—135

Capital City Gun Club.

Wagner ....1101111111111111111111111—24
Osborn ....0111010010111111111101111—19
Gulick ....1111111110111111111111111—24
McLeod ....1111111111110110110111111—22
Pruitt ....1101110111011101111111111—21
McKelden ....1111011111111111111111111—24—134

Green Spring Valley Gun Club.

White ....1111111111111111111101111—24
Hamilton ....0010111010110111111110010—16
Heiskell ....1111011001111100111111111—20
Thomas ....1111111111111111111111111—25
Stanley ....0011111111111111111010111—21
Field ....0010000100011110110001111—12—118

STANLEY.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 6.—The following seven events were shot to-day by the members of the Lynchburg Gun Club, all events being at unknown angles except No. 2, which was at 9 targets, unknown angles, and 3 pairs, known angles:

No. 1: No. 2:

Nelson ....11111011111010011110—15   101011001 11 10 01— 9
Terry ....01111111111101111010—16   011111111 10 11 11—13
Dornin ....10100111001111111100—13   111111001 10 11 10—11
Moorman ....10101101011010101111—13   011111111 11 01 11—12
Empie ....11111011111111100111—17   100110111 11 11 11—12
Scott ....01011111111111011111—17   111101111 00 10 11—11
Stearns ....11011010111110111110—15   101101111 11 01 01—11

No. 3: No. 4:

Nelson ....110110111111100—11   001111100111111—11
Terry ....111001111110100—10   101111111111111—14
Dornin ....111111111111111—15   111111000101101—10
Moorman ....011111101111111—13   110111110110011—11
Empie ....110100011001111— 9   101111111010110—11
Scott ....111100111100010— 9   011001001111001— 9
Stearns ....111111110011101—12   ....

No. 5: No. 6:

Nelson ....11111011110111111100—16   011101101111111—12
Terry ....11100100111101101011—13   111011110100100— 9
Dornin ....11101011101100101111—14   110111111111011—13
Moorman ....10000101100111111110—12   101011111110111—12
Empie ....11011101110011111111—16   111000001111110— 9
Scott ....01111111010101111111—16   100010'00100110— 5
Stearns ....00011011010111000101—10   111111001111101—12

No. 7:

Nelson ....01111111011111100111—16   Empie ....11110011010010101101—12
Terry ....01101101111111110011—15   Scott ....11110110011110011110—14
Dornin ....11111001110101001111—14   Stearns ....11011110111110110011—15

F. M. D.

Pier Defeats Smith.

PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 7.—James Pier, of Boston, N. J., and H. Smith, of this place, shot a match to-day at live birds on Rogers' grounds. The conditions were: 15 live birds, $25 a side, old Long Island rules to govern. About 75 spectators from Paterson, Singac and Boston were on hand to witness what was expected to be a close race. Pier, however, won easily, shooting in his best form and killing his birds in good shape. Smith was unable to stop Rogers's birds, being beaten by 4 birds with only 14 shot at. A return match was at once arranged, the conditions being the same with the exception of the rise, which will be 25yds. instead of 21yds. Mr. Van Houten acted as referee. Scores:

↙↖↰↰↖↑↗↑↖↗↖↗→→
J Pier ....1 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—13

↗↙→↰↑↖↕↗↑↑↗↑↗↑
H Smith ....1 1 • 1 • 1 • 1 0 1 1 1 1 0— 9

DUTCHER.

WESTERN TRAPS.

HAVE YOU GOT A BOY?

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 9.—All shooters of this vicinity should bear in mind the dates of Aug. 20 and 21, and be ready to turn out then for a two days' shoot on the pleasant grounds of the Cicero Gun Club, a nice quarter of an hour's ride on the fast electric road which connects with the Madison street cable. By making a good turnout at this shoot, they will be doing a good thing for themselves and incidentally doing good to others. The occasion is the first meeting of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, that is to say, the second day of the shoot will represent that meeting, but the tournament for both days, under the auspices of the League, is a benefit shoot for Mr. Chas. Grubbs, who will manage the affair in its entirety on both days and take all receipts. Shooters will heartily patronize this event when they learn that Mr. Grubbs takes this means of getting at a little ready money for the purpose of sending his son to New Mexico for his health. The boy is suffering from a lung trouble and needs to get into a better climate. He is the son of a big-hearted shooter, who has many big-hearted friends among our shooters. This I am sure is enough to say, except to repeat that the dates are Aug. 20 and 21. Come to Charlie Grubbs's shoot. Montgomery Ward & Co. furnish traps and targets. Don't forget Charlie Grubbs.

THE NEW LEAGUE.

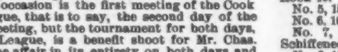
As announced briefly by telegraph on the evening of organization, the new Cook County League is now ready for business. At the meeting of organization there were only about a dozen men present and only three clubs were represented, but this is by no means any criterion, and for the League there is nothing to predict but a pleasant success. It is to be hoped that this may prove true in some measure of the target shooting question in Chicago. This is a great big city, but when it comes to a target tournament it is about the poorest city on earth. Perhaps after a time this organization will better knit together the split-up members of the shooting body of Chicago, and make it possible to give a modern target tournament here which will bring out the proper number of shooters, and overset the strangely conservative methods of this city in such matters.

The plan of the League is to hold monthly shoots. The first one will be held at Cicero Gun Club grounds, Aug. 31; the second at Eureka Gun Club grounds, Sept. 21; the third at Garfield grounds, Oct. 19. There will be suitable season prizes, also a League team trophy, the latter to go to the highest per cent. to W. P. Mussey, of the well-known Chicago shooters' rendezvous at 106 Madison street, generously offers to furnish the trophy for 1895, and this guarantees something handsome. There is a $5 initiation fee and the yearly dues are $5. The competition is at 25 targets per man, targets at 2 cents. Live-bird shoots may be arranged by the committee, but targets will be the chief concern. Stress will be placed on the wind-up of the season, the Thanksgiving Day shoot, which we may hope to see develop into an interesting Chicago fixture. As was stated earlier, there are 25 gun clubs in Chicago, with at least 600 shooters on their rosters. If half of these can be galvanized into suitable energy, we should see some shooting here in the future.

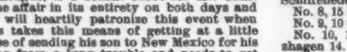
FRANKLIN—GORTSCH.

A match between Geo. Franklin, President of Evanston Gun Club, and C. Gortsch, of South Chicago, was shot at Roby, suburb, on Aug. 4. The race was close, as both men killed straight to the eleventh bird, when Gortsch allowed a clay quarterer to get away, only to fall dead out of bounds. The birds were "soft" shooting and from three traps, 50yds. boundary, 25 birds, for $25 a side, Illinois rules. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Franklin.....1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25



Gortsch.....1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 • 1 2 2 1 1—23

Franklin used a Scott 10-ga., 8½dr. Schultze, 1¼oz. No. 8 chilled in first, No. 7s in second. Gortsch shot a 12-ga. Parker hammerless, 3dr. E. C., 1⅛oz. No. 7c both barrels.

KANKAKEE SHOOT.

The three days' shoot at Kankakee, Aug. 7-9, was a nice little affair, entries 15 or 20 pretty regularly. Tom Marshall allowed Keithburg to go without a mayor while he attended the shoot. Abe Kleinman, Eddie Bingham, W. H. Skinner, Oswald von Lengerke and others from this neck of woods were on hand. R. L. Trimble, the Kentucky champion, came up from Covington and added a few more lines of laurel to his collection, taking high average each day and breaking 146 out of 160 targets shot at. Following are winners for each day.

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets: Grube 10, Magruder 9, Trimble 9, Hill 8.

No. 2, 15 targets: Partington 13, Skinner 13, Carrow 13, Trimble 13, Magruder 12, Hill 12, Chester 12, Tate 11, Livinguth 11, King 11.

No. 3, 25 targets: Von Lengerke 25, Bingham 25, Trimble 24, Grube 22, Ruble 22, Partington 21, King 21, Marshall 21.

No. 4, 10 targets: Livinguth 10, Trimble 10, Thomas 9, Ruble 9, McColly 9, Magruder 8, Kleinman 8.

No. 5, 15 targets: Grube 14, Bingham 14, Thomas 13, Marshall 13, Von Lengerke 13, Partington 12, Hill 12, King 12, Trimble 12, Ruble 12, Kleinman 12 McColly 12.

No. 6, 25 targets: Kleinman 25, Trimble 24, Marshall 24, Partington 23, Ruble 23.

No. 7, 10 targets: Grube 10, Ruble 10, Bingham 10, Erhardt 10, Heiss 10, Partington 9, Hill 9, Tate 9, Livinguth 9, King 9, Von Lengerke 9, Chester 8, Trimble 8, Marshall 8.

No. 8, 5 pairs and 5 singles: Tate 14, Skinner 13, Trimble 13, Marshall 13, Ruble 12, Von Lengerke 12.

No. 9, 25 targets: Grube 24, Livinguth 24, Ruble 24, Magruder 23, Marshall 23, Kleinman 23, Trimble 22, Von Lengerke 22, Bingham 22, Heiss 22.

No. 10, 10 targets: Skinner 10, King 10, Trimble 10, Kleinman 10, Barto 10, McColly 10, Partington 9, Hill 9, Grube 9, Carrow 9, Magruder 8, Tate 8, Thomas 8, Marshall 8, Ruble 8, Bingham 8.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets: Thomas 10, Ruble 10, Trimble 10, A. Kleinman 10, Marshall 9, Hill 9, Magruder 9, Barto 9, Skinner 9, Partington 8, Bingham 8, King 8.

No. 2, 15 targets: Hill 15, Partington 14, Chester 14, Grube 13, King 13, Schumacher 13.

No. 3, 25 targets: King 25, Bingham 24, Park 24, Ruble 23, Partington 23, Marshall 23, Trimble 23, Grube 23.

No. 4, 10 targets: Ruble 10, Armstrong 10, Thomas 9, Bingham 9, Hill 9, A. Kleinman 9, King 9, Tate 9, Schumacher 9, Partington 8, Marshall 8, Trimble 8, McCally 8, Barto 8, Park 8, Chester 8.

No. 5, 15 targets: Bingham 14, King 14, Chester 14, Thomas 13, Partington 13, Marshall 13, Trimble 13, McCally 13, Hill 13, Barto 13, Magruder 12, A. Kleinman 12, Schumacher 12, Armstrong 12, Tate 12.

No. 6, 25 targets: Park 25, Ruble 24, Trimble 24, Hill 24, Grube 24, Magruder 23, A. Kleinman 23.

No. 7, 5 pairs and 5 singles: McCally 14, A. Kleinman 14, Bingham 13, Marshall 13, Ruble 12, Trimble 12, Hill 12, King 12, Chester 12.

No. 8, 10 targets: Trimble 10, Hill 10, Kleinman 9, King 9, Chester 9, Thomas 8, Ruble 8, Marshall 8.

No. 9, 25 targets: Trimble 25, Tate 25, Kleinman 24, Thomas 23, McCally 23.

No. 10, 10 targets: Livinguth 10, Ruble 9, Partington 9, Trimble 9, Park 9, Chester 9, Kleinman 8, King 8, Herman 8, Tate 8.

Third Day.

The third and last day of the Gun Club tournament here was fully as successful as either of the other two, and the visitors were well pleased with the meeting. The events of to-day were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets: Marshall 10, Trimble 10, Fortier 10, King 10, Bingham 9, Hill 9, Thomas 9, Magruder 8, Grube 8, Ruble 8, Sleezer 8, Park 8.

No. 2, 15 targets: Ruble 15, Bingham 14, Grube 14, Hill 14, Park 14, Livinguth 13, Tate 13, Thomas 13.

No. 3, 10 doubles, 5 singles, $10 added money: Hill 21, Marshall 19, Bingham 17, Trimble 17.

No. 4, 10 targets: Marshall 10, Bingham 10, Hill 10, Thomas 10, Trimble 9, Grube 9, Livinguth 9, King 9, Tate 9.

No. 5, 15 targets, $10 added money: Ruble 15, King 14, Fortier 13, Grube 13, Park 13.

No. 6, 25 targets, $25 added money: Hill 23, Trimble 22, King 22, Park 22, Bingham 21, Magruder 21, Grube 21, McColly 21.

No. 7, 10 targets: Trimble 10, Marshall 9, King 9, Sleezer 9, Hill 8, Park 8, Glass 8.

No. 8, 15 targets: Trimble 13, Bingham 12, Hill 12, Magruder 11.

No. 9, 25 targets, $30 added money: Livinguth 24, King 24, Ruble 24, Park 24, McColly 23, Grube 23, Tate 23, Hill 22, Marshall 22.

B. L. Hill, of Cincinnati, won the day's average.

SHEBOYGAN SHOOT.

At Sheboygan, Wis., Aug. 4 and 5, a pleasant two days' shoot was held, with attendance from Milwaukee, Chicago, Oconomowoc Menominee, Two Rivers, etc., etc. Honors on the first day were about even. The second day's shoot brought out a large attendance, and the honors of the day went to the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee. Manitowoc, Two Rivers, Hingham, Racine and Oshkosh were represented.

The winners of the first day were as follows:

Event No. 1, 10 birds: Schiffeneder and Bandman, of Sheboygan; Henry, of Two Rivers; Rastad, of Milwaukee, and Kauffman, of Oconomowoc, all went straight.

Event No. 2, unknown angles and known traps, 10 birds: Schiffeneder, of Sheboygan, and Rye went straight.

Event No. 3, 20 birds, "Jack-Rabbit" system: "W. M. M.," of Chicago, went straight, Julius Kroos, of Sheboygan, broke 19.

No. 4, 10 targets: "W. M. M." 10, Bondmann 10, Kaufmann 10, Rock 10.

No. 5, 15 targets: "W. M. M." 15, Rout 14, Staley 14, Bondmann 14.

No. 6, 10 targets: Kaufmann 10, Kroos 10, Gillman 10, Stahle 9.

No. 7, 20 targets: Sonshagen 20, Kaufmann 20, Bondmann 19, Schiffeneder 19.

No. 8, 15 targets: Kavel 15, Kaufmann 14, Sonshagen 14, Gilliman 14.

No. 9, 10 targets: "W. M. M." 10, Bock 10, Brcught 10, Sonshagen 10.

No. 10, 15 targets: "W. M. M." 15, Kroos 14, Kaufmann 14, Sonshagen 14.

RACINE SHOOT.

The daily press dispatches from the Racine shoot read as below: Many sportsmen are here, among them J. L. Johnson, of the Milwaukee Gun Club; Eugene Cahoon, of Freeport; Thos. Parker, of Oconomowoc; Charles Antoine and W. H. Skinner, of Chicago, and James E. Bush and J. I. Case, of this city. Fifteen matches were shot to-day at artificial bluerocks. Johnson, of Milwaukee, was the winner in most of the contests. Thomas Parker killed 20 straight birds in one match, which was the record of the day. The Chicago marksmen are doing well. The summaries:

No. 1, 20 targets: Johnson won, Shoop and Case second, Bush third, Antoine fourth.

No. 2, 10 targets: Shoop and Johnson tied for first place, Case second, Antoine third, Skinner, Parker, Meley and Wiley tied for fourth place.

No. 3, 20 targets: Parker won; Bush, Skinner and Johnson second, Shoop and Case third, Lewis fourth.

No. 4, 5 pairs: Johnson won; Case second, Parker and Shoop third, Skinner fourth.

No. 5, 15 targets: Johnson won; Case second, Parker and Shoop third, Skinner fourth.

No. 6, 10 targets: Cahoon won; Wiley, Johnson and Antoine second, Blake third, Meile and Skinner fourth.

No. 7, 20 targets: Johnson won; Shoop second, Case, Antoine and Bush third, Allis, Lewis, Skinner and Wiley fourth

No. 8, 15 targets: Johnson and Allis first, Case, Lewis, Pugh, Blake and Bull second, Shoop third

No. 9, 10 targets: Skinner won; Bull and Bush second, Case, Allis, Pugh and Johnson third, Shoop and Evans fourth.

No. 10, 15 targets: Johnson and Bush first, Pugh second, Shoop and Case third, Bull, Lewis, Skinner and Allis fourth.

No. 11, 10 targets:—Allis and Skinner first, Antoine and Johnson second, Abe Pugh, Art. Pugh, Bush, and Case third, and Evans fourth.

No. 12, Same:—Johnson won, Skinner, Blake, and Antoine second, Case and Art. Pugh third, and Abe Pugh fourth.

No. 13, Same:—Case and Johnson first, Allis, Antoine, Art. Pugh and Sharp second, Parker third, Skinner and Blake fourth.

No. 14, Same:—Parker won, Case, Pugh, Shoop and Smiding second, Evans third, and Allis fourth.

No. 15, 5 pairs:—Johnson won, Case second, Antoine third.

No. 16, 10 targets:—Case won, Johnson second, Art. Pugh third.

No. 17.—Same:—Art. Pugh won, Case second.

KLEKWHEEL.

The Lake Geneva shoot of last week is reported very successful. There are numbers of small tournaments going on all around in the country. These small shoots are worth far more to the sport of trap-shooting than the great tournaments.

DECATUR SHOOT.

Chan. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., writes in regard to the coming tournament of the Independent Gun Club, of that city, Aug. 21 and 22, that inquiries for programmes are coming in so fast that the shoot seems to be sure of success. The programme is unique and snappy. It says that targets will be shot at 1½ cents, that balloons are going to be scarce. No black powder loads will be allowed; nobody will lose a shot; nobody will be barred or handicapped. The events are varied, but practical. E. HOUGH.

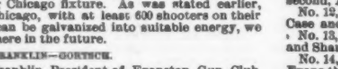
909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Trap in Iowa.

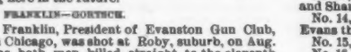
DES MOINES, Ia., Aug. 9.—Inclosed please find scores of two matches shot to-day on Des Moines Gun Club grounds of this city.

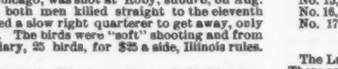
The first match was between Mr. Christianson, of Randall, and Mr. Peterson, of Coon Rapids, Ia., 50 live birds each, for $50 a side. The first 15 birds were wet and did not fly well, but the rest were a fair lot, and but few had to be flushed. There was quite a strong wind to help the birds along, and some fine shooting was done by both contestants. Mr. Christianson used an L. C. Smith and Mr. Peterson a Parker gun. Mr. Christianson scored 45 to Mr. Peterson's 42, and won. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

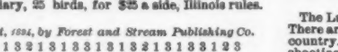


Christianson...2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 1 2 2—22



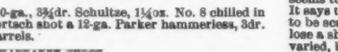


Peterson.....2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 0 0 1 2 1 0 1—21

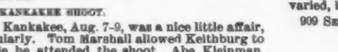


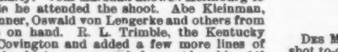
1 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 0—21—42

The second match was at 50 birds each between Christianson, of Randall; Miller, of Oskaloosa, and Crissman, of Ottumwa. The birds were a good lot and the match was close and exciting. The purse was $50 a corner, the winner to take the pot of $150. Christianson won by the narrow margin of one bird over Miller. This was the first match Crissman had ever shot on the grounds, and he was somewhat handicapped on this account. There is some talk of another match of the same kind between the same gentlemen. All three contestants used Smith guns:

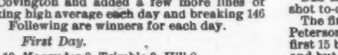


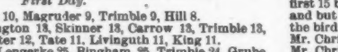
Christianson...1 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 1 1—21



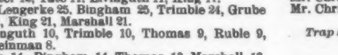


Miller.....2 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 0—19





Crissman.....2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1—20



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C. W. BUDD.

Union and Endeavor.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following the suggestion in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 10, the Union G. C., of Springfield, and the Endeavor G. C., of Jersey City, have arranged to shoot a series of team races. The first to be decided on Union's grounds Aug. 31. Conditions: Seven to ten man teams, 25 targets per man, entrance price of targets at 2 cents each.

At the regular meeting of Endeavor G. C. on Aug. 9, in view of the dissatisfaction expressed as to the way targets were thrown at the N. J. T. S. League contest on June 29, it was decided to have a new set of traps in position for our fifth annual Labor Day tournament, Sept. 2, and to have the targets thrown to comply with American Association rules. Everything possible will be done to give entire satisfaction to visiting sportsmen, and no unfair dealing will be practiced or tolerated. J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y Endeavor G. C.

Sheridan Rod and Gun Club.

SHERIDAN, Wyo.—We have just organized a rod and gun club here. It will be known as the Sheridan Rod and Gun Club. Officers as follows: President, Mr. Newell; Vice-President, Geo. Estelle; Secretary and Treasurer, Mark R. Perkins. MARK R. PERKINS.

The Binghamton Tournament.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Aug. 8.—The two-days' tournament, which was brought to a close this evening, was a very pleasant affair, all those who took part in it being pleased with the sport afforded for their amusement by the management. The weather on the first day was threatening in the morning, but cleared up later, and a brisk wind kept the atmosphere cool. To-day it was clear and pleasant, with quite a high wind blowing.

Among those present, outside the members of the home club, were: Neaf Apgar, of Evona, N. J.; Gus E. Greiff, of New York, representing Von Lengerke & Detmold and Schultze Powder; P. Adams, New York; A. G. Courtney, D. Lefever and George Mann, of Syracuse, N. Y., the two former, of course, looking after the interests of the Lefever Arms Co.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; E. D. Fulford and his brother John, from Utica; A. W. Adams, Chicago, Ills.; Knight, Cortland, N. Y., and Paddleford and Brainard, Sherburne, N. Y.

The scores show that Neaf Apgar had his shooting clothes on and was pointing his gun about right. During the two days of the shoot he fired at 405 targets, known traps, unknown angles, and broke 383, scoring a percentage of 94.3. In the programme events on the first day he broke 95.6 per cent.; in all the events on that day he scored 95 per cent., breaking 228 out of 240—a gait rapid enough for anybody. It may be of interest to note that on that day he went straight 9 times in 18 events, and missed but one target in six other events. Glover and Kendall were second in the averages on the first day in the programme events, each breaking 93.7 per cent. That Glover was in hard luck is evidenced by the fact that in eight of the twelve programme events he missed going straight by a single target. On that day he shot a Winchester repeating shotgun, shooting his old gun on the second day. Mr. Kendall's average is one that any expert might be proud of. E. D. Fulford was close up with 93.1 per cent., breaking 79 out of his last 80 in the programme events on the first day. His two days' total of 342 out of 380 gives him just a 90 per cent. average, beating Glover by 1.3 per cent. for second average. H. W. Brown, a Binghamton man, had fourth best general average, 87.3, shooting consistently well all through the tournament. Greiff also shot a good race, breaking in all 299 out of 310, a percentage of 86.7.

The tables given below will tell the story of the shoot, all the events being at known traps, unknown angles:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			Per
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	20	10	15	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
Apgar	9	15	10	14	10	18	10	14	9	19	10	15	160	153	95.6
Glover	9	14	10	15	9	20	9	13	9	19	9	14	160	150	93.7
Kendall	9	13	10	14	10	19	9	14	10	18	9	15	160	150	93.7
E D Fulford	8	13	9	14	9	17	10	15	10	19	10	15	160	149	93.1
Courtney	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	8	19	10	14	80	73	91.2
Brown	9	12	10	14	10	20	10	13	8	18	8	9	160	141	88.1
Greiff	..	..	9	13	9	18	9	12	8	18	10	12	125	118	87.4
Hobbie	9	15	9	13	10	19	8	12	8	16	7	12	160	138	86.2
Stone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	7	..	20	17	85
Lefever	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	9	15	7	14	80	66	82.5
A W Adams	7	14	9	11	7	17	9	13	8	16	8	13	160	131	81.8
Waldron	8	13	7	12	9	..	9	10	7	..	9	14	120	98	81.6
Snell	10	10	9	9	8	16	9	14	7	..	7	12	140	111	79.2
P Adams	8	14	8	13	7	18	8	15	5	14	8	13	160	126	78.7
Boss	8	11	8	..	9	..	7	11	8	..	8	12	105	82	78.1
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	12	12	70	53	75.5
Mann	..	6	11	..	12	..	..	..	7	12	8	..	75	56	74.6
Knight	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	7	70
Wheeler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	25	17	68
McHenry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	15	10	66.7
Paddleford	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	5	..	7	9		60	37	61.6
Gaige	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	..	..	..		30	19	60
J Gaige	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..		10	5	50
Brainard	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	5	..	..	8		35	14	40

First Day's Extras.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Apgar	80	75	93.7	Greiff	10	9	90
Brown	80	71	88.7	Courtney	80	63	78.7
Carr	70	60	85.7	P Adams	60	47	78.3
Fulford	80	68	85	Hobbie	80	61	76.2
Boss	45	38	84.4	Glover	80	59	73.7
A W Adams	80	67	83.7	Waldron	45	33	73.3
Kendall	80	67	83.7	Stone	30	22	73.3
Lefever	80	67	83.7	Brainard	20	14	70
Miller	45	37	82.2	Wheeler	30	20	66.6
Snell	50	40	80	Gaige	25	10	40

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			Per
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	25	10	15	10	20	10	15	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
Apgar	9	15	9	15	9	23	10	14	9	18	9	14	165	154	93.3
Glover	8	14	9	13	9	24	8	15	10	19	8	..	150	137	91.3
E D Fulford	10	15	8	13	9	24	10	11	9	16	..	..	140	125	89.2
Greiff	10	14	8	14	9	22	8	14	8	18	9	13	165	143	86.6
A W Adams	10	13	9	13	8	21	8	14	10	15	8	..	150	129	86
J Fulford	..	..	..	14	10	21	9	10	9	17	9	..	115	99	86
Brown	10	13	9	14	8	20	..	..	6	17	9	14	140	120	85.7
Snell	9	10	9	13	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	61	81.3
Courtney	10	12	9	9	8	16	10	13	9	..	..	..	120	96	80
Lefever	7	12	9	13	6	..	10	13	6	..	..	..	95	76	80
Miller	10	..	8	12	8	..	8	11	7	..	..	..	90	64	80
McHenry	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	25	20	80
Hobbie	7	13	10	12	9	15	9	13	8	18	7	10	165	130	78.7
Kendall	9	11	6	15	6	20	5	6	9	20	9	14	165	130	78.7
P Adams	9	14	6	13	7	..	8	13	6	..	6	..	105	80	76.1
Stone	..	..	9	..	8	..	6	9	9	..	8	..	65	49	75.3
Waldron	7	12	7	8	..	..	5	11	8	17	8	10	140	104	74.2
Carr	..	10	8	6	8	19	7	14	5	19	7	10	155	113	72.9
Boss	8	10	7	13	7	..	6	7	6	..	..	..	95	64	67.3
Wheeler	6	11	8	8	7	..	7	9	8	..	..	..	95	59	62.1

The following are the ten best averages made by shooters who took part in both days' programme events, and also in the extras on the first days, the scores as given in the tables being all that reached us:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Apgar	405	383	94.3	Kendall	405	347	85.6
E D Fulford	380	344	90	A W Adams	390	327	83.8
Glover	390	346	88.7	Courtney	280	232	82.8
Brown	380	332	87.3	Hobbie	405	329	80.1
Greiff	310	269	86.7	Lefever	255	209	80.1

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hunting Moccasins.

PHILADELPHIA, July 25.—*Mr. M. A. Smith:* Dear Sir—I have received the New Ideal Hunting Shoe ordered of you last week, and to say that I am more than pleased with them is expressing it mildly. *They are simply perfect.* You will remember that these are the second pair I have had. The first pair I subjected to the hardest kind of tests, and must say that I derived more comfort and wear from them than any shoes I ever had. They never tired or hurt the feet in any way, but felt like an old slipper, so comfortable were they. I am confident the new ones will prove even more serviceable than the first pair. The sportsmen throughout the country should be very grateful to you indeed, as I am sure they are who are lucky enough to have had a pair. I found them not only easy, as I have stated, but—*absolutely waterproof,* and I have given them severe tests. Very truly yours,

J. R. PAINTER.

"Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty."

WE have received from the publisher, Geo. Brumder, of Milwaukee, Wis., Part XII. of "Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty." We have already expressed our appreciation of the high character of Mr. Nehrling's work as a popular account of North American birds; and this number, devoted to the sparrows, amply sustains the promise of those which have preceded it.

"Hunting and Fishing along the Northwestern Line"

is the title of a booklet recently issued by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. It is profusely illustrated, and gives information in detail concerning the best hunting and fishing grounds in the West and Northwest. Copies will be mailed free to any address upon application to W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

A Boston Estimate.

BOSTON, July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through my loaning several copies of FOREST AND STREAM to my friends they became so interested in its contents that now they are regular readers of your valuable paper, and when out fishing we generally discuss the different subjects contained in its columns.

I can see a whole "stack" of FOREST AND STREAMS before me which I would not part with for treble their cost, and I look forward to each succeeding issue. I consider it the most interesting and instructive paper published of its kind. BOSTONIAN.

It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where we get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds., 68c.; 60yds , 78c ; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 53c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c extra for postage.

No. C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c ; 100yds , 88c.; 150yds., 98c.

Single gut leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz ; 3yds , 60c. per doz. Double gut leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. per doz. Hand twisted treble gut leaders, 3ft long, 10c. each, 90c. per doz.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 15c. per doz. Sent by mail, 1c. per doz. extra for postage.

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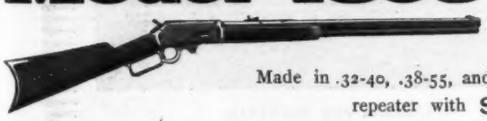

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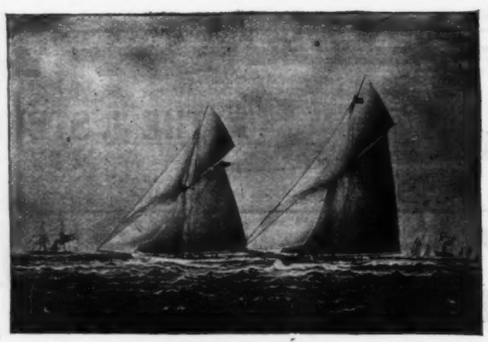

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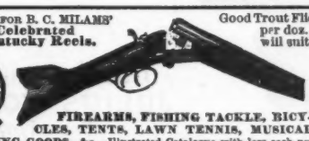

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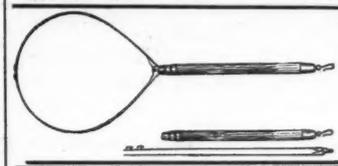

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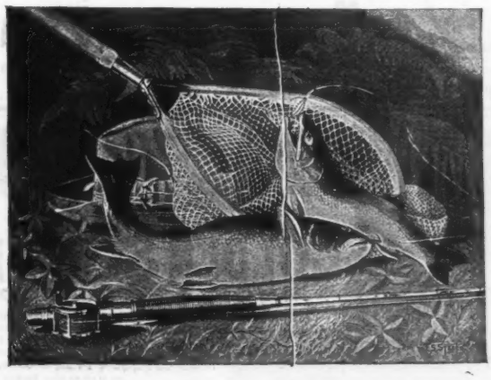

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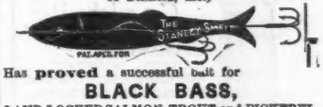

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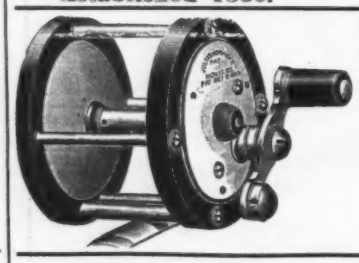

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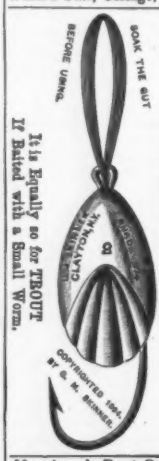

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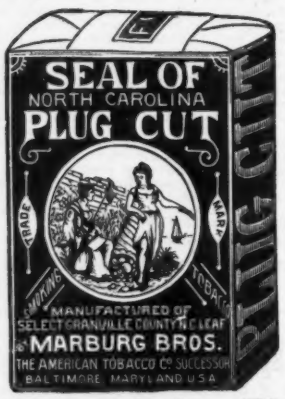

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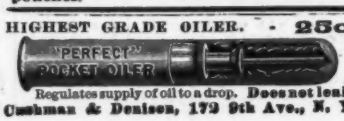

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